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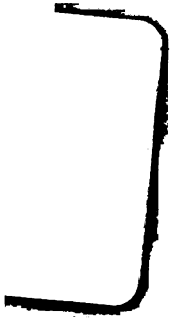

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TRAVELS

FROM

PARIS

THROUGH

SWITZERLAND AND ITALY,

IN THE YEARS

1801 AND 1802.

WITH

SKETCHES

OF THE

MANNERS AND CHARACTERS

OF THE

RESPECTIVE INHABITANTS.

BY A NATIVE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

LONDON:

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The following Letters from Europe begin at Paris. It was the Author's original intention to have given his countrymen an opportunity of beholding the rival Empires of France and England, as they appear to an American eye; but conceiving that his principles would be canvassed with suspicion, by the wakeful prejudices of party, (which he is rather disposed to allay than foment) he now offers to the Public that part only of his European Tour to which political objections cannot so readily apply.

H. Stevens Son & Stiles

TRAVELS

THROUGH

SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

LETTER I.

OUTSET FROM PARIS.—ROUTE THROUGH CHAMPAGNE.—DESCRIPTION OF BASIL.

Basil, August 1*st.* 1801.

My Dear Friends,

WE staid three months at Paris, in daily expectation of that intelligence from Philadelphia, which should have induced our return, if any thing had occurred at home to render it necessary. But our letters were unaccountably mislaid at London, and my wife's health, though greatly improved by our residence in the south of France, demanded, for the approaching winter, the genial warmth of an Italian climate.

The flames of war, by which the fairest countries in Europe had so long been desolated, were now happily extinguished, by the treaty of Luneville, our inclination to see Rome revived; and the respectable banking-house of Perregaux and Company, which has maintained private credit amidst national bankruptcy, had offered with obliging confidence, to furnish a passing stranger with the necessary letters of credit.

Our old post-chariot, the running gear of which had been sadly dislocated by the stony ruts of the Bourdeaux road, was therefore again fitted up, on the presumption that it might hold together as far as Basil, where it would be no longer wanted, for post-horses are not to be had in Switzerland, and it is next to impossible to convey a carriage over the Alps.

On the 17th of July we set out from our gay lodgings on the *Boulevards de Paris*, for Rome (perhaps for Naples) an excursion which my dear B—— had promised herself

in her youthful reveries, however unlikely to have been realized by the daughter of a Jersey farmer.*

We drove off full gallop, *à la mode de France,* and having happily missed running over any body in the crowded *Rue St. Denis,* or upon the busy *Pont Neuf,* we rattled along the *pavé* toward Fontainebleau, at a rate which would infallibly have lodged us there that night; but French carriages, French roads, and French post boys, conspire against expedition, and our rapid career would have come to a full stop, at the first village on the road, if an *honest* wheelwright had not, *in pure compassion,* furnished *les voyageurs etrangers,* with a pair of old shafts, at double the price of new ones, our own having completely gone to pieces, though repaired but the day before, by one of the first workmen in Paris.

At the second town, a disinterested blacksmith, who gave his advice like a friend, persuaded me to let him put a clamp upon the tire of one of the wheels. At the third, a brother of the trade convinced me that it would be better to take it off again.

By this time it was almost night, and being now sufficiently humbled by repeated vexations, we were glad to take up with meaner lodgings than might have been expected in the neighbourhood of a palace.

Next day, however, we reached Fontainebleau time enough to ramble in the royal gardens. They were planted by Francis the First, (the rival of Harry the Eighth at tilt and tournes) in quincunxes and rhomboids, labyrinths and parterres. But the alleys and the fish-ponds were overrun with weeds and bulrushes, grass was growing upon the steps of the porch, so late the gay resort of pomp and pleasure, and we did not care to subject ourselves, as we had once done at Versailles, to the refusal of the surly republican, that guarded the folding doors of the antiquated *chateau.* One of its apartments, in days of yore, was nobly ornamented with branching antlers, the triumphs of the chace, and another was hung with portraits of the peerless damsels, at whose feet, in a romantic age, they had been courteously laid.

On our return to the inn, the Argus of the road had discovered that the crane neck of our carriage was cracked

* In America the word farmer does not indicate the tenant of a manor, under the controul of a landlord, or his bailiff; but an independant yeoman, who cultivates his own grounds, keeps a hospitable table, may be in the commission of the peace, or represent his county in either House of Congress.

across, and for a couple of crowns he made it *exactly* strong enough to hold together to the next town, which we reached early in the day, but not before the blacksmiths of the place were looking out for the custom which the post boys are sure to bring them, by driving full speed over roads paved with granite.

They readily found a flaw in the new work, but I could not or would not believe them, though they *now* spoke the truth, and we drove on till the slender clamps would hold together no longer. When I perceived that the carriage began to settle, it was with difficulty that I could arrest the gay career of the *garçon de poste*, who would have left his charge in the road, without knowing it, as he galloped on like a trooper, heedless of mishap. We were in sight of the post house when the accident happened, yet the *modest* fellow demanded an allowance for lost time; and a *diffident* beggar, observing our misfortune, embraced the favourable moment to teaze us with complaints.

We sheltered our degraded heads in a paltry *cabaret*, where we reconciled ourselves as well as we could to the unavoidable delay of giving the crane a complete repair. It was done before night, yet as if the very climax of imposition was to be suffered by us, for the information of succeeding travellers, the greedy cyclop expected for his day's work, no less than five *louis d'ors*. Astonished at the charge, I called in the landlord, demanded the police, and ended with giving the fellow half the money, rather than purchase justice at the expence of ease.

With heavy hearts we set out again next morning, anticipating, in perspective, the pains and penalties of two hundred miles to come. But we were now agreeably disappointed, for during the remainder of the journey we met with no accident worth mentioning, as we drove rapidly through Sens, Troyes, and Langres, across the delightful plains of Champagne, smiling with the clustres of approaching vintage.

The hills began to rise as we entered Alsace, and at Alten-Kirchen we found ourselves surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains, stretching from the slopes of Burgundy, across Switzerland, into Swabia, and terminating to the eye in the Black Forest, the impenetrable retreat of German barbarians, in the days of all-conquering Rome, as are now the back woods of America to the copper-coloured race, whom we in our turn call savage Indians.

Just before we entered Switzerland, a French centinel

enquired *how much gold we had with us.* On the reply, he demanded with an air of disappointment, *whether the citizen knew that if he were to search the carriage and find more, it would be forfeited to the Republic.* I told him I knew it, with an air that satisfied his doubts, and the vigilant inquisitor permitted us to drive on without further trouble.

Basil is a little old-fashioned town, situated on both sides of the Rhine, which is here a boatable stream, descending with rapidity from the Rhœtian Alps, along the winding vallies of the most romantic country upon earth. Curiosity impatiently demands a nearer view of the peculiar scenery of Switzerland; but we must first recruit our exhausted spirits, and we shall content ourselves for the present, without overlooking the river from our apartment at the Three Kings, a capital inn, the dining-room of which overhangs the green current of the Rhine, in such a manner, that those who are fond of fishing may enjoy their sport from the windows.

There is nothing gay at Basil but this beautiful stream, and the wooden bridge which crosses it, enlivened by the necessary intercourse of the two quarters of the town, for the streets of Basil are unfrequented by the busy, and the chief amusement of the idle is to reconnoitre the silent avenues from projecting lattices, the use of which a stranger cannot immediately divine.

Amidst such congenial accompaniments, you visit with all the serenity of recollection, the lone church yard, which belonged to the convent of the Friars Predicant, when Basil was depopulated by the plague, during the session of the General Council assembled here in 1431, at which were present the emperor Sigismund, the duke of Milan, and several other christian princes.

Some contemporary artist, struck with the awful visitation that swept away together the prince and the peasant, the cardinal and the capauchin, depicted upon the gloomy walls a Dance of Death, the original of the famous sketches of Holbein. In this dismal masquerade, a hundred skeletons, whose distorted attitudes bespeak horrific mirth, lead up in melancholy duet, the reluctant victim of the king of terrors.

It was here, by the light of flaring torches, in the court-yard of an antiquated hotel, that Maria Theresa (the only member of the immediate family of Lewis the Sixteenth that was permitted to survive the revolution, which hurled

the monarch from his throne) was received by the Imperial ambassador, who indignantly rejected the splendid out-fit with which the national assembly had thought proper to send away the daughter of their sovereign.

The public library preserves with appropriate veneration, some portraits from the pencil of Holbein, a contemporary copy of the minutes of the council, and the letters of Erasmus written to his friend Amberbachuis, when the cautious and timid reformer quitted Basil, on account of the religious or political disputes that disturbed his philosophic repose.

But the absurd custom of keeping the clocks an hour faster than the true time of day, no longer puzzles the curiosity of travellers, who are become in this age of innovations, equally indifferent whether it originated from the indolence of the council, the vigilance of the magistrates, or the declination of the sun dial, which not having been corrected at the reformation, the scrupulous municipality could never afterward be persuaded to reform.

There was a Roman colony in this neighbourhood, and the country people here often plough up the coins of the emperors, from Augústus to Constantine, as they do in America arrow heads and stone axes, the silent testimonials of Aboriginal population,

Strangers seldom quit Basil without carrying away with them some memorials of Switzerland from the print shop of Merhel, the celebrated engraver, who has made as ample a collection of Swiss views, the mountain and the valley, the glacier and the lake, to which he has given historic interest, by scrupulously preserving those local habiliments handed down from father to son, by the plodding peasantry of the isolated cantons.

We have sold our carriage to the innkeeper, and tomorrow we prosecute our journey in a heavy phaeton, hired by the day, a circumstance no less unpromising of expedition than the driver's pipe: but no matter, I am sick of the impositions of the post, and we can amuse ourselves with walking, whenever we are tired of riding a snail's gallop.

LETTER II.

JOURNEY THROUGH SWITZERLAND.—DESCRIPTION OF ZURICH.

QUITTING Basil in the cool of the morning, we rode or walked all day, up hill and down, across a corner of Germany, ostensibly consecrated to catholic uses by wooden crosses and stone chapels innumerable. Among them we perceived for the first time, with a degree of veneration, which had more in it of poetry than protestantism,

———a Friar of orders grey,

counting his beads, and mumbling over his prayer book, if not with zeal *according to knowledge*, at least with all the abstractedness and tranquillity of *a pilgrim and a sojourner upon earth*.

We stopped for the night at a little town, Rheinfelden-Lauffenberg, or Wildenstein, in which a narrow street of ten houses of a side, is blocked up at each end by a gateway, and hemmed in by a wall, or a precipice; at the foot of which rolls a torrent beneath a covered bridge; images of confinement, so insupportable to an American, that I could not sit down to supper, till I had convinced myself we were at large, by rambling into the adjacent fields and surveying the distant horizon.

Next morning, quitting the territory of Basil, we passed through the town of Baden, as the peasantry of the neighbourhood were collecting in the great church to prostrate themselves before a tinsel Madonna, or crocus saint, and we arrived before noon at Zurich, having passed in a few hours from protestantism to popery, and from popery to protestantism again; for the religion has been subjected in Switzerland to geographical boundaries, and the hereditary burgher is catholic or protestant, according to the decree of the sovereign council of his canton, when at the period of the reformation the religion of the state was decided, like a political question, by the majority of the votes.

This part of Switzerland is hilly, but not mountainous; cultivated, but not fertile; inhabited, but not populous;

and it exhibit nothing more remarkable to a foreign eye than the beggars idling upon the road, and the women in short petticoats and black caps at work in the fields.

As you approach Zurich, a manufacturing town of ten thousand people, beautifully situated at the north end of the lake which bears its name; a charming expanse of water ten leagues in length and one in breadth; the neighbouring hills rise into a stupendous amphitheatre sloping gradually down to the lucid arena, which is every where bordered with vines and pasture grounds, dotted with alternate villas, villages, and towns, and pointed with the glistening spires of the capital at one end, and the snowy peaks of Schweitz and Glarus at the other.

The transparent Limmat flows from the lake through the middle of the town, and a broad wooden bridge serves alike for a market-place and a public walk, where walking is not quite so fashionable an amusement as it is in France and England. The principal inn, where we had the good fortune to find the pleasantest apartments unoccupied, encroaches upon one side of the bridge, and presents between the tall spires of the churches on the right and left the distant chain of Alpine summits, white with the frost of ages.

Here we have pitched our tents, as from this commanding station we can reconnoitre Switzerland, and direct scouting parties at will to scale the walls of the mountain, explore the defiles of the glacier, or lodge in ambush among the islands of the lake, or the thickets of the valley.

Zurich was the first town in Switzerland that separated itself from the prescriptive corruptions of *Mother Church*. It was here that the moderate and charitable Zuinglius, originally a priest of Glarus, had ventured to preach against vows, pilgrimages, and votive offerings, before the effervescence of reformation had been provoked by the unlimited sale of indulgences.

The communion had been peaceably substituted for the mass, by a resolution of the magistrates, as early as the year 1524; but the reformers of Zurich being unhappily seized with the rage for propagating the principles of *good will to men*, by the arguments of fire and sword, instituted a protestant crusade against the neighbouring cantons of Schweitz and Uris; and, at the battle of Kappel, Zuinglius himself (I blush for the inconsistency of the minister of the gospel) fell a victim to misguided zeal, in defending,

at the command of the magistrates, another banner than that of *the Prince of Peace.*

The streets of Zurich are narrow and crooked, but there is a beautiful little square, the court-yard of a forsaken convent, upon the brow of a neighbouring eminence, to which we often walk of an evening, to see the last beams of sunshine linger upon the white peaks that overlook the farther extremity of the lake. Sometimes at high noon, in pensive guise, we rove along the double rows of lime trees, which border the junction of the Sill and the Limmat, and cast a *night of shade* upon the tomb of Gessner, the pastoral poet, who was buried, at his own request, in one of the thickets of the grove.

In the library of Zurich is preserved the original manuscript of Quintilian, from which the first modern edition was printed. It was discovered, on the revival of learning, together with several other *unique* copies of the classics, among the musty legends of the Benedictine abbey of St. Gall, where the neglected ancients had slumbered in tranquillity a thousand years.

In the arsenal was exhibited, until the French revolutionists destroyed the political relique, a bow and arrow with which William Tell, the traditionary hero of Switzerland, was said to have shot the apple from the head of his son, at the command of the tyrant Gessler.

Far more to be regretted, as occasioned by the same event, is the premature loss of John Gaspard Lavater. The reviver, or the inventor of the science of physiognomy, received his death wound before his own door, when the Russians were driven out of the city by the French, in 1799, though he lingered near twelve months, and retained the enjoyment of his faculties sufficiently to preach a farewel sermon to his beloved parishioners but a week before his tranquil departure for the World of Spirits.

This speculative philanthropist was often approached with trepidation by persons who dreaded to expose their frailties to his penetrating eye. On such occasions he would frequently remark, that *no man need fear the presence of another, since every one must be conscious of his own defects.*

Lavater inhabited a modest mansion, characteristically furnished with a little gazebo, which commands a court leading to his parish church, every avenue of which resounds on holidays with decent peasantry in hob-nailed shoes and wooden heels, stamping along with downright

zeal, to hear an antiquated ecclesiastic, starched with the Vandyke frill, vociferously ejaculate the gentle admonitions of the code of life and peace.

Though the ancient custom of saluting all strangers of respectable appearance still prevails at Zurich, yet such was the sternness of religious reformation, that the most formal prigs, who make a parade of uncovering themselves in the street, do not scruple to sit with their hats on at church; and so little are the rules of common civility regarded in the house of prayer, that it happened to us more than once to be displaced, without apology, after we had taken our seats on public benches. The virtues at Zurich are probably of the more substantial cast, since Lavater used to say, that he had never had occasion to preach a sermon against immorality.

A day or two ago we hired a clumsy Swiss chariot, *comfortably* lined with blue cloth, and drove slowly through clouds of dust, for the weather had been long hot and dry, to see the celebrated falls of the Rhine near Schaffhausen.

The river is here several hundred feet wide, and pours itself with thundering impetuosity over a ledge of broken rocks, forty or fifty feet high. In time of floods the water sometimes rises twenty or thirty feet, and the current then exhibits a rumbling torrent of terrific sublimity.

We crossed the river in a boat, a little below the fall, admiring the rainbow in its spray, and ascended to the castle of Lauffen, whose mouldering walls overhang the cataract, keep time to its tremulous undulation, and reverberate its eternal roar.

Finding we might lodge at the castle, where it is customary to entertain visitors, we rambled about among the rocks till night, and afterwards amused ourselves in the museum with looking over an interesting collection of Swiss views, the production of a family of genius which inhabits this congenial site. The father sketches from nature, and his daughters colour the designs.

The fall of Lauffen is particularly interesting by moonlight. We were told that when the emperor Joseph was there, he rose at midnight to contemplate the effect. It was flattering to tread in imperial footsteps. We also got up an hour or two before day, and ran half dressed to a little summer-house which overlooks the raging torrent; but here we were impatient to be nearer, and half running, half tumbling down the rough descent, we mounted, with all the eagerness of curiosity, a wooden station that has

been erected in the very spray of the cataract, directly over the boiling foam, which rises perpetually in swelling surges from the roaring gulph. Here the sweeping torrent seems continually advancing, without ever drawing nearer; and its monotonous roar grows louder and louder to the listening ear. But fair and softly. The fall of Lauffen, with all its terrors, is no more than a water-spout to the cataract of Niagara; by which are precipitated in one deafening torrent the overflow of congregated seas; one of which, lake Superior, would drown Switzerland, and absorb all the lakes in Europe.

LETTER III.

PEDESTRIAN TOUR AMONG THE LESSER CANTONS.

THERE is a constant succession of agreeable company from all parts of Europe at the genteel *Table d'Hotes*, in Switzerland; and they are frequented, without scruple, by ladies as well as gentlemen: even English travellers here overcome their national aversion to a public table, and embrace, without scruple, the pleasures of general intercourse, and the benefit of mutual information. Where all are strangers no one is strange; and a new comer readily familiarises himself with persons in the same predicament, though he has never seen them before, and may never see them again. When all are supposed to be ignorant of each other, nobody enquires who such a one is of another; and every traveller is too much absorbed in his own *whence* and *whither* to trouble himself about other people's.

In such a situation, my B——— had no inclination to expose her wavering health to the fatigues of a desultory ramble from mountain to mountain, and from valley to valley, and preferring the tranquil amusements of Zurich to all the scenery of the Alps, she permitted her husband, and a French gentleman, actuated by the same restless curiosity, to fatigue themselves at leisure in a pedestrian tour through the lesser cantons, so singularly isolated from the rest of the world by adamantine ridges.

The cultivated tracts of the heart of Switzerland exhibit little distinctive character beyond the peculiarly sheltered look of broad-thatched roofs projecting over low walls, and

parsimoniously including under one inclosure, house, barn, and stable. We therefore took coach for Berne, and must have been half asleep in our stupifying conveyance, which was admirably calculated for the exclusion of extensive prospects, since we traversed the vallies watered by the Reuss, the Limmat, and the Aar, without noticing, amidst surrounding thickets, the mingled ruins of the ancient Vindonissa and the modern Hapsburg, the modest patrimony of Rodolph, a Swiss baron, who became, in an age less fertile than the present of political revolutions, emperor of Germany, and founder of the House of Austria.

The bridge of Wettingen, celebrated as the last work of Ulric Grubenman, suspended over the Limmat by an arch of timber two hundred and forty feet over, was destroyed by the French. It was covered by a *hænge-werk*, or penthouse, as usual in Switzerland; a style of finish totally destructive of picturesque effect, but it must have been the widest arch in the world, excepting that which has been thrown two hundred and forty-four feet over the river Piscatagua, in New Hampshire, by Timothy Palmer, another self-taught architect, since it somewhat exceeded the justly boasted iron bridge at Sunderland, in Great Britain.*

As we passed through Hindelbaneck we stopped to see the famous tomb, whose striking design has given it a celebrity to which its execution could not entitle it. The wife of a pastor of the village happening to die in child-bed, while an eminent statuary was employed in erecting a monument for a person of quality, he conceived the sublime idea of representing the mother bursting through a flat tomb-stone, at the sound of the last trumpet, and exclaiming as she ascends to glory with the child in her arms,

Herr, hier bin ich, und das kind so du mir gegebenhast.†

Strangers now rarely pass through the town of Hindelbaneck without enquiring for the tomb of *Madame Langhaus;* but the mausoleum of Count d'Erlach would never have been heard of had it not been for the beautiful idea to which it accidentally gave birth.

Berne I had seen before, and the houses looked as dark, and the streets as solitary as ever; the few passengers there

* The Pont y Pridd, sprung over the river Taafe in Wales, by William Edward, in 1750, is supposed to be the boldest stone arch in the world. Its chord is one hundred and forty feet.

† Lord, here am I, and the child which thou hast given me.

are being hid by the low arcades on which the houses are erected. It is almost surrounded by the Aar, and from the battlement of town you see the snowy peaks of Jungfrauhorn, Schreckhorn, and Wetterhorn, rising like white clouds upon the distant horizon.

The public walk rises a hundred feet perpendicular over the rimpling stream; yet we were told that a man had once fallen from the parapet, or jumped over it, without breaking his neck.

Society is on an agreeable footing at Berne, it being the residence of a number of genteel families, who assemble every afternoon at each others houses, and receive strangers without reserve, to give a zest to their domestic amusements; for the occupations of commerce are deemed degrading by the petty lords of Berne; and most of them have been long enough in foreign service to have a relish for political inquiries.

Criminals are employed at Berne in useful labour to defray the expences of their maintenance, but with too little regard to their own feelings, or the sensibility of others, which are equally wounded by the unnecessary exposure of the unfortunate objects of public justice.

In the town ditch was formerly exhibited a sight less offensive to the feelings of humanity—a succession of Alpine bears, the symbols or the supporters of the arms of Berne, had been kept up from time immemorial. They were cherished with religious care as the palladium of the state; but, like the eagles of Geneva, the bears of Berne, have long since changed their native clime for the menagerie of Paris, where the Gallic cock claps his new fledged wings, and crows over all the beasts in Europe.

We now set out on foot, and arriving at Neufchatel, thirty miles from Berne, as the setting sun glittered upon its slender pinnacles, we passed the boasted town-house without stopping to enquire at whose expense it was erected, and when once seated at the inn, we could have dispensed with our suppers in favour of our beds, which we were in no hurry to quit the next morning.

Neufchatel stands upon the declivity of a hill, and the neighbouring vineyards have been formed with persevering industry upon the precipitous slope, by means of parallel walls, whose narrow intervals are filled with earth, which has been carried up in baskets from below.

After dining upon trout from the lake, without having made such minute enquiries into the state of the manu-

factories as would have interested dealers in watches or printed calicoes, or appreciated, like politicians, the privileges of the place, which acknowledges the sovereignty and enjoys the protection of the king of Prussia, as heir to its liege lords, the ancient counts of Chalons, we pursued our walk toward the pass of Pontarlier, a natural postern in the wall of Mount Jura, like the wind-gap of the Blue Ridge, near the forks of Delaware, apparently designed by providence, to facilitate the intercourses of civilized life.

We should not have stopped for the night at a village fifteen miles on the road to Burgundy, had we been able to have reached before dark Moutiers-Travers, a mountain hamlet, famous for its picturesque situation, and the temporary residence of the celebrated John James Rousseau.

The little cluster of cottages is situated in the midst of broken crags, only accessible, on the French side, by a defile, so narrow, that a chain may be stretched from rock to rock. In the year 1476, at the head of a numerous army, Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, here attempted in vain, to force his way into Switzerland, and the impetuous prince was only more successful at the pass of Joigné, to provoke defeat at the lake of Morat, and death at the battle of Nancy.

Rousseau here occupied a little wooden thatch, in front of which there is a narrow gallery, boarded up at the ends, to shelter its humble tenants from the driving winds, which often rush in tornadoes from the neighbouring gullies. The eccentric philosopher had bored holes through this partition, by means of which he could reconnoitre approaching visitors, and admit or refuse them according to his humour.

From this sequestered corner issued forth upon the world the *Lettres écrites de la Montagne,* among other productions of the most fertile and fascinating pen, that ever was brandished in the cause of infidelity.

Whilst Rousseau resided here, in a state of abject poverty, the great Frederick offered him a pension of a hundred a year; but the proud philosopher refused the princely boon with as much haughtiness as Diogenes himself, when the inhabitant of a tub, desired Alexander *not to stand in his light,* as the only favour he had to ask from royal munificence.

After residing three years in this secluded situation, the modern cynic gave or received offence, and the unhappy

victim of both real and imaginary persecutions, took refuge in the little island of St. Pierre, in the lake of Bienne, a romantic spot which we visited on our return to Zurich, and were entertained at a farm house, which had been formerly a convent, where the apartment of *Jean Jaques* is still shewn to strangers, many of whom leave their names and lucubrations upon the walls.

Here Rousseau thought he could have been perfectly happy, and had actually begun to amuse himself with botanical researches; but the orthodox government of Berne would not suffer the disseminator of infidelity to remain in their territories, and he was obliged to seek another shelter from the storms which he had himself excited.

We turned our backs, without regret, upon the verdant solitude, fringed with shrubbery, and bordered with transparent waves, although the theoretical visionary describes the listless moments he spent here, sauntering about the fields, or paddling in the water, unnoticed, and unemployed, as the happiest period of his restless and eventful life.

Landing upon the east side of the lake, we pursued our route toward Berne. But night overtook us before we reached the inn where we meant to lodge, and we walked for an hour or two in the dark, losing one object of hope after another, in that silent expectation which accompanies the unlooked-for delay of benighted wanderers.

At length, however, we distinguished with certainty the welcome sign post, and gladly took shelter in a little *wirths-haus*, though it was crowded with noisy topers, enveloped in clouds of smoke.

Next morning we rose with the lark, walked through Berne before the easy cits had left their beds, breakfasted on the banks of the Aar, upon a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine, and brandishing our staffs, went on again with fresh spirits for Thun. But as it often happens with occasional walkers, we had by this time overdone our strength, and about ten o'clock we condescended to embrace the friendly relief of a Swiss light waggon, in which five or six people are conveniently drawn by a single horse.

By this means we reached the place we aimed at before noon, where a passage boat for the other end of the lake being ready for us by the time we had dined, we embarked for the village of Unterseen, ten or twelve miles distant.

We sailed the distance in a few hours, and toward evening, landed upon the narrow isthmus which separates the

lakes of Thun and Brientz. Grey rocks close it up on one side, and on the other, the resplendent peak of Jungfrauhorn, the virgin summit, that has never yet been scaled by the most adventurous hunters, in pursuit of the bounding marmot, or the flying chamois.

I regretted that time would not permit our visiting the glaciers in the vicinity, though I had seen those of the valley of Chamouni, when I was first in Switzerland. These accumulated masses of snow congealed to solid ice, by the alternate operations of thawing and freezing, occupy the upper vallies, like so many frozen lakes, the surface of which is riven into unfathomable fissures, by the occasional variations of the atmosphere.

The town of Unterseen, that occupies this sequestered rock, is in perfect unison with the Alpine scenery, with which it is overhung. Its timber hovels, covered with grey moss, stand in and out, back or edge, as if they had grown out of the rocks, or been huddled together in haste, for mutual shelter, around the jagged caves, and forked pinnacles of a grim town house. Large stones piled upon the roofs, to prevent their being blown away, bespeak the violence of the winters winds, and projecting eaves indicate the concomitant danger of being overwhelmed in drifted snow.

The meagre inhabitants of this Alpine valley reconnoitred our straggling party from every peep hole, and crowds of women and children followed us through the town to satisfy their famished curiosity with the outlandish sight.

I could have spent an hour or two in fixing upon my memory, the characteristic appendages of a place so romantically wild, but night approached, and a second boat was waiting for us on the lake of Brientz, to convey us to the valley of Hassli.

The lake of Brientz is not so wide as that of Thun, being hemmed in by stupendous precipices, which descend almost perpendicularly to the water's edge, and render its navigation both difficult and dangerous.

Dark clouds had already begun to roll round the loftiest peaks, and as they descended along the ravines, in whelming tornadoes, the last gleam of sunshine, pale and colourless, shot a sinister ray athwart impending horrors. Night closed upon us, by degrees, and we dashed from wave to wave in gloomy silence, till the moon arose in clouded majesty, over the eastern ridges, and lighted us to the place of our destination.

The next day we laid by till afternoon, and then procuring a guide to conduct us over the heights, we walked through a mountain village, and cordially returned the hearty salutations of the good people of the place, who were enjoying the repose of a holiday in knots and clusters, with a simplicity that recalled the fabled innocence of the golden age.

In two hours we attained the summit of the ridge, which separates the heretical canton of Berne, from the orthodox district of Unterwalden, whose inhabitants preserve, in the bosom of surrounding mountains, the minutest ceremonies of *the religion of their fathers.*

From this commanding eminence we had a charming view of the valley of Hassli, and unwillingly turned our backs upon the fairy scene, studded with cottages, and embroidered with alternate fields and woods, to jump after our guide from rock to rock, hewn with laborious perseverance into shapeless steps, to form a practicable descent into the narrow vale of Unterwalden, whose winding course includes a separate system of policy, as well as religion, for the government of a few hundreds of isolated mountaineers.

Literally descending from the clouds, we landed toward evening upon a little plain, just big enough for a lake and a village, overtopped by rugged mountains, which must in winter almost totally exclude the sun.

Next morning we would gladly have procured a conveyance of some kind, but nothing half so good as a Pennsylvania market cart was to be had in the place; and we afterward discovered at our leisure, that the road, or rather pathway, was too steep and stony to admit of any thing better.

We arrived however by noon at Alpnach, a straggling village upon the lake of the Four Cantons, the centre of this romantic country, and the scene of many a traditionary tale.

Here we took boat twelve miles on our way toward Zurich. About half way we passed by that arm of the lake over which Lucerne displays its picturesque turrets, and saw the rays of the descending sun irradiate the vapoury clouds that perpetually hover round a stupendous peak of rocks, which rises perpendicularly from the lake.

We regretted missing a sight of the celebrated model of this port of Switzerland, in which General Pfeiffer, a citizen of Lucerne, has represented with equal accuracy, mountains and vallies, rivers and cataracts, cottages and

towns, exhibiting in one view the cantons of Lucerne, Zug, Berne, Uri, Schweitz, and Unterwalden; but we were now in haste to return to Zurich, where I was by this time impatiently expected.

Next morning therefore we continued our route on foot, after stopping to contemplate a little chapel erected on the spot where (according to tradition, in despite of the silence of history) Tell shot the tyrant Gessler, and asserted the liberties of his country. Over the entrance are the following quaint but ominous lines:—

Hier ist Gessler's hochmuth vom Tell erchossen
Und der Schweitzer edle freiheit entsprossen
Wie lang wird aber solche währen
Noch lang wann wir die Aelte waren.*

Arriving at the lake of Zug, surrounded by hanging vineyards and cultivated fields, we took boat again for the capital of the canton, and continuing our walk fifteen miles further, across fields and plains, we again reached Zurich, after having made a circuit of three hundred miles, the greatest part of which had been performed *on foot*, with an advantage of observation, richly worth *the purchase of fatigue*.

LETTER IV.

JOURNEY ACROSS MOUNT ST. GOTHARD TO MILAN. — DESCRIPTION OF THE CATHEDRAL.

WE had now nothing more pressing than to prepare for Italy, and on the 1st of September, we took coach for Brunnen, a little village on the lake of the Four Cantons, where we arrived next day at noon, after passing through a rugged and mountainous country, thick set with comfortable farm houses, as in the settled parts of the United States.

Passing by Schweitz, the capital of a small canton of the same name, we were struck with the picturesque effect

* Here the proud tyrant Gessler fell,
And liberty was won by Tell.
How long will't last, you ask, and tremble—
Long as the Swiss their sires resemble.

of the clouds, which had gathered in circling volumes round the body of an isolated mountain, while its rocky summit, invisibly supported in the air, glowed with the warm refulgence of a noon-day sun.

At Brannen, where the cantons of Urix, Schweitz, and Unterwalden, first allied themselves by a defensive treaty, we took boat for Fluellen, rowing between rugged mountains, shagged with firs. Among them we frequently espied cubic cottages, surrounded with little patches of cultivation, perched at such tremendous heights, upon the very edge of overhanging precipices, that we could scarcely contemplate them without apprehensions that some of the little boxes would slide off their shelving ledges, and come down upon our heads.

One of these cultivated specks actually fell into the lake not long since, together with its little tenement, and all that it contained.

At the foot of a neighbouring ridge is the valley of Gerisan, which forms the smallest republic in Europe. It can only be approached by water, and the Lilliputian commonwealth is little more than two leagues in length, yet it contains twelve hundred souls, among whom sumptuary laws would be superfluous, since the keeping of a saddle horse is there an unknown luxury.

Near the upper end of the lake, a little chapel appears upon the left; it is erected upon the very spot, says tradition, where Tell escaped from his persecutors, when they were conveying him to prison. As the boat coasted the shore to avoid a rising tempest, the hero jumpted out upon the rocks at a desperate leap, and mocked the tardy pursuit of his conductors.

We landed to contemplate the venerated spot, and found the walls of the chapel rudely painted with the real or imaginary exploits of the patron of Switzerland.—Recollecting with patriotic sensations the reception of William Penn, at Shackamaxon, in the wig-wam of king Tammany.

We disembarked at Fluellen, the port of communication between Switzerland and Italy, for the exchange of cattle and cheese against rice, silk stuffs, &c. and walked a mile or two to Altdorf, the capital of Uri. A place that was burnt by the French, when they retreated before the Russians in 1799. It is now rapidly rebuilding in a good modern stile, which gives it the lively air of an American town, new houses rising on all sides, beneath thick groves, preserved as a security from falling avalanches.

The venerable tree was long preserved in the market-place of Altdorf, to which the son of the hero of Switzerland was bound with thongs, when the father shot the apple from the head of his son, and told the enquiring tyrant *for whom* he intended another arrow—*if he had missed his aim.*

From hence we sent forward our baggage to Andermat, in the valley of Urseren, being resolved to ascend St. Gothard, at our leisure, on foot.

A walk of seven miles, through a pleasant valley, watered by the recess, brought us to the foot of the mountain, from whence it is near twenty miles to the hermitage on its summit.

We dined at a rural inn, and in the afternoon began to ascend the elevated spine of the Alps, by a winding road that skirts the precipices which overhang a roaring torrent, as it descends from the crown level, and forms one of the sources of the Rhine. It is frequently concealed from the sight by dark firs, among which, in alternate shade and sunshine, we met long trains of mules loaded with Italian luxuries, tracing a zig-zag course, in opposite directions.

At the end of five or six miles we reached Wasen, a wretched village, situated among awful rocks. The inn was already taken up by French soldiers. There was therefore no alternative, but to beg a night's lodging in the neighbourhood. A hopeless errand, you'll say, without the language of the country to explain our wants; but the first door I knocked at, was opened with an accommodating air, and I have since been pleased that the occasion had once occurred to prove the native hospitality of a Swiss cottage.

Next morning, before we pursued our journey, I followed the peasants of the village to a little chapel, where an artless priest was celebrating the morning mass. I was there shocked for the first time, with a sight very common in catholic countries, I mean an open charnel house, in which gaping sculls are indecently exposed to view, for the purpose of exciting commiseration for the souls in purgatory. A horrid custom, peculiarly to be regretted in these Alpine valleys, where the ceremonies of religion are the principal amusements of the secluded inhabitants, and the knelling bell is the only sound that interrupts the monotony of solitude.

We now applied ourselves to ascend the barren valley of Schœllenen, insensible of fatigue, engrossed as we were by the stupendous objects, with which we were surrounded,

every now and then encountering, not without a slight tincture of apprehension, straggling parties of disbanded soldiers returning from Italy, and shivering with cold, while we were sweltering with heat. The poor fellows were only three days from Milan, where they told us it was too hot to stir in the day time, or to sleep at night, as we sometimes have it in America, when the wind is from the south.

Now and then a capuchin friar, with his beard and sandals, gave peculiar interest to the Alpine scenery.

After winding about for some hours round perpendicular rocks, which seemed to have been cleft asunder on purpose to form the tortuous passage, strong puffs of wind, accompanied with spray, warned us before we could see it of our approach to the foaming cataract, over which has been thrown an aerial arch, called the Devil's Bridge.

This tremendous pass was obstinately disputed by the French, when General Suwarrow entered Switzerland, at the head of 20,000 men. A small body of French troops, retreating before superior force, had destroyed the bridge behind them, and they continued to defend the yawning gulph against the murderous fire of the invaders, until a few planks slightly fastened together with officers scarfs, were thrown across the breach, and the dauntless corps, the greatest part of which had by this time fallen into the precipice they defended, was overpowered by numbers, rushing desperately over the frightful chasm, the crevices of which were heaped with the bodies of the slain.

The object of Suwarrow was to form a junction with the Russian and Austrian forces, then encamped in the neighbourhood of Zurich. But they had been defeated by Massena, at the critical juncture, and the Russian veteran was fain to throw his artillery into the lakes, and effect his retreat across ridges till then deemed impassable by any thing but goats.

After crossing the bridge, this singular road enters a subterraneous passage, which has been cut several hundred feet through the solid rock, from whose midnight darkness you suddenly emerge upon broad day light, in the valley of Urseren, an opening scene of pastoral tranquillity, in which, at a little distance, appears the village of Andermat, sheltered by a ridge of firs, the only trees that will grow in so elevated and confined a situation.

The vale of Urseren is 4000 feet above the level of the sea, and it is probably the highest spot in the world, inhabited by twelve hundred people. They would be totally

separated from the rest of mankind, if it was not for the winding mule path, which has here crossed the Alps, ever since the days of Julius Cæsar, who is said to have first surmounted the stupendous barrier.

This is now one of the easiest and most frequented passes into Italy, and it is practicable at all times of the year, though sometimes under drifts of snow through which the neighbouring peasants are constantly employed to keep the road open.

We had no sooner recovered from the fatigue we had undergone, than we set out on an excursion into the country of the Grisons. The first village of which, though but twelve miles distant, is so completely separated from Andermat by rocks and mountains piled upon one another, till they literally reach the clouds, that the inhabitants speak a different language, which preserves to this day a number of Latin words and phrases, received from their Roman conquerors, two thousand years ago.

From the top of a mountain on our way between snowy summits, rising like a boundless ocean, wave beyond wave, we had an interesting prospect of

> Those hilly regions where, embraced
> In peaceful vales, the happy Grisons dwell,*

under the characteristic or endearing appellations of *The grey League. The League of Ten Jurisdictions,* — or, *The League of God's House.*

Such is here the transparent purity of the air, that the sky assumes a peculiar blue. Immense glaciers glittered around us in sparkling sunshine, and from the nearest of them, we felt the wind so sharp and piercing, that we were insensible of fatigue, though we had been clambering for hours up frightful precipices. But my B——had unfortunately sprained her ancle, in endeavouring to spare her supporter, and before we could reach Tavetch in the valley of Sopra Selva, she was hardly able to lift her right foot from the ground.

At the inn, or rather ale-house, which was not distinguished, even by a bush, from the private houses of the village, we found a jolly Benedictine from the abbey of Dissentis, a lordly monastery, which has been destroyed by the French. He was a son of the family, and now lived

* Thomson.

at home, at his ease, amusing himself occasionally with his beads and prayer book.

In the dusk of the evening, the wives and daughters of the village collected together in a humble chapel, scarcely distinguishable from the neighbouring thatches, and began to chant *even-song*, with such penetrating fervour, that I could not forbear to join the little congregation, and was surprised to find that there was no priest to direct their devotion, by the glimmering twilight of a single lamp.

A few men attended in a corner, who joined in the responses with languid indifference, apparently between sleeping and waking. But the superior devotion of the gentle sex is nothing new, and perhaps the cause might be found in the difference of their constitutions, and mode of living. The active part for which men are fitted, and which they are obliged to take in the perplexing affairs of life, naturally absorbs the attention in a greater degree, than the tranquil round of female avocations, which however necessary, or laborious in domestic economy, leave the mind more at liberty to dispose itself for the duties of religion.

In this secluded valley, shaded by frowning ridges from the noon-day sun, trees degenerate into bushes, and the little rye or barley that is only ripened with unremitting attention, must be dried rather by cold than heat, upon crossed poles, which raise the scanty harvest to the searching winds.

On our return to Andermat, the weather became cold and rainy, and we gladly embraced the first opportunity to make our escape out of the uncomfortable valley, over which winter lowers in whelming fogs, eight or nine months of the year.

A rough ascent of six or seven miles, during which we passed at intervals through dripping clouds, which magnified the savage horrors of perpendicular precipices, and leaping cataracts, brought us to the shaggy summit of St. Gothard, or rather to the stony level 6000 feet high, on which is the *Hospice*, surround by insulated crags of granite, the fragments of a broken world, over which the friendly power of vegetation has never been able to spread its verdant mantle.

We gladly left behind us the misty vapours from which the north side of the mountain is seldom clear, and were rejoiced to find the weather brighten upon us, as we descended into warmer climes, by a zig-zag road, frequently overhanging tremendous precipices, that form the bed of the Tessino,

a branch of the Po, which, with the sources of the Rhine and the Rhone, here take their rise within a day's journey of each other. But we were now too much panic struck to philosophise upon their various course to distant oceans, for my B—— was obliged by her sprain, to descend the stony ladder on horse-back, and a single mis-step would have endangered her life.

We were glad to arrive with whole bones at Airolo, still in a Swiss bailliage, though in a different climate, where the people speak another language, in tones of harmony, to ears which had long been deafened with discordant dialects.

The remaining descent into the plains of Lombardy by the Val Lavantin, is singularly romantic and picturesque; it has been in several places broken by art or nature through perpendicular ledges of rock, overhung with spiry larches and weeping birch. Now and then it winds round prodigious masses of solid stone, some of which had been moulded by the hand of nature into the artificial forms of domes, pyramids, and amphitheatres, gracefully enriched with pendant shrubbery.

Being no mineralogist, I cannot entertain you with physical disquisitions upon the nature of quartz, mica, schorl, or feld-spar, with which these ridges abound, or give you a description of the various specimens of the precious metals, which are found in the beds of the torrents; but you will excuse the defect, as mineralogy is little studied in America. There we have enough to do to clear the surface, without penetrating into the bowels of the earth.

Near Giornico, the place where in 1478, six hundred Swiss repulsed with great slaughter, fifteen thousand Milanese, we met a French general officer, attended by his aid-de-camps, and a troop of horse; and the citizen-general saluted our party with all the urbanity of the old school, notwithstanding the motley appearance of a cavalcade, part of which was dismounted, and the rest ready to halt.

Vegetation is here astonishingly luxuriant, the chesnut trees in particular attaining a prodigious size. Plantations of hemp and flax overspread the plain, while grey convents and mossy cells, occupy, with appropriate seclusion, the neighbouring peaks.

As the valley grew wider, the descent became less difficult, and being now no longer apprehensive for the safety of my B——, who was by this time well-mounted, I di-

rected our attendants to go on with the baggage, that we might loiter along, in our own way, refreshing ourselves, at pleasure, under mantling vines, with which the road was frequently overhung.

After a while, however, the foot path struck across a meadow, and the horse-way insensibly wound out of sight. In the mean time night came on, and the two ways met no more till they reached together the gates of Bellingona. There my impatient enquiries produced no intelligence of the solitary wanderer, and I hurried on to the inn, distracted with apprehensions for the partner of my heart. Judge of my happiness when I found her at the door, expecting my arrival, without anxiety, and less disposed than myself to reflect upon the inattention which had separated us for several miles in the recesses of an Alpine valley.

The walls of Bellingona separate this beautiful valley from the plains of Italy, against which it is defended by the castles of the Regent Cantons, three keys, with which it was easy to lock up the Val Lavantina, when the dukes of Milan disputed the doubtful pretences of Uri, Schweitz, and Unterwalden, to give laws beyond the Alps.

The Tessino now runs right across a sandy plain, till it reaches the Lago Maggiore, a broad and beautiful expanse of water, bordered by lofty mountains, whose dark sides are deeply shaded by vineyards and chesnut groves, through which appear at intervals, the white fronts of towns and villas, reflected with undiminished brightness, in the crystal mirror of the lake.

At the first fishing village we took boat for the Borromean islands, fondly hastening to exchange the dingy valley of Urseren, for the verdant paradise of the Lago Maggiore.

Isola Bella, the first of these celebrated islands, came in view toward evening, as we turned a point of land, feathered to the waters' edge with aromatic shrubbery. The fairy vision seemed to rise out of the lake, like an enchanted castle, flanked to the right and left with storied terraces, and long arcades.

Isola Madre soon appeared, at a little distance, and modestly unveiled its milder graces, elegantly skreened from the eye of day, by lattice work and curling vines.

Attracted by the artificial splendour of Isola Bella, we landed at the foot of the palace, which, however, we did not enter, as it were upon a nearer view, the forbidding aspect of partial dilapidation; and impatiently rambling

over the measured islet, we wondered to find ourselves so soon weary of pacing over its formal walks, and covered vistas, though they are lined with oranges and citrons, bending under the golden fruit, and bordered or terminated, with spouting fountains, and gigantic statuary.

Behind this glittering prison, we beheld with commiseration, a fishing village, the meagre inhabitants of which appeared to us to have been crowded into the lake, to make room for an overgrown landlord to stretch his legs in three or four times in the year.

We quitted these celebrated islands without regret, and stopped for the night at a neighbouring town, where we had the next morning in an extravagant bill, the first gross specimens of Italian imposition, which I have since learned to dispute, by dint of practice.

Here, however, having left the mountains behind us, we again saw the sun rise upon a distant horison, accompanied with the brilliant colouring of an Italian sky.

We found that we had quitted the protection of the hero Tell, for the mediation of St. Anthony, of Padua; and we passed, in prosecuting our voyage to Sesto, a bronze statue of San Carlo Boromeo, tall enough to serve for a steeple to a seminary of priests, founded by him at Arona, the place of his nativity. The munificent nephew of Pius the Fourth does not appear to have been troubled with the squeamish idea of the man of Ross,

> Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
> Will never mark the marble with his name.*

I recollect nothing more interesting till we reached Milan; in the low grounds, about which a great deal of rice is raised, some parts of them are said to be not less than eighty feet below the surface of the Lago Maggiore; they can therefore be watered at pleasure, like the savanahs of Louisiana; and the grass produced by this profuse irrigation is said to be cut as often as five or six times in a year.

Milan is a large and populous town, but not very pleasant to a stranger, from the lowness of its situation, and the narrowness and dampness of its streets.

It was often, however, the temporary residence of the Roman emperors, when in the decline of the empire, they

* Pope.

found it necessary to defend their frontiers from the incursions of the Barbarians. In one of the streets may still be seen a Doric colonnade, of Roman antiquity; and in the church of St. Ambrose, the antiquated choir is yet inclosed by the identical bronze gates, which *the holy Father* is said to have shut with indignation in the face of the emperor Theodosius, on account of the massacre at Thessalonica.

In the refectory of the convent of Santa Maria della Gracie is the celebrated Last Supper, of Leonardo da Vinci, much damaged by time, probably more by injudicious repairs; here is not now a single fine head in the groupe; and, among the twelve communicants, you are ready to suspect *half a dozen* Judas's instead of *one*.—A story goes, that the painter, provoked by the parsimony of the prior, put *him* down for *the disciple that carried the bag*.

The cathedral of Milan is an immense pile of Gothic architecture, executed at an incredible expence in white marble. It was begun about four hundred years ago, but the front of it is still unfinished, though the building has been richly endowed with posthumous donations, and large sums were annually expended on it, until the Revolution, by the devout House of Austria.

The sides of this superb edifice are ornamented with an amazing number of statues—how many I shall not say, as I did not count them; and wonders of that nature are too generally exaggerated to be taken on report. Suffice it that the steeple has been completely finished in the richest open work. Figured buttresses and storied pinnacles support, or seem to support a spiral stair-case, which terminates in a cone. It is surmounted by a colossal statue of the Virgin Mary, at the foot of which there is a boundless prospect of the plains of Lombardy, from the Alps to the Apennines.

The interior of this majestic edifice is strikingly impressive of religious veneration. Its dark and lofty arcades are drawn into undistinguishable length by five dim aisles. They open into the secluded choir, embowed with ribbed arches and clustered columns, between which painted windows of prodigious magnitude are scarcely penetrated by rays of coloured light, sufficiently to render visible scarlet canopies and painted banners, suspended in the dusky air.

Beneath the high altar is an open stairway, descending to a subterraneous chapel, in which is deposited in a chrystal shrine the body of San Carlo, and the history of the

Saint was once narrated upon the walls in bas-reliefs of solid silver.

Returning to the twilight of the nave, its twinkling lamps serve but to make *darkness visible*, and the long arcades, dripping with the dampness of a vault, reverberate the solitary footstep, or the slamming door.

I leave you to conceive the effect of a *Te Deum* chaunted, at the command of the conqueror, within the chilling recesses of such a catacomb, when the battle of Marengo had consigned twenty thousand of his fellow-creatures to an untimely grave.

LETTER V.

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF SWITZERLAND.

HAVING traversed on foot the greatest part of Switzerland, the prominent features of that romantic country have left an impression on my imagination that can never be obliterated, however faintly I may trace the majestic outlines in a bird's-eye view, which I cannot forbear attempting to portray.

Ascending then to the necessary elevation in the pendant cradle of an air balloon, since the discoveries of Montgolfier have enabled the moderns to realize the fabled flights of antiquity, the thirteen cantons of the Swiss confederacy, extending two hundred miles from east to west, and a hundred and thirty from north to south, would lie at the feet of a soaring æronaut, who might look down with ease and safety upon the tremendous precipices of Der Schreckhorn (the peak of terror) surrounded at unequal distances by spiral protuberances of solid granite, whose perpendicular strata would be seen to rise out of a troubled ocean of snow and ice, in the shape of battered pyramids, and broken obelisks, now whelmed in clouds, reverberating thunder, now penetrating, in unbroken silence, the ambient air.

Far beneath these stupendous crags would be seen, at intervals, green vales and azure lakes, studded with towns and villages, whose slender spiracles plated with tin, would glitter in the sun, while the mountain torrent, or the pathway of the heath, would shew a streak of silver, coursing

the winding valley, or traversing, with marked direction, the extended plain.

The lake of Constance would limit the fairy scene on the north-east, and on the south-west the lucid crescent which receives the Rhone from the Pais de Vallais, and imperceptibly conveys it by Lausanne (the calm retirement in which Gibbon contemplated the decay of empires) to pierce the walls of Geneva, and join the torrent of the Arve.

Ont he north, the green current of the Rhine, like the coloured pencilling of a map, would mark the confines of Germany; on the west the blue ridge of Mount Jura would distinguish it from France, and on the south from Italy, the long chain of Alpine summits whitened with ice and snow.

Among the central peaks of St. Gothard would be seen to issue from transparent glaciers the Rhine, the Rhone, and a source of the Po, descending in bright cascades to irrigate the plains of Europe, and empty themselves into the Atlantac, the Mediterranean, or the Adriatic Gulph.

In the heart of this chaos of rocks and woods, in whose profound recesses hardy swains, descended from aboriginal mountaineers, had quietly submitted to the German yoke ever since the decline of the Roman empire, in the year one thousand three hundred and eight. Werner de Stauffacen of Schweitz, Walter Furst of Uri, and Arnold de Melchthal of Unterwalden, a patriotic triumvirate, devised and effected the independence of their country, by expelling the proconsular tyrants, whose growing impositions had at length become insupportable.

The emperor Albert, then reigning, was assassinated by his own nephew, John of Hapsburg, as he was preparing to quell the insurrection, and the insurgents had gathered such strength by the time that Leopold, duke of Austria, marched against the confederated cantons, in 1315, that thirteen hundred Swiss defended the pass of Morgasten against twenty thousand Austrians, and repulsed the invaders with dreadful slaughter.

The cantons of Uri, Schweitz, and Unterwalden, now contracted a perpetual alliance, that became the foundation of the Helvetic confederacy, which was successively acceded to, for mutual defence, by the neighbouring cantons of Zurich, Glarus, Zug, Berne, Lucerne, Friburgh, Soleure, Schaffhausen, Basil, and Appenzel. A motley intermixture of aristocratic and democratic republics, which maintained their independence, and preserved inviolate the

advantages; and the defects of their antiquated constitutions, till the compact of five hundred years was dissolved in a moment by the seducing professions of a modern democracy, to whose gigantic empire the Swiss cantons now form an insignificant appendage.

Yet a free and equal citizen of the American republic, whether naturalized or native born, can see but little to regret in the exchange of a despotic oligarchy, for a foreign dictator, of oppressive prescriptions, for forced loans, of national independence, for individual emancipation.

The narrow policy of Swiss republicanism; perhaps the natural defect of popular constitutions, formed when the principles of liberty were little understood, even by the people themselves, confined the privileges of burghership to a few families, excluding all others, natives as well as strangers, not merely from the honorary claim of electing, or being elected, to places of trust or profit, but from the essential rights of buying and selling, of establishing a manufactory, or exercising a handicraft.*

In some places a new citizen had not been admitted within a hundred and fifty years, and a candidate must have then resided in the place at least ten; if he was a native of another canton, twenty; but if a foreigner, the qualifying period was again doubled, and he was obliged to pay double the usual fine upon admission. In others, when the rights of citizenship had been purchased at a great expence, it was only to the *third* generation that the *sparing clause* accorded the privileges of eligibility to any office in the state.

Yet under the ancient system, with all its defects, the patient Swiss were remarkable for that love of country which is observed to be most powerful in those parts of the world that have a strongly marked or peculiar character, to which the youthful imagination irresistibly attaches the growing passions.

Thus a poetic traveller has observed, with equal truth and beauty of the Swiss peasant, struggling with innumerable hardships,

* In America, the love of equal freedom has carried the liberal framers of our constitutions to the opposite extreme. The rapid influx of foreigners, admitted almost without restriction to every privilege of citizenship, may imperceptibly alienate the public councils, as well as the national manners of our peaceful country.

Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms.*

Such accordingly was the patriotic emotion which a familiar, called the *Ranz des vaches*, never failed to excite in the breasts of Swiss troops in foreign service, that *the Milk Maid's Carol* was forbidden under the several penalties, as being sure to produce among them discontent or desertions.

Switzerland is a triangular rock in the centre of Europe, inhabited by two millions of moral and industrious people, catholic or protestant, according to the boundaries of their canton, and speaking as their national language, German, French, or Italian, according to the frontier they approximate.

It includes, at different degrees of elevation, the temperature of every climate, from the frozen circle to the burning zone, and the delighted naturalist may there trace, in the succession of a morning walk, the various productions of Italy, Germany, and Lapland.

An elevation of thirty fathoms is equal to a degree of distance from the equator. At twelve or thirteen hundred fathoms (seven or eight thousand feet) you experience the frigidity of the eightieth degree of north latitude, and at nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, snow rarely melts, even in the height of summer, a degree of cold in which nothing will vegetate but mosses and lichens.

Yet the general impression perceived by those who ascend the higher mountains is an unknown facility in breathing, a lightness of body, and a serenity of mind. The air is felt to be more pure and subtile, and meditation there enjoys a degree of sensibility approaching tranquil rapture.

Mont Blanc, and several other summits of the great chain of the Alps, are fifteen thousand feet high, and may be considered as the highest mountains in the old world, since they considerably exceed the elevation of Mount Etna and the Peak of Teneriffe, but they yield the precedence, without dispute to Chimberazzo, in South America, which is at least twenty thousand feet, or four miles, in perpendicular altitude, and whose frigid summit has never been attained by the boldest adventurers. It is, perhaps, for ever inaccessible to the researches of philosophy, since the human frame is incapable of supporting the rarefaction

* Goldsmith.

of the atmosphere at a much smaller elevation than that of the summits of the Andes.

We are informed by a scientific observer, that fossil shells, and other marine petrefactions, are found in the Alps and Pyrenees, as high as nine thousand feet above the level of the sea. Beyond these secondary mountains ride naked rocks, which contain nothing but the simplest aggregations of mineral substances, and would therefore appear to have emerged from the waters before the creation of the aquatic tribes.

The crags of Switzerland abound with rock crystal, which is industriously collected by the peasants to ornament the cabinets of the curious, and mines of iron and quarries of rock salt are worked in different vallies for foreign and domestic consumption.

The lakes teem with fish, particularly trout, which have been sometimes caught weighing forty or fifty pounds.

Goats browze upon the edge of the precipices, and their picturesque forms are seen to follow each other, Indian file, up and down the loftiest crags.

But the cultivation of the farinaceous grains is here of such uncertain product, that public granaries are established in every town, in which a stock of corn is regularly supplied by France and Holland, under express treaties stipulating a certain number of soldiers to be annually raised out of the surplus population of a country that is not capable of supporting the natural increase of its inhabitants.

The staple commodity of Switzerland is horned cattle; for a rocky pasturage encircles the very foot of the glaciers, and descends with increasing luxuriance into the shady vales, watered by translucent rivulets, which, flowing from icy sources, are then most plentiful when the neighbouring plains are parched with heat and drought.

But the limpid spring is often impregnated with tufts, whose tendency to concrete among the glands of the neck, aided perhaps by the concentrated heat and stagnant evaporation of narrow vallies, frequently produces wenny protuberances, and sometimes mental imbecility. Now and then thundering avalanches break without warning from over-hanging crows, and bury at once, beneath hills of snow, the tranquil cottage, and the crystal stream.

These, however, are rare calamities: they must not be supposed to hinder the current of common life from gliding smoothly along the vale of domestic felicity, since misery

is an intruding beldame, whose prominent features force themselves upon the sight, while happiness, like a retiring maiden, must be courted to be seen.

LETTER VI.

JOURNEY FROM MILAN TO FLORENCE, ACROSS THE APENNINES.

TRAVELLING in Italy may be performed by post, by voiture, or by procache; but this alternative, apparently so liberal, is nothing more than a choice of difficulties. By post you must have your own carriage, and put yourself under the direction of a travelling lacquey. By voiture you must take up with chance company, and be content to creep forward at the rate of three miles an hour. By procache you must be trailed along in a string of coaches till you reach fixed stages, though you should drive every night till bed-time, and turn out every morning before day, fretted with scanty fare and sordid lodging. In your own carriage, as in that of the vettorino, you run the risk of robbery and assasination, an *inconvenience* from which you are secured in the caravan of the procache by a guard of soldiers, allotted by the feeble government of Italy for the protection of public stages.

For those who do not speak Italian, and are not in haste, the voiture is the least exceptionable conveyance of the three, since the advantage of an interpreter upon the road, and a paymaster at the inns, fully compensates an unpractised stranger for the tedium of delay.

The voiture is a clumsy coach drawn by three mules, and conducted by a vettorino, who rides post upon one of them. They ply for travellers at the principal inns, and set out from town to town, as often as four seats are engaged, the vettorino furnishing every night a supper and a bed.

To avoid the importunacy of indifferent company, and at the same time to spare ourselves the necessity of disputing the ground, inch by inch, with inn-keepers and post-boys, we took a voiture to ourselves for Bologna, at the foot of the Apennines.

An Italian vettorino, however, only undertakes to guard you from the impositions of others—his own are not included in the convenient exemption.

Accordingly, at the moment of setting forward, while I was discharging the extravagant bill of the landlord, and satisfying the expectations of the till then inattentive waiters, our *civil* coachman ushered in without ceremony a Dominican friar, in the weeds of his order, and asked my consent to his going along with us; not as you may suppose on condition of paying *me* for his seat, but that *he* (*honest* fellow) might be paid for it over again, at the expence of *that very convenience* for which I had expressly stipulated.

It grieved me to the heart to deny the good father, who urged his suit with a humility becoming his profession; but my mind was made up before he opened his plea, and I insisted upon my bargain to have the carriage to ourselves.

Quitting Milan the 23d of September, we had the pleasure of beholding the plains of Lombardy clothed in their autumnal livery. The fields of grain, or grass, were striped with those beautiful poplars lately introduced into America by a patriotic traveller,* and embroidered with grape vines, which, as in the days of Virgil, hung in gay festoons from tree to tree, and gracefully displayed their purple clusters under half concealing foliage.

Toward evening we crossed the bridge of Lodi, famous in the annals of the war for one of the early victories of the conqueror of Italy.

The rich meadows in the neighbourhood are watered by sluices, and usually mowed four times in a year. The number of cows kept in this little province is estimated at thirty thousand; and the cheeses made here are reckoned the best of the Parmesan, though much of it is made about Pavia, and in the Milanese.

Next morning we continued our route toward Parma, amid rows of elms, alders, and maples, planted by the husbandmen for the support of clustering vines.

This, however, is the only beauty of this part of Italy, though it is described by Tacitus as

Florentissimum Italiæ latus,†

for nothing interrupts the tedious sameness of an endless plain, and bounded horizon, but the stony beds of rivers or rivulets—in summer rolling two or three muddy streams along the wide-spread devastation of their wintry overflow.

* W—— H——, Esq.

† The most flourishing side of Italy.

These you get over, as well as you can, it being difficult to keep up bridges under such unfavourble circumstances, as the massy ruins of Roman causeways abundantly testify. Modern Italians rest satisfied with the proof, and leave the affrighted traveller to be whirled over the Po by ragged ruffians, or swamped among its wandering branches, for want of a guide post to point out the shifting fords.

According to the poets, Phaeton was precipitated into the Po, and his disconsolate sisters were changed into the poplar, or the weeping willows, which ever since adorn its banks.

Entering the duchy of Parma at Placentia, the roads improve as you approach the capital, and the country appears thickly settled with industrious peasantry.

This is a healthy as well as a plentiful country, famous even in the days of Pliny for the longevity of its peaceful inhabitants, among whom he mentions three persons of a hundred and forty.

At Placentia began the Via Æmilia, which extended to Rimini on the Adriatic.

Here we met a train of six or seven coaches drawn, like our own, by mules, ornamented with towering collar-pieces, flaring with tinsel, and jingling with bells. They contained the travelling domestics of the new-made king of Etruria, returning to Spain by this circuitous route.

The duke of Parma is suffered to preserve his dominions, whilst all around him crouches under the ascendency of France, in favour of his affinity to the crown of Spain, the tributary ally of *La grande Nation.*

The connexion is of that degree of consanguinity, common in the royal families of Spain and Portugal, although forbidden by the canons of the church. If I mistake not the mixed relationship, the present king married the sister of the present duke, and the duke's son, now *by the grace of Bonaparte,* king of Etruria, married the king's daughter.

Near the town we met four monks, big and burly, in the habit of their order, taking the air in the duke's coach, and the sentinels who demanded our passports at the gate, were dressed in white, the Bourbon uniform, and wore their hair in clubs and powder, instead of the *sans-culotte* crop.

The city of Parma is well built and agreeably situated on both sides of a little river which bears its name, and may contain fifty thousand people, with an appearance of opu-

lence and splendour, hardly to be expected in so small a capital.

The ducal palace, a little without the town, scarcely excels the mansion house of an English gentleman. The cathedral is vast and gloomy, and the last Judgment, of Coreggio, is fading from the walls. The wooden theatre, remarkable for its distribution of sounds, is out of use and falling to ruin. But in the ancient church of St. Baptiste, is a baptismal font, so large, that it was probably constructed for plenary immersion, before the convenient substitution took place of sprinkling with water, in the iniatory ceremony of baptism.

At Reggio you enter the territories of the late duchy of Modena, annihilated by the powerful wand of the Corsican magician.

Its capital, now a secondary town of the Cisalpine republic, is a large city, but its streets have a gloomy appearance, from the iron gates before the windows of the ground-floors, and the melancholy dress of the women, who look as if they were all clad in widow's weeds, with their long black cloaks and hoods.

In the neighbourhood are frequently dug up shells and sea-weed, together with branches and trunks of trees—sometimes pavements of streets, and walls of houses, apparently coeval remains of incalculable convulsions.

The road was thronged when we entered the town, with trains of ox-carts, taking the new wine to markets and store houses. The whole country, as far as Bologna, (an appendage of the papacy, till it was also touched by the Circean wand, and became a fief to the new republic), exhibited but one continued scene of in-gathering and merry-making, the blessful concomitants of a plenteous vintage.

Bologna is a large city of a gloomy appearance, from the fronts of the houses being built upon arcades. Its numerous population is generally employed in the manufacture of silks and velvets.

The cathedral, a modern structure, is elegantly finished within and without, and for the north of Italy it is peculiarly rich in marble decorations. It was also once adorned with the exquisite paintings of the Lombard school, Bologna having been the birth-place of the Caraccis, Guido, Domenichino, and other eminent painters, who had enriched their native city, with many of their admirable productions. But the ancient collections in this part of Italy have been

so thinned by Parisian requisitions, that I have generally spared myself the mortification and disappointment, which might attend an enquiry for what is no longer to be found.

Yet in the tribune of the cathedral of Bologna, may still be seen the annunciation of the angel Gabriel to the Virgin of the house of David, the last flight of the expiring genius of Lodovico Caracci.

In the year 1529, the emperor Charles the Fifth was crowned king of Lombardy by pope Clement the Seventh, within the gloomy walls of the church of St. Petronius, a gothic edifice, which has been erected near the town-house, that the patron saint might be at hand for the protection of the government. In it is an old wooden image of the tutelary divinity, before which a glimmering lamp is kept continually burning, although on the floor beneath is traced in brass and marble, the meridian line of Cassini, which from June to January marks the point of mid-day.

The front of this vast pile, like those of many other Italian churches, is still unfinished, possibly because the intended incrustation was too costly to be executed; but more probably, because it has been found convenient to preserve a constant object for the contributions of the devout.

In the square before it, is a magnificent fountain, with a colossal statue of Neptune, a celebrated work of Giovanni di Bologna, another son of the place, in the happiest period of the arts.

Without the walls there is a convent on the top of a mountain, which boasts a miraculous image, one of the Madonas of St. Luke. A covered passage leads to it from the gates of the town, said to be three miles in length.

We ascended this gallery the day after our arrival, noticing as we passed, the *pious* individuals and *holy* fraternities, who had purchased the privilege of inscribing their names for the veneration of posterity, by erecting one or more of its innumerable arcades.

From the windows of the convent, the fathers enjoy an unbounded prospect of the plains of Lombardy, sprinkled with villages and towns, and a view of the rising hillocks of the Apennines, here exactly resembling the waves of a troubled sea, suddenly transfixed and motionless.

Next morning, a new vettorino, with whom I had made the customary agreement, without stipulating to have the carriage to ourselves, called us up before day light to set out for Florence.

We were soon ready, and happy to find but one person in the voiture, with whom we conversed familiarly till day-break. Judge of our surprise when we perceived it was the very monk to whom I had so ungraciously refused a passage from Milan.

I excused the unfavourable circumstance, as well as I could, and the meek religious declared himself satisfied with my reasons, though he had suffered by them severely, having fallen among a company of French players, with whom he had been kept shut up all day, and almost all night, ever since.

We now however jogged along together upon the most friendly terms imaginable. When *we* chose to refresh ourselves upon the road, the father was spokesman and paymaster, and when *he* in his corner muttered over a prayer book, or bowed to the right and left to the Blessed Virgin, or the sign of the cross, we never interrupted his devotions; though I could not but remark, that he was himself almost wearied with their frequency, and would actually spare himself the trouble of saluting whenever the *sacred* images had been defaced by accident or design.

This disciple of St. Dominic was an elderly man. He spoke French indifferently, and *had once*, he told us, *obtained a smattering of English, but he had almost forgotten superficial learning, since he had devoted himself to the profounder study of theology.*

He was now going to Rome to fill a professor's chair, in a college of his order; and he shewed us in the simplicity of his heart, a purse of gold which his friends had forced upon him on his leaving the convent in which he had been matriculated.—*More money*, he said, *than ever he had been master of before.*

We ascended the Apennines by a circuitous route, and were surprised to find towns, villages, and even cultivated fields to their very summits, though their general appearance is as dreary and desolate as that of the high lands of Scotland, such is the genial influence of the sun in a warm climate even upon an ungrateful soil.

From one eminence there is a casual glimpse of the gulph of Ancona, upon the distant Adriatic.

Early in the afternoon of the second day, we had a view of Florence, and the neighbouring towns and villages, so thickly strewed in the delightful vale of Arno, gaily interspersed with white houses, fields, and woods, among which winds the meandering river, as far as the eye can reach.

But this was a transient view, we lost sight of it as we descended to Fiesolé, the classic eminence celebrated by Milton, when comparing the shield of Satan to the moon,

> ——————————— whose orb,
> Through optic glass, the Tuscan artist views,
> At evening from the top of Fiesole, Valdarno,
> Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
> Rivers, or mountains, on her spotly globe.

Here, too, a solitary mule-path invites the zealous or romantic pilgrim to visit the secluded valley, occupied a thousand years by the votaries of St. Benedict, from whose chesnut groves the British Homer so happily illustrates the multitude of the fallen angels stretched on the banks of hell:

> Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
> In Valombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
> High over-arch'd embower. ——————

We entered Florence by the triumphal arch erected in honour of the Austrian family, and took some pains to find a lodging to our minds, as we intended to stay several days in so interesting a place.

Our catholic companion, expecting to be accomodated by the brotherhood of St. Dominic, desired the vettorino to set him down at the convent of St. Mark. There accordingly his trunk was taken off, and they both disappeared for some time in the cloisters of the monastery, when to our great surprise, out again came our meek religious, bag and baggage, with two or three ill-looking friars at his heels. One of them particularly pursey and ill-favoured, seemed to be rating at the vettorino for bringing the brother there, and our poor monk got quietly into the coach again, mildly telling us that *he could not lodge there,* but that *there was another convent of his order, where he hoped to be taken in.*

Here, as hospitality would have it, there was room for a stranger, and we finally separated with mutual good-wishes—perhaps with mutual good-will—nothwithstanding the aversion of *his order to incorrigible schismatics.*

LETTER VII.

DESCRIPTION OF FLORENCE.—THE DUCAL GALLERY, &c.

THE morning after our arrival, we rambled over this beautiful town, which is not unjustly denominated *Florence the Fair.* The streets are paved with flat stone from side to side, (like those courts of the city of Bath, which are designed to exclude the rattle of coaches, for the tranquillity of invalids), the houses are built in a good taste, and most of the palaces front each other on both sides of the Arno, over which are thrown several fine bridges. One of them looks gay with the statues of the seasons, and another exhibits cycloidal arches, constructed by Ammanati.

The banks of the river are one continued quay, unobstructed by the stir of commerce, (for Leghorn is the port of Tuscany,) yet enlivened with the pursuits of pomp and pleasure, which create a continual drive upon the three bridges, as the ducal, now royal, palace, is on the least populous side of the river.

The squares are ornamented with fountains and obelisks, and the public walks are extensive and well designed. One of them is beautifully traced upon the borders of the Arno.

The old ducal palace or palazzo vecchio is interesting to curiosity, from the long residence of the Medicis, those celebrated patrons of the fine arts, which were first revived at Florence by artists invited over from Greece, soon after the excursions of the crusades had given the rising nations of Europe a taste for the luxuries of the east. The gloomy edifice was erected by Arnolfo, the disciple of Cimabue, in the thirteenth century, that equivocal period, when superstition and ferocity were so strangely blended. It is a heavy structure, immensely high, crowned with a square tower, the projecting quoins at the top of which make it look dangerously top-heavy from below. In it is preserved the original copy of the Pandects of Justinian, discovered at Amalphi in the year 1137.

At the great door are two gigantic groupes, David slaying Goliah, and some other bloody story, the subject of which I have forgotten; but I shall not easily forget the

chilling impression made by the dark and massy hall, over which are now held the courts of justice, so often in the old countries teeming with deeds of horror.

Another side of the court is formed by the celebrated Loggia, an arcade of three arches, in one of which is placed the famous master-piece of Benevenuto Cellini. Perseus standing over the bleeding carcass of Medusa, holds aloft by the hair, in his left hand, the head which he has just severed from the body, with the sword which he grasps in his right. In another stands the Judith and Holofernes of Donatello. In the third Giovanni di Bologna has represented with equal spirit, the Rape of a Sabine Virgin by a Roman warrior.

A moralist cannot but regret that the finest talents should be thus employed in perpetuating acts of violence and cruelty; but such is the fatality of statuary, that it is difficult to invent a *harmless* circumstance, that can be accompanied with the degree of *action*, which is necessary to animate a groupe.

On one side of the square is an equestrian statue of Cosmo the first, by Giovanni di Bologna.

Double corridors form a street to the left of the palace, opening upon the river by arcades. Over these is carried the celebrated gallery, which communicated with the palace, when it was inhabited by the grand duke, by means of an arch thrown over the intermediate street.

You enter it from the court by long flights of steps, by which you ascend to the upper story of the building, and approach the long corridors through a double anti-chamber, in the first cube of which are ten busts of the Medicean princes. In the second is a horse and a wild boar, both antiques; and over the door is a bust of Leopold, the first grand duke of the Austrian family, who afterward ascended the imperial throne.

In the first wing of the corridors are antique statues and sarcophaguses, with busts of almost all the Roman emperors.

In the second, which commands a pleasing view of the river, the principal objects, worth notice, are a Venus sitting in a shell, and a Torso, or mutilated statue, of exquisite workmanship.

In the third, you observe a Morpheus in touch stone, and a copy of the Laocoon.

The size and proportions of this famous gallery are far from answering the elevated idea generally entertained of its magnificence. It is both low and narrow for its length,

and the master pieces of painting and sculpture, with which it is lined, are degraded by an endless row of uninteresting portraits.

It now however shews to disadvantage, having been first stripped by the abdicated grand Duke himself of the celebrated Venus, and other objects esteemed most valuable (to place them in safety at Palermo) and afterward decimated for the gallery of Paris, at the will of the conqueror of Italy.

Yet a suit of twenty cabinets still includes immense numbers of ancient and modern curiosities, suitably arranged.

The first of these contains, or did contain, for I did not allow myself time enough at Florence, *on my way to Rome*, to examine them all, the celebrated bust of Alexander the Great, those of Junius Brutus, of Tullius Cicero, and a statue of the *Genio della Morte*, not as the scare-crow of the nurse, or the schoolmistress, but as the angel of death, that (in the figures of Gibbon) expects the conqueror in the field of victory.

In the second cabinet, among many other objects, for I should tire myself and my readers, if I were to particularise them all, are two busts of Seneca.

In the third, is a head of Medusa, by Leonardo da Vinci, with portraits of Dante and Petrarch.

In the fourth, called the Tribune, was once placed the Venus de Medicis, "the statue," says Thomson, "that enchants the world." Around it were an Apollo, a dancing Fawn, the Wrestlers, and the listening Slave; and the surrounding walls were hung with all the graces of the Italian pencil. There was a Virgin of Guido, a Holy Family of Michael Angelo, another of Correggio, pope Julius II, by Raphael, a Venus by Titian, and other admirable productions of Mantegna, Perrigino, Da Vinci, Del Sarto, Guercino, Domenchino, Rubens, and Vandyke.

In the fifth, are several sketches, and some finished pieces, of Salvator Rosa.

In the sixth were a number of paintings of the Dutch school, such as Peasants at table by Van Mieris, a Candle-light piece by Van Ostade, and two other homely scenes by Gerard Dow. This low-lived scenery must have formed a striking contrast to the elevated productions of the Italian school. "The one," it has been well said, "aimed at surpassing nature, the other at debasing it."

In the seventh were arranged Flemish and German productions by Neeffs, Teniers, Rubens, and Vandyke.

In the eighth, those of the French school, such as battles by Bourguignon, a history by Poussin, a landscape by his brother, &c.

In the ninth are preserved vases, bronze figures, small columns of marble, &c. &c.

In the tenth and eleventh, portraits of eminent painters, chiefly drawn by themselves.

In the twelfth, statues, busts, inscriptions, &c.

In the thirteenth, paintings.

In the fourteenth, the famous Groupe of Niobe and her Children struck with lightning.

In the fifteenth, Grecian Vases, and Votive Offerings.

In the sixteenth, statues and bas-reliefs in bronze, among which is a Mercury standing on the wind, by Giovanni di Bologna.

In the seventeenth, Etruscan statues, sacrificial and chirurgical instruments, candelabra, lamps, rings, bracelets, ear-rings, metal mirrors (which preceded the use of glass, scarcely known in antiquity) domestic utensils, and marking stamps, which must have been used so much in the manner of types, that it is surprising the compendious idea of printing never occurred to the ancients.

This superb collection is thrown open to the public every day, morning and afternoon; as are also

The Academia Reale delle belle Arte, with its schools for the study of architecture and practical mechanics, and its manufactory of inlaid marble, called Florentine work.

And the Muses d'Istoria Naturale, both of which were instituted by the munificence of Leopold.

The anatomical preparations in wax and wood, belonging to the latter, are supposed to be the finest in the world. They are so numerous as to require twenty rooms for their systematical arrangement. In one of them is exhibited the progress of corruption, from the moment of decease, to the total decay of the body. In another are preserved the celebrated representations of the plague, done in the time of the Medicean princes, so painfully fine, that few persons can bear to examine them.

There is an observatory attached to this splended museum, furnished with ample apparatus, for mechanical, mathematical, electrical, and hydraulic experiments; as well as a numerous collection of animals, plants, and minerals, systematically arranged.

Not far from the Academia Reale, and in the care of the same custodi, are the cloisters of the suppressed brother-

hood of San Giovanni Battista, in which Andrea del Sarto has painted, in twelve compartments, the life of John the Baptist, beginning with the dumbness of Zacharias, inflicted for his unbelief, and ending with the presentation of the prophet's head to the revengeful Herodias. For these exquisite performances, Andrea is said to have received but twenty livres a piece.

The modern residence of the grand dukes, still called the Palazzo Pitti, from the name of a merchant of Florence, in the fifteenth century, who ruined himself by building it, and from whom, or his assigns, it was bought by the duke then reigning for a trifle, is a heavy and tasteless structure, though designed by Brunellesco, and executed by Ammanati.

The royal apartments however are richly gilt, and superbly ornamented, with cielings painted by Pietro da Cortona. They were once splendidly hung with the finest pictures of the Italian schools, but most of them had been removed to Paris before the inauguration of the new sovereign. Those in which the grand dukes used to receive company, are at once splendid and comfortable.

In the collection, were the well-known portraits of Titian, Julius II, Philip of Spain, and Paul III, together with the celebrated one of his own mistress, the famous picture of Raphael, in which he has introduced the cardinals, Giulio de Medicis, afterward Clement VII, and Luigi de Rossi, in the presence of Leo X; Rubens's family piece, including his philosophic friends, Grotius and Lipsius; another of Cardinal Bentivoglio by Vandyke, one by Rembrandt, and a Holy Child sleeping, by Carlo Dolce.

There was also a drawing of the Fatal Sisters by Michael Angelo, which may probably remain upon the walls, for the *French* do not relish his pindaric fire, as much as the English; *their* taste is better suited with the air of Raphael, and the grace of Guido.

In some gloomy chambers were hung three battle pieces, and the conspiracy of Catiline, dark with the savage dashes of Salvator Rosa.

The adjoining gardens are nobly ornamented with a spouting fountain that falls into a bason of granite, twenty feet diameter, in which a marble Neptune, by Giovanni di Bologna, is attended by recumbent statues of the Euphrates, the Ganges, and the Nile: and in a dripping grotto are four unfinished figures from the chisel of Michael Angelo, preserved like the Torso, from the touch of inferior artists.

In this genial climate, the poplar and the phillyrea retain their leaves till the end of December, and among groves of evergreens are here remarked the olive, the cypress, the holly, and all the branches of the family of pines, plentifully interspersed with laurels.

At the rural retreat, called Carreggi de Medici, on the banks of the Arno, in the days of Lorenzo the magnificent, the platonic society used to assemble every week to plan public edifices and useful institutions.

At Pratolino, another royal villa, in the neighbourhood, is a marble statue of the genius of the Apennines, executed by the gigantic standard of sixty feet.

On the vigil of San Giovanni, the wives and daughters of the neighbouring peasants, with their languishing black eyes, and lofty eye-brows, set off by Arcadian dresses, crowd the streets of the capital to see the chariots of the nobility drive round the statue of Ferdinand the first, in the square of the Annunciation; and to behold the dangerous horse races of the Strada del Duomo, which are evident modifications of the games of the ancient Romans.

Within the cloisters of the church that fronts this square, is the clebrated fresco of the Madonna del Sacco, so called from having been executed for the fathers of the convent, during a period of famine, for the price of a sack of corn. In a semicircle of one of the arcades, the painter has represented the Holy Family at their devotions. Mary sits in the centre, with her infant child, and listens with earnest, but resigned attention to Joseph, reclining on a sack, and reading to the mother and her Son, the prediction of the prophets, which announce the sufferings of the Messiah, before he should enter into glory.

The cathedral church, remarkable for being the first dome that was raised in Europe, after the decline of the Roman empire, was begun in 1294 by Arnolfo, the disciple of Cimabue, and finished in 1445 by Brunellesco, the contemporary of Michael Angelo. The prince of architects is *here* said to have complimented his fellow-citizen, when he was himself employed in swelling the hemisphere of St. Peter's, in an Italian adage:

Come te non volo — meglio de te non posso.*

But this unmerited flattery savours too little of the com-

* I will not imitate thee, though I cannot excel.

scious superiority of genius ever to have escaped the painter of the Prophets and Sybils of the Capella Sistina.

The dome of Santa Maria del Fiore (for most of the cathedrals of Italy are dedicated to the Virgin) is nothing more than a vast and gloomy concave, which has been dimly impressed with the innumerable figures of the last Judgment, trembling before the dreaded tribunal of final recompenses; while the sanctum sanctorum, inclosed below it, from vulgar profanation, swarms alike with equivocal beatitudes, and candidates for purgatory.

Behind the dingy altar is a marble Pieta [the mournful Mother weeping over the body of her Son] that is said to have been the last work of Michael Angelo, at which the superannuated sculptor was arrested by the hand of Death.

In one of the darkened chapels, which surrounded the choir, under the patronage of San Zenobi, is a bronze Ciborio, by Lorenzo Ghiberti, glimmering at noon day, with the dubious light of waxen tapers, flaring round a christian sanctuary; while the surrounding pavement is blackened with the cloaks and veils of prostrate suppliants, unintentionally emblematic of superstitious horror.

Within this gloomy vault, too well adapted to the perpetration of deeds of darkness, in the year 1478, at the instigation of the then Pope, Sixtus IV, upon a solemn festival, at the moment of the elevation of the host, when all the people were prostrate before the altar, Julian de Medicis and his brother Lorenzo, since surnamed the Magnificent, were at the same instant stabbed by desperate assassins! The wound of Lorenzo was not mortal, and he took refuge in the vestry; but Julian died upon the spot, leaving behind him a posthumous son, who afterward, as Pope Clement VII, played over again upon the theatre of Christendom the same horrid game.

In the damp and dingy nave are seen rude mosaics, executed in the infancy of the art, by Ghirlandajo, and Gaddo Gaddi, and dusky monuments stuck here and there upon the walls, contribute to the general gloom.

The front of this immense pile has never been finished, although the campanile, a tower erected to suspend the thundering bell two hundred feet in the air, was designed by Giotto, and completely encrusted with white and black marble, in alternate squares, as long ago as the year 1384, a period when Italian architecture was neither Gothic nor Grecian, but a whimsical intermixture of both.

On the opposite side of the square is the chapel of the baptistery, detached like the steeple from the body of the church, as is often the case in Italy. It is an octagonal structure, said to have been originally a heathen temple.

The mosaics of the dome were done by Apollonius, a Grecian artist, in the twelfth century; but they are scarcely visible by the twilight glimmer that is admitted from without, in meridian sun-shine.

The bronze door of this gloomy edifice, executed by Ghiberti, upon the designs of Arnolfo, is a miracle of art, representing in eight compartments of three or four feet square, as many scripture histories, from the dividing of light from darkness, on the first day of creation, to the banishment of Adam and Eve from the garden of Eden. The figures are but a few inches high, yet they are finished to the minutest feature, and project from the surface with perspective relief.

Neither is the door-case unworthy of the door, though it was wrought by another artist in flowers and foliage, among which are elegantly interwoven birds and fruit.

Two lateral doors are also curious performances of contemporary genius, exhibiting in smaller compartments, the awful history of the Life, Sufferings, and Death of Christ, and they are alike, richly framed with fruit and flowers.

Behind the high altar of the church of San Lorenzo, is the costly mausoleum of the Medicean princes, which remained unfinished when the aspiring family became extinct.

It is an octagon of fifty feet diameter, crowned with a dome, the walls of which are lined with Sicilian jasper, and richly inlaid with precious stones.

Upon six of its sides are marble sarcophaguses, designed by the prolific genius of Michael Angelo, two of which are surmounted by regal crowns, placed upon cushions of red jasper, and studded with transparent gems.

Near it is the Capella dé Principi, a secluded chapel, designed by the same creative pencil, and filled by the same various hand with the tombs of Giuliano, duke of Nemours, and brother to Leo X, and Lorenzo, duke of Urbino, on the right and left of the altar.

Each of them exhibits its princely occupant in complete armour, sitting within a niche behind his tomb; the former accompanied by recumbent figures of Day and Night; the latter by day-break and twilight. Ideas happily emblematic of monumental fame, in which, as in the parish register,

——to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history.*

In the adjoining convent there is a noble library, particularly rich in ancient manuscripts, and early editions of the classics.

Among the former, there is a Bible of the vulgate translation, supposed to have been written as early as the seventh century, in which the curious have observed the omission of the controverted text of St. John, "there are three that bear record in heaven."

There is also a copy of Virgil's Æneid, said to be of the fifth century, in which the four first verses,

Ille ego qui quondam, &c.†

are wanting. The poem begins with

Arma virumque cano.‡

The anti-chamber and stair-case of this famous library were designed by Michael Angelo, and are deservedly admired.

In the church of Santa Croce, which belongs to a convent of Benedictines, a Gothic edifice, erected by Arnolfo in 1294, are seen a number of interesting monuments, particularly those of Galileo, the precursor of Astronomical Truth, and of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, who died at Rome in his 89th year, but was here interred by command of the reigning duke.§

Galileo is happily represented upon his funeral urn, as having gazed through his telescope until weariness obliges him to discontinue his contemplations. He is accompanied on one side by the genius of Astronomy, on the other by that of Geometry, with their discriminating attributes.

Buonaroti reposes upon a monumental stone, surrounded by the sister arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, weeping over the happy Genius by whom they were once, and but once united.

* Pope.

† I who but lately sung, &c.

‡ Arms and the man I sing.

§ I need not tell the well-known story of the persecution of the astronomer, because his discoveries were supposed to controvert the descriptions of the sacred books; nor need I add the mortifying recantation, by which the philosopher was fain to make his peace with the bigots of his age. But it may not be generally known, that some of the works of Galileo are yet prohibited in his native city.

LETTER VIII.

MISCELLANEOUS REMARKS. — TRAVELLING ANECDOTES.

AMERICUS Vesputius, the reputed discoverer of the western continent, who has had the honour of giving his name to the new world, to the prejudice of Columbus (whose comprehensive genius had penetrated with an eagle's eye, the western horizon) was a native of Florence.

The Academia della Crusca boasts among its members, many persons of distinguished eminence in learning and the arts, and the salutary institutions of the grand duke, Leopold, afterward Emperor of Germany, however disgraced by his bigoted prohibition of protestant doctrines, entitle him to rank with Howard, Rumford, Lownes, and other benevolent individuals in Europe and America, who have reduced the theories of philanthropy to national practice, and displayed to the expecting world, the encouraging example of successful experiment in the temperate correction of idleness and vice.

During the reign of Leopold, no Florentine could be imprisoned for debt, though his creditors might seize his property to satisfy their demands; and no offence whatever was punishable with death, though murder incurred a sentence more dreadful to hardened villainy, perpetual labour in the gallies. By these and other political measures, such as the protection of the Jews, those active agents of commercial enterprise; the abolition of sanctuaries, so mischievously privileged to shelter crimes; and the absurd or rapacious penalty of confiscation of family property, which punishes the innocent for the sins of the guilty; together with the natural progress of things in the eighteenth century, Tuscany was cleared of robbery and murder, and the happy subjects of the grand duke were increased from a million to twelve hundred thousand souls.

Florence has always been remarkable, even among the cities of Italy, for the most superstitious attachment to monks and friars. Churches and convents accordingly abound, and painted Madonnas, the usual mark of popular devotion, are not wanting at the corners of the streets.

The ignoble custom, so often remarked by travellers, of keeping a wine cellar in the palaces of the first nobility, where wines are retailed by the flask, is still continued at Florence, to the great accommodation of those who love a glass of the pure juice of the grape, which is here particularly luscious. The petty negociation takes place in the open street, at an obscure window on the ground floor, to the astonishment of English dignity, and the utter confusion of German etiquette.

The dialect of the Italian tongue, which is spoken in Tuscany, is more favourable than any other, for that exertion of rhyming promptitude, described by most travellers, the practitioners of which are here called improvisatori. The interesting writer, who has favoured the world with a view of society and manners in France and Italy, mentions one of them, named Corilla, that he had heard himself. She was so eminent an improvisatrice, that she had been crowned in the capitol of Rome with the wreath of poesy.

Yet the exertion of genius among the occasional orators of the debating societies in England, is in reality far more brilliant.

To string together at pleasure extempore verses of compliment or condolence, undoubtedly requires, in any language, a fertile imagination, and a ready wit; but the Italian is peculiarly adapted to favour this particular species of impromptu.

It contains an unusual number of synonyms, and allows a liberty of mutilating words unknown to other languages, to say nothing of the convenient augmentatives and diminutives, by which, for instance,

Grande may be, at the will of the singer,
Grandio, or if it suit better,
Grandioso, or if the measure require it
Grandissimo; and
Piccolo, a little fellow, may be varied to
Piccolissimo, or
Povera, a poor girl, may be, and often is by whining beggars, most musically converted into
Poverella.

The language abounds in vowels. Several letters at a time may be dropped at will. Whole sentences as well as particular words are used only in poetry. Thus every phrase may be a verse, and every word a rhyme, and the Italians, amused and deceived by the melody of their language, and charmed with the pleasure which it affords the

ear, require from the rapid improvisatrice neither sentiments nor ideas, and permit her to introduce the lowest vulgarities, as well as the most unnatural images and overstrained allusions.

By the help of all these favourable circumstances, a man, but especially a woman, of parts little quicker than ordinary, may produce, *without a miracle*, amusement enough for people disposed to be amused.

Even in our own stubborn English, did not the unweildy Johnson string together extempore stanzas amid the relaxation of the tea-table.*

At Florence the usual salutation of profound respect to a superior, or a lady, is to kiss the hand, a custom which was accidentally illustrated the other day by a Tuscan prince, whose apartments at the hotel were on the same floor with ours.

Happening to return to his lodgings in the dusk of the evening, his highness mistook our rooms for his own, till he found my wife coming out of her chamber, expecting to meet her husband. The prince made a thousand apologies for the unintentional intrusion, and begged *to have the honour of kissing the lady's hand before he withdrew.* She unluckily knew nothing of the customs of Florence, and peremptorily refused to receive the compliment, assuring him *she did not understand such freedom.* Upon which the disconcerted prince, retreating in a passion, slammed the door after him, and called out for his servants, exclaiming

* In a tea conversation at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, speaking of Percy's reliques of ancient English Poetry, Dr. Johnson ridiculed that kind of writing, by addressing extempore, the following stanzas to the young lady who made the tea:

I pray thee, gentle Renny, dear,
That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and sugar temper'd well,
Another dish of tea.

Nor fear that I, my gentle maid,
Shall long detain the cup,
When once unto the bottom I
Have drank the liquor up.

Yet hear at last this mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown,
Thou canst not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down.

in a paroxysm of vexation, that *he had met with a lady, who refused to let him kiss her hand.*

I came in soon after, and chid my determined spouse for refusing so small an act of condescension to a prince; but her spirits were still ruffled by the adventure, and she retorted on me with asperity: "How should I know a prince from a pedlar, without his pack?"

LETTER IX.

JOURNEY FROM FLORENCE TO ROME.

Rome, October 10th, 1801.

We left Florence with impatience, as the last place that should check our progress toward Rome.

As far as Sienna the soil is tolerably fertile, though very hilly. We entered the town under an elegant gateway, and while the horses were feeding, went to see the cathedral, a gothic edifice, built of black and white marble in alternate stripes, which gives it a whimsical linsey-wolsey appearance.

While we were crossing the market-place in the great square, a mass was said under an open portico, and at the elevation of the host, both buyers and sellers fell upon their knees in the dirt. All however resumed their chattering as soon as the bell ceased to tinkle, with as much eagerness as if nothing had happened to interrupt their occupations.

On quitting Sienna we soon entered a dreary country, with few intervals of cultivation, between scattered villages, perched upon the peaks of barren hills; and gladly passed by without stopping at Radicofani, for aught I know, the antient Clusium, the capital of Porsenna.

Between this forsaken city, hanging like an eagle's nest upon the crag of a mountain, silent and solitary as a haunted castle, and Aqua Pendente, the first town in the Papal territores, the neglected road runs along the very bed of a winding torrent, which often renders it quite impassable. We however laboured through it, with the help of two or three yoke of oxen; and toward night were tugged up a steep hill, to be filched by the officers of the pope's

dogana,* who expected us at the gate. The starveling placemen dismissed us after a short examination, to choose the best lodgings we could find in the wretchedest inn in which we had ever yet had the misfortune to be detained.

Next day we passed through Bolsena and Montefiasconi to Viterbo, the last town of any importance short of Rome.

As we rode out of this place, the inhabitants of which support the specious idleness of twenty-four convents of monks and nuns, the peasants were going to mass in crowds, though it was an hour before day, to indulge, or to exhibit their zealous devotion to some favourite saint.

The morning was hazy, and our Italian fellow-travellers handed us their smelling bottles, and put up the glasses of the coach, to shut out the foul air of this forsaken tract, which is described by Varro as a continued orchard, excelling in fertility all the provinces of an empire which embraced every climate, from the equator to the pole.†

The Roman territories being depopulated by oppression and celibacy, the air of the mountains is preferred to that of the plains, which is rendered unwholesome and almost pestiferous by the noxious vapours arising from stagnant waters and volcanic soils. The latter were more or less pernicious in ancient times, as we learn from Livy; but their virulence was then corrected by the salutary process of vegetation, and the balmy breath of flocks and herds.

Toward ten o'clock the clouds broke away, and permitted us to behold the dome of St. Peter's towering in the air, as we crossed, by the Flaminian way, the deserted plains of the Campania, dotted here and there with decayed trees, and ruined towers, but not of Roman antiquity; monuments of those barbarous ages, of which these fertile lands have never recovered the devastations.

The approach of Rome was indicated by no signs of opulence, or animation, though the road was lined for some miles with crumbling masses of ancient magnificence, in the half obliterated shape of tombs and temples.

But on crossing the Tiber, a muddy current, half as wide as the Schuylkill at Philadelphia, by the Ponte Molle, or Pons Milvius of antiquity, and entering *the eternal city*, by the Porta del Popolo, erected by one of the Medicean popes, from a design of Michael Angelo, we were instantly

* Custom-house.

† Nulla quæ tam tota sit culta. Arboribus consita Italia est, ut tota pomarium videatur. Varro de re Rustica, Lib. I. c. 2.

satisfied with an exhibition of antient and modern grandeur no where united but at Rome.

An oblong square in the middle of which rises an Egyptian obelisk, covered with hieroglyphics, terminates with two churches of Grecian architecture, between which opens the Corso, a fine street of a mile in length, leading directly to the ascent of the capitol, while two others equally straight diverge to the right and left toward St. Peter's, and St. John de Lateran.*

Here while we were shewing our passports, a valet de place introduced himself without ceremony, as *having had the honour to serve several Milor's, to whom he was proud to have given the utmost satisfaction*, and without asking permission he jumped up by the side of the coachman, and went with us to the Dogana, which has been fitted up within the colonnade of an ancient temple.

By the assistance of our Cicerone, for he serves occasionally in both characters, we have procured very agreeable lodgings at the house of a statuary, directly opposite the church of San Carlo, an elegant edifice, near the middle of the Corso; the principal objections to which we soon found to be universal at Rome, viz. an open door was besieged by idlers, and a public stair-case stinking with filth.

We had no sooner dined, than I set out to find St. Peter's, but soon losing myself among crooked streets, narrow and badly paved, I had recourse to my usual method in a strange place, of walking far enough out of town to see the situation of the principal objects, when I found myself diametrically wrong, and was obliged to cross the whole town to come at the bridge and castle of St. Angelo, from whence a narrow passage leads directly to the papal Basilica.

LETTER X.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

THE cathedral of St. Peter, before whose encircling porticos, stupendous frontispiece, and gigantic dome, the proudest temples of antiquity diminish into comparative insignificance, is erected in the shape of a cross, upon the

* There are several inscriptions upon this obelisk. That of Augustus reads "Imperator Cæsar Augustus, Ægypto in potestatem, Populi Romani redactâ. Soli donum dedit."

cherubs which support them are chubby giants. He looks up again at the resplendent vault, and discovers that he cannot distinctly perceive the variegated fret work of the immense compartments. He turns his eye across the marble pavement, and remarks that he can scarcely hear the distant footstep that slowly advances on the other side of the nave. He darts a glance of astonishment toward the golden tribune, at the west end of the temple, and if the setting sun illumes the brazen canopy supported over the altar of the dome by twisted columns, and irradiates the flaming glories that surround the Dove descending on St. Peter's chair, as he approaches the bending radiance, it will seem to fly before him, like the rain-bow of a passing shower.

He presses on however, without stopping before the chapels, shining with marble, and glowing with mosaic tints, to the opening of the dome, a hundred and fifty feet diameter, and three hundred high, lighted by sixteen windows, and ribbed into lateral divisions, in whose broad circumference the twelve Apostles attend the Saviour, while above them, in contracting rows, Angels and Cherubs encircle the mysterious ring, through which is faintly seen the *forbidden Image* of the eternal Father.

Here he finds the altar, with its refulgent canopy, and the chair supported by colossal saints, still at a distance which he no longer ventures to estimate, and glancing his eye along the transepts to the right and left, draws backward, satiated with magnificence.

Recovering himself, by degrees, he listens to the dying murmur of the pigmies that surround him, absorbed in the profound recesses through which they are seen to enter or emerge, when suddenly from a side chapel, before unnoticed, the anthems of the choir arise in measured strains, and the aerial vaults resound with seraphic symphonies, now vibrating to single voices, mellifluous as the breath of zephyrs through Eolian harps, now swelling with the full toned organ to hallelujahs, solemn as the music of the spheres.

His nerves thrill with rapture; he looks downward to the hundred lamps, that burn continually in golden branches around the sanctuary, and (if a catholic) he humbles himself at the shrine of St. Peter, as did the queen of Sheba, in the temple of Solomon.

Around the rim of the lanthorn, in the centre of the dome, three hundred and thirty feet from the pavement, is

inscribed the dedication to St. Peter, by Sixtus the fifth:

S. PETRI GLORIÆ, SIXTUS P. P. V. A. MDXC. PONTIF V.*

And upon the frieze of the entablature, around the drum of the cupola, is ostentatiously exhibited in letters of gold, the ambiguous passage of St. Matthew:

TU ES PETRUS, ET SUPER HANC PETRAM ŒDIFICABO ECCLESIAM MEAM ET TIBI DABO CLAVES REGNI CŒLORUM.†

Although it is sufficiently obvious that the text refers not to Peter, the frail disciple that afterwards denied his Master in the hall of the high priest, but to *the revelation of the Son by the Father, as the sure foundation upon which the church of Christ should be built, a spiritual building, a house not made with hands, against which the gates of hell should never be able to prevail.*

On entering for the first time, this imposing edifice, the eye is too much dazzled by the splendour of the nave to remark its surrounding accompaniments, however commensurate, and the most attentive observer scarcely descries, athwart the vast arcades, the vaulted roofs of the side chapels, glowing at an awful elevation, with symbolic imagery, from the visions of Ezekiel, and the Revelations of John.

In six elliptical compartments, three of them on either hand, are displayed in brilliant mosaics, designed by the first masters, after the descriptions of the prophets and evangelists, the splendid emblems of supernatural agency, that visibly accompanied the promulgation of the law, and the introduction of the gospel.

The religious or poetical enthusiast may stand astonished under *the Flying Chariot, of the River of Chebar; or the Throne set in Heaven, of the Isle of Patmos. The descending Glory that announced the Promised Saviour, when he was baptized of John in Jordan; or the opening Heavens, as when the Martyr Stephen beheld the Son of the Virgin standing at the right hand of the Father Almighty.*

But the rainbow of the nave is altogether independant

* To the glory of St. Peter, Pope Sixtus V, in the year 1590, the fifth of his pontificate.

† Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church, and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven.

of these sublime emanations, and you may count its colours or pursue its flight, without ever perceiving the transcendant appendages.

The cupola over the entrance to the chapel of the Sacrament, which is the last on the right hand, less exceptionably exhibits a Celestial Choir of Saints and Angels, perfuming an aerial Altar with clouds of incence, wafted from golden censers, waving in the wind.

Within the iron gates of the chapel, interleaved with glass to reflect the illuminations of the altar, is seen a circular Ciborio or Tabernacle for the Host, on either side of which a golden Angel extends his protecting wings, in imitation of *the Cherubims of Glory, shadowing the Mercy Seat.*

Directly opposite is the chapel of the choir, a noble apartment forty feet by fifty, with a splendid mosaic over the altar, representing the Virgin Mother, under the mistaken emblems of the *Spouse* of Christ; *the Wonder that was seen in Heaven, a Woman cloathed with the Sun, having the Moon under her feet, and upon her head a Crown of twelve Stars.*

The most pompous exhibition of ceremony or parade rather diminishes than increases the effect of this wonderful edifice. It is never more impressive, than, when silence reigns over its vast vacuities, unbroken by distant and solitary foot-steps retiring for the night, the unnoticed windows, at the approach of evening, shedding a mystic twilight, undazzled by the glimmering lamps that twinkle around the sanctuary.

Beneath the vast circumference of this aerial canopy there reigns, day and night, summer and winter, that even temperature, so favourable to meditation, since the double doors never admit enough external air to alter the medium of thirty-five millions of cubic feet, and the thickness of the walls renders them impervious to heat or moisture.

You ascend to the summit of this prodigious edifice, by the innumerable evolutions of a spiral ascent of no greater inclination than will admit of the use of mules, for the purposes of the building. Near the top of it are inscribed the names of all the foreign potentates who in the course of two centuries have done homage to the imperial pile.

This winding stair-way terminates at the flat surface of the roof in a room for the custodi, from which you look out upon a village of belfries and cupolas, concealed from below by the massy balustrade, excepting the great dome,

which has been boldly denominated the sun of the vatican, with its attendant satellites, and a galaxy of statues, whose gigantic proportions must be measured by a standard of twenty feet.

Here you may ramble about till you are weary upon a pavement of brick or stone, the interstices of which are filled up with an impenetrable cement.

Two external walks or galleries surround the basis of the dome, one of which is upon the mouldings of the basement, and the other ten feet higher is continued through the projecting abutments, which support the drum of the vaults; these galleries are three hundred paces in circumference, little less than the eighth part of a mile.

From the former you pass by a long entry into the inner gallery, at a height of two hundred feet from the floor. This is four hundred feet round, and from its iron railing you may look down with safety upon the brazen canopy of the altar (itself ninety feet high) and into the sunken recesses of the sanctuary, surrounded by kneeling devotees.

At this elevation may be distinctly seen the mosaics of the Four Evangelists, with their appropriate symbols, occupying the angles which support the drum of the dome. Of their enormous magnitude, an idea may be formed by that of the cross keys, an ornamental appendage, which is said to measure twenty-two feet in length.

The drum of the dome is ornamented by coupled pilasters between the windows, upon the continued basement of which are Cherubs supporting festoons.

Returning to the passage, you turn to the right or left, for the avenues are double, and wind round the imperceptible circle, between an outer and an inner wall, until you come to a spiral stair-case, by which you mount perpendicularly fifty feet higher, and enter another gallery within the dome, just under the spring of the vault.

From this elevated scaffold, you can perceive the coarseness of the mosaic cubes, with which are formed the gigantic figures of the concave, and you may thrust your hand into a gaping fissure invisible from below.

You now ascend diametrically by unequal steps practised between the inner and outer coping of the vault.

At the summit of the dome blind windows occasionally open into the lanthorn, itself a cupola twenty feet diameter and fifty high.

From this stupendous elevation, little less than three hundred and fifty feet, if you venture to look down upon the

pavement, the processions passing to and fro upon the chequered floor, remind you of ants upon a mole hill, and so contracted is the perspective of the well of the dome, that you mistrust with apprehension the perpendicularity of the walls, and suspect the sufficiency of the lessening pillars to support the superincumbent mass.

A rushing wind sets constantly from below, whenever these windows are opened, and you gladly mount ten feet higher to the outer gallery of the lanthorn, from which you behold Rome at your feet, and stretch your eye over the deserted plains of the Campagna to the Apennines on one side, and the Mediterranean on the other.

Here you ascend fifty feet higher by another flight of narrow steps turned within one of the butments, which support the lanthorn, barely wide enough to admit one person at a time.

This winding passage lands you upon the floor of a conical chamber, directly over the centre of the dome, from which you pass into the upper gallery of the cupola, or ascend, by a perpendicular ladder, into the hollow of the ball.

Within this brazen globe, a man of six feet high may stretch out his arms, or stand on tip-toe, while through accidental crevices in the beaten copper he perceives the tremendous height, at which he is soaring in the air.

It takes ten minutes to descend from this stupendous elevation, and when you emerge from its dark passage and winding stair-ways, you are glad to find yourself once more upon the surface of the earth.

Such is this unrivalled monument of modern art, which bears no marks of age or incongruity, although it was three hundred years in building, by the hands of twenty different architects.

Begun under Nicholas V. in 1450, it was carried on by Bramante under Julius II. by Sangallo and Peruzzi under Leo X. and by Michael Angelo, who moulded the immense concavity of the dome under Paul III. though he died before it was finished by Fontana, in the pontificate of Sixtus V.

Succeeding popes and succeeding architects successively added the lesser domes, the portico, the piazzas, and the vestry intermediately ornamenting the interior with brass and marble, and gradually securing the paintings from the corrosive touch of time by incorporating them with the walls in everlasting mosaic.

Exclusive of the dome and piazzas, St. Peter's church is twice as long, twice as broad, and twice as high as the temple of Jupiter Olympius, one of the wonders of antiquity, that still exhibits to the wondering traveller, silent and solitary porticos stretching over the prostrate plains of Greece.

St. Paul's at London, the only edifice of modern times, with which it can be worthily compared, does not inclose within its vast vacuities, including its porticos, its turrets, and its dome, one fourth part of the cubic square of St. Peter's, the corridors of which would encompass Ludgate Hill, and the crowd of Fleet-Street, roaring with carts and coaches, might rush on under cover of the circling piazzas, as far as Temple Bar.*

It requires a quarter of an hour to walk round this magic circle. Its circumference cannot therefore be less than a mile. Seven times as much would now encircle the growing metropolis of the United States; and the materials of all its public buildings, though they conveniently accommodate the business, the pleasures, and the devotions of seventy thousand people, would be insufficient to create such another edifice as the cathedral of St. Peter's, the most glorious structure that has ever been dedicated to the purposes of religion.

The most rigid dissenter from the most rigid protestants that have separated themselves from the corruptions of the Romish apostacy, might feel some flushes of enthusiasm at the sight of a christian temple, more glorious than that of Solomon, so long the admiration of the chosen people; however convinced that *the heart of man is the temple of the Lord,* and that *a contrite spirit,* the offering of the gospel, is a more acceptable sacrifice than *thousands of rams, or tens of thousands of rivers of oil.*

The most frugal moralist among those reformed societies that have brought their practice, the nearest to the simplicity of their profession, might hear without regret of the

* Travellers have remarked as a fault, the peculiar simplicity of the front of St. Peter's, and they have compared it, with derogation, to the variegated facade of St. Paul's, overlooking the sublime idea of Paul V. and Charles Maderne, to render the cathedral of Christendom a monument of Christ and his apostles. This obliged them to divide the frontispiece by a regular intercolumniation, upon the twelve piers of which should stand the twelve Apostles, thus emphatically indicated as the pillars of the church.

uncounted millions bestowed by Leo X. upon this splendid edifice, since it was the unlimited sale of indulgences, occasioned by this lavish expenditure, that gave rise to the declamations of Luther and Calvin, against the impositions of the Papal hierarchy.

Every professor of christianity, traditional, or conscientious, whether his creed adopts the sign for the substance, or the substance for the sign, must turn with complacency, perhaps with veneration, from temples dedicated to voluptuous deities and exterminating heroes, to a church whose original foundations were laid in the fourth century, by the survivors of the tenth persecution, for the worship of a meek and self-denying Saviour.

LETTER XI.

THE APPENDAGES OF ST. PETER'S.

BENEATH the elevated balcony, from which are pronounced over kneeling multitudes, the benedictions and the anathemas of the tiara, and upon the bronze enclosure of the chair of St. Peter, at the west end of the nave, are exquisitely embossed in brass and marble, the story of the Great Shepherd, charging Peter to feed his sheep, and that of his presenting him with the keys of the kingdom, when the well-known allusion was made to the name of the apostle, as also signifying *a stone*.

Pretended infallibility might disclaim its literal construction of the equivocal epithet, or recurring to the patriarchal prediction of *the stone of Israel*; * the prophetic anticipation of the royal psalmist, that *the stone which the builders would reject, should become the head of the corner*; † or the promise of the God of Abraham, by the mouth of the evangelical prophet, "Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone.‡

If however by this sublime annunciation concurring prophets can be supposed to have proclaimed the apostle, let the apostle himself explain the prophets: "Be it known unto you all (said Peter to the unbelieving Jews)

* Genesis xlix. 24. † Psalm cxviii. 22. ‡ Isaiah xxviii. 16.

that *Jesus Christ* of Nazareth, whom God raised from the dead, is *the stone* which was *set at nought of you builders*; which is become *the head of the corner.**"

Among the monuments of art, with which St. Peter's abounds in painting and sculpture, the most remarkable are the Transfiguration of Raphael, the Communion of Domenichino, and the St. Petronilla of Guercino da Cento.

These celebrated master-pieces are exquisitely copied from the originals, in mosaic work, a species of colouring which consists of square pieces of marble or composition, so perfectly arranged, that at the distance of a few feet, it can only be distinguished from painting in oil, by the marble gloss, that renders the colours more vivid.

Each of them contains fifteen or twenty figures larger than the life, in a pannel fifteen feet wide, and twenty-five or thirty high.

I have mentioned them in the order in which they are usually esteemed at Rome, which is the scale of their respective authors, in the estimation of Italian connoisseurs; but foreign taste, regardless of rules and reputation, frequently reverses the rank of these particular productions of those inestimable artists.

The ascension of St. Petronilla (a saint unknown to protestants, but in the Romish kalendar, the daughter of St. Peter) represents two scenes immediately dependant on each other, however irreconcileable with the canonical idea of the resurrection of the body, and the day of judgment. At the bottom of the picture, two men are seen lowering the corpse into the grave, adorned with flowers after the manner of antiquity, while the spirit appears above in shining garments—the gracious Being that said to the penitent thief on the cross, "this day shalt thou be with me in paradise," receiving her into heaven without the intervention of purgatorial fire: but it is not my intention, to implicate the faith of the painter, there is no heresy in his performance, yet the peculiar delusion of this piece is owing to the happy application of mosaic tints to the strong colouring of Guercino, which produces upon the polished surface the effect of a real bas-relief in coloured marbles.

In the communion of St. Jerome, the dying saint displays the christian triumph over death, hell, and the grave, as one about to receive the welcome sentence of, "Well

* Acts iv. 10, 11.

done, good and faithful servant! enter thou into the joy of the Lord." Yet the administering priests attend with an air of affectation or indifference, but too well drawn from the life. The shadow of the platter on which the superannuated officiator tremulously conveys the consecrated wafer, falls so naturally upon the face of a kneeling attendant, that fancy aids the illusion, and it seems to waver under his palsied hand.

The transfiguration of Christ before Peter, James and John, when Moses and Elias appeared with him on Mount Tabor, is exquisitely fine in the principal figure, self-balanced in the air, and beaming with light. But the attendant Prophets only serve as foils, and the story of the Maniac, from whom the Disciples could not cast out an evil Spirit, in the absence of their master, is strangely introduced below, though we are told that the transfiguration happened *on a high mountain, apart.*

The finest things in sculpture, as to design and execution, for all the monuments of St. Peter's are inconceivably rich in variegated marbles, are the tomb of Clement XIII. by Canova, a living artist, and that of Paul III. by William de la Porte, a pupil of Michael Angelo.

These unequalled essays of modern sculpture are invariably distinguished from other mausoleums of popes and princes, equally rich and splendid, by the spontaneous admiration of surrounding crowds.

The design of the former is equally simple and majestic. A Genius in a disconsolate attitude extinguishing the torch of life, and Religion triumphant, having at their feet two lions, one sleeping, the other watchful, support a square tomb, upon which the Pope appears kneeling in his pontifical habits, the tiara at his feet. This incomparable cenotaph is not less than twenty feet high, the whole executed in white marble, except the lions and their pedestals, in grey.

In the latter, Justice and Prudence lie recumbent on a pedestal before the tomb of Paul III. who sits above in the attitude of giving the benediction, the tiara on his head, and on his finger the episcopal ring. The figure of the Pope is of bronze, but those of Justice and Prudence of white marble; the latter an aged matron, the former a youthful virgin, so charming in nature, dignity and grace, that it was found indispensibly necessary to cover a part of the body with bronze drapery.

The statuary of Michael Angelo, and the Chevalier Bernini at St. Peter's, is greatly inferior to these incomparable performances. You must therefore here study the genius of the former in the aery concave of the dome, and of the latter in the splendid designs executed in gilt bronze, for the decoration of the high altar and the papal chair.

It requires an hour or two to walk round the sequestered aisles, and contemplate at leisure the splendid monuments of the latter popes, and of such other sovereign princes as have died at Rome, no meaner dust being suffered to repose in state beneath this imperial canopy.

The cenotaph of Innocent VIII. whose pontificate says his epitaph was illustrated by the discovery of a new world, and that of Sixtus IV. both of them executed in bronze by Antonio Pollajolo, a Florentine artist of the fifteenth century, were brought thither from the old church, the floor of which had been arched over on building the new one, as monuments of art too precious to be left behind in its now subterranean recesses.

That of Sixtus is a low altar tomb upon the floor of the chapel of the sacrament, on which the Pope lies at length in his pontifical robes, surrounded by emblematical personifications of the Arts and Sciences, exquisitely embossed, in demi-relief, upon its sloping sides.

Paul III. and Urban VIII. were the first eminent popes inhumed in the new edifice; both Sixtus V. and Paul V. though one of them finished the dome, and the other the frontispiece, having chosen to be laid in chapels of their own, under *the more immediate protection* of the Virgin, at Santa Marior Maggiore.

Queen Christina of Sweden, that singular compound of ferocity and devotion, who abjured her religion, and abdicated her crown to spend her days in visiting the churches and convents of Rome, lies here beneath a splendid monument, near the supposed remains of the countess Matilda, so famous for her princely donation to the popes.

Here also repose the reliques of Mary, grand-daughter of John Sobieski, king of Poland, and wife of the pretender, the natural or the lawful son of James II. who long resided at Rome with the empty title of king of Great Britain.

Beside these regal mausoleums, the most remarkable tomb to an observer, who has more regard to the progress of information, than to the attributes of infallibility, or the perfections of art, is that of Gregory XIII. with a bas-relief, representing the correction of the kalendar, which was or-

dained by that pontiff in 1584, though it was not till 1752 that England, habitually suspicious of papistical precedents, could be persuaded to adopt the alteration of the style. "I do not like new fangled notions," said the old duke of B——, when the measure was proposed to him by the volatile Chesterfield, for his support in the house of peers.*

Such a reader as his grace of B—— would skim over the technical information, that this historical monument was sculptured by Rusconi, and is supported by colossal figures of Religion and Strength; he might perhaps mumble through the various expressions in brass and marble, of the fertile fancy of Monot or Algardi, but he would certainly drop asleep, should I attempt to distinguish the vigorous productions of Bernini in the statue of Longinus, and the tomb of Urban, from the feeble efforts of his expiring genius in the crowded cenotaph of the last pope Alexander.

An unbeliever in the christian system, will learn with triumph or contempt, the imaginary miracles that strike the eye at St. Peter's, with the aggravation of contrast, amidst the real wonders of art, by which they are surrounded.

Here an antiquated picture of the Virgin, preserved from the rubbish of the old church, is hung, though but scantily with votive tablets, and ludicrous representations of hair breadth escapes. There St. Peter and St. Paul, the promulgators of piety and peace appear, in the clouds, sword in hand, to defend Pope Leo from the incursions of Attila, king of the Huns.

Here Gregory the great converts the consecrated wafer into a shoulder of mutton, to the utter confusion of an unbeliever in *the real presence*. There some female martyr, in emulation of St. Denis, carries her own head in her hands to place it upon an altar, for the veneration of the faithful.

But at Rome miracles are familiar, and all these wonder-working saints attract little attention, in comparison of a

* Chesterfield humorously describes his own ignorance of the subject in the celebrated Letters to his son, of whom he would so gladly have made a statesman or a philosopher; but he was not du bois dont on en fait [the stuff of which such things are made.] It was Lord Maccelesfield that framed the bill, and supported it in a scientifical speech, that nobody understood, while Chesterfield displayed to such advantage, the astronomical phrases he had got by heart on the occasion, plentifully interlarded with amusing episodes, and rhetorical flourishes, that it was his speech convinced their lordships, and rang through all Europe as a master-piece of modern elo-

brazen image of St. Peter, which was cast out of a broken statue of Jupiter Capitolinus. It sits upon a marble pedestal, beneath a scarlet canopy, on the right hand of the altar: a lamp burns constantly before it, the accompaniment of the keys is not forgotten, the right foot extends with a magisterial air, and men, women and children kiss it as they pass, bowing and scraping adoration!

A hundred clerks perform the offices of the choir in the various grades of priest-hood, from the candle-snuffer to the canon and the cardinal arch-priest, all of whom are bound to live in a state of celibacy, and have apartments in the vestry.

They assemble twice a day, in full dress, for matins and vespers, when the pomp of instrumental music is accompanied by half a dozen eunuchs, whose enchanting voices are sadly contrasted by their pallid faces and distorted limbs.

It is a singular fact in the history of superstition, that the chapter of St. Peter's, in white and silver, glittering with illumination and fuming with incense, attracts but few spectators, even among the church-going populace of Rome. While crowds of devotees collect every evening to chant the litany before a portrait of the weeping Virgin* in a little chapel of the Piazza Colonna.

But the privileged performers of the papal cathedral, do not even affect the semblances of zeal. Noviciates often smile at the awkwardness of initiation, and the canons themselves sometimes slumber in their stalls.

The splendid mosaic of the chapel glistens with the tapers of the altar, which is served with vessels of silver, and covered with cloth of gold. On either hand is a gallery for the musicians, and I have often heard thirty performers at a time arrayed in linen vestments, chanting alternately the responses of the choral service, in which the canons and the clerks occasionally join, from ascending desks parallel with the galleries, before which benches are placed transversely for spectators; but so few attend at St. Peter's, that a philosophical observer may speculate at his ease upon the ceremonies of the choir, where no mark of co-operation or obeisance is expected from strangers.

If this were not the case, the doubts of a protestant, or the scruples of a dissenter, might be lulled to rest by the

* Mater Dolorissima.

inscription over the organ loft, selected from the pious rhapsodies of the sweet singer of Israel:

PSALLITE DEO NOSTRO*

But when the song of praise ascends, from the graduated band of voices and instruments, sceptics and infidels might listen with rising fervour to repeated hallelujahs, and bow to the valedictory ascription of

GLORIA PATRI! ET FILIO! ET SPIRITO SANCTO!

St. Peter's and its appendages are supposed to have cost twenty millions sterling; as many centuries of progressive ingenuity must have preceded the bold design; and successive generations have concurred to raise and to decorate this magnificent temple, which concentrates the sublime conceptions of a Raphael, a Canova, and a Michael Angelo, the painter, the sculptor, and the architect of a revolving period of the arts, which returns (if it returns at all) like the comet of Newton, in an ellipsis of ages.

LETTER XII.

THE PALACE OF THE VATICAN.

THE morning of yesterday, was fully employed in rambling over the endless apartments of the papal palace, the number of which you are gravely told exceeds eleven thousand. Be that as it may, they have remained unoccupied ever since the departure of Pius VI. the present Pope residing altogether in the Quirinal, or Summer Palace, in which his state can be maintained with a far less expensive establishment than would be necessary to people the twenty courts, and two hundred staircases of the Vatican.

This irregular edifice, or mass of edifices, has been erected at different periods, without any general plan, according to the taste or convenience of successive priests and princes. It has arisen by degrees, from the humble dor-

* Sing unto our God.

nitory of St. Liberius, or St. Symmachus, in the fifth century, to the royal palace of Sixtus V. who erected the magnificent court of St. Damasus, which has been ever since the winter residence of the sovereign pontiffs, and the Imperial Museum of Pius VI. who added to the darksome galleries of Sixtus, the splended Rotundas that once inclosed the proudest monuments of the Arts.

The imposing pile is beheld as you approach the dome of St. Peter's, towering over the northern Piazza, through which coaches may drive under cover, a thousand or twelve hundred feet, and set down at the entrance of the right hand corridor, in the side of which a private door way leads, by a winding ascent, into the great court or cloister; around which, in three stories, run the celebrated piazzas, one of which has been ornamented three hundred years by the luxuriant fancy of Raphael.

But to go on by the principal entrance, the corridor, four hundred feet long, terminates in the atigle of the portico of St. Peter's, in which is the statue of Constantine, astonished at the Vision of the Cross.

Here you instinctively cast an eye to the left, ranging four hundred feet along the vaulted portico, to the distant figure of Charlemagne, in the opposite corridor, before you prepare yourself to ascend the marble steps of the great stair-case. They extend from wall to wall, beneath an Ionic colonnade, terminating in a half pace, from whence another flight leads you into the great hall, at the far end of which you enter the chapel, where the cardinals assemble in conclave for the election of the popes.*

It is in this chapel, called the Capella Sistina, because it was erected by Sixtus IV. that the gigantic genius of Michael Angelo has displayed all its sublimity, uncon-

* The great hall is called the Sala Regia, because it was there that the popes gave audience to foreign ambassadors. In it, among other paintings by Georgio Vasari, and other second rate painters, is Alexander III. (the haughty pontiff that made the kings of France and England hold his stirrup, and lead his mule) setting his foot upon the neck of the Emperor Frederick. The Return of Gregory XI. from Avignon to Rome; the Battle of Lepanto, gained over the Turks by Pius V. in which 30,000 Mahometans were slain, and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew at Paris, during the pontificate of Gregory XIII. by whom a medal was struck in commemoration of that shocking event; on the reverse of which appears the destroying Angel, with the cross in one hand, and the exterminating sword in the other!

trolled, it is true, by the rules of decency, and unshackled by the fetters of truth.

Over the papal altar, at the west end of the chapel, in a space forty feet wide, and fifty or sixty high, the daring painter has depicted the Day of righteous Retribution, when the actions of men will be weighed in the unerring balance of the Sanctuary. It swarms with innumerable figures of angels, men, and devils, under the various impressions of hope and fear.

But it is upon the coved cieling of this celebrated chapel, that Michael Angelo has peculiarly stamped the supernatural ideas of his fervid imagination.

The whole space is divided into compartments of different dimensions, with intervals for correspondent accompaniments. Along the middle of the vault are represented Scripture Histories, from the stupendous moment of Creation, when God said, " Let there be light," *and there was light*, to the portentous hour when our first parents were driven out of Paradise, by *the Angel with a flaming sword.*

At each end, and on both sides, prophets and sibyls alternately impress the trembling spectator with the lamentation of Jeremiah, and the visions of Ezekiel; or contrast the prediction of Isaiah, " Behold a Virgin shall conceive! *a Virgin!* bear a Son," with the incantations of the Delphic Sibyl, who is said to have foretold *the birth of Christ.* Two youths in concomitant postures of grief, of wonder, or of fear, wait upon the revelations of the prophet or the sibyl, and imbibe or impart the visionary rapture. While contiguous angels develope men or women, whose attitudes are legibly impressed with the melancholy, the terror, or the extacy of the particular Visionary to whom they refer; or introduce some episode of Jewish story, fraught with the accomplishment of prophetic denunciation, *grisly Heads hung out of a window, or new born Infants dashed against the wall.**

* This famous cieling is said to have been painted forty years before the picture of the Last Judgment, which must therefore have been a production of declining age, especially as it employed the labour of eight years. Biagio, the then pope's master of the ceremonies, having ventured some remark upon the shameless nudities with which the piece abounds, the painter drew him as a Demon, and placed the poor courtier in hell, from which situation he wittily excused himself from complying with the pope's solicitation for his release: " If he had been in purgatory, your holiness could no doubt have released him, but in hell there is no redemption."

At the other end of the great hall is the Capella Paulina, in which are some rough sketches by the same master-hand; this chapel being only intended for ceremonies that require illumination, such as the exposition of the forty hours, and the *tenebræ* of the holy week.

On one side is another large hall, which leads to the celebrated lodges of Raphael. They consist of thirteen lofty arcades, erected by Leo X. forming one wing of the second story of the court of St. Damasus.

What is usually reckoned the most remarkable in this famous gallery, is the Sacred History on the sides of the coving of every lodge, from the dawn of Creation to the last Supper of our blessed Lord. The latter is said to be the only piece of the series immediately from the pencil of Raphael, all the others having been painted by his scholars, from the designs of their master.

But the infinite variety of invention, in the grotesque ornaments, with which these lodges are covered, forms a much finer specimen of the peculiar talents of this great painter; and some libidinous exhibitions, that lie perdue here and there, grossly indicate that the expenses of St. Peter's were not the only temporal causes of the reformation.

At the end of these lodges, a side-door opens into the state apartments of Julius II. comonly called the chambers of Raphael, because they were painted by him and his scholars. They are four in number, all drawn from the designs of Raphael, though those of the third only are painted by his own unrivalled hand.

The first of them, called the Hall of Constantine, is a room of thirty feet by sixty, the corners of which are ornamented with Virtues, Geniuses, &c. among which Justice and Clemency are easily distinguishable to the eye of taste, as emanating from his own pencil. They are seen too with peculiar interest, from having been in hand at the time of his early decease.

These figures form noble accompaniments to an immense picture, which covers one side of the hall, representing the Victory of Constantine the Great over the tyrant Maxentius at the Ponte Molle. At one end of the apartment is seen the pretended apparition of the Cross, while the Emperor was haranguing his army before the battle, which is said to have been accompanied with these encouraging words, though they were probably of much later invention,

In hoc signo vinces.*

In consequence of this victory, Constantine is said to have submitted to be baptized as a christian, by Pope Sylvester, as is represented at the other end of the room; and between the windows is depicted the Imperial Donation, afterward made to the prelates of the Roman See.

The second chamber, twenty-five feet square on one side, represents the apocryphal story of Heliodorus, prefect of Seleucus, King of Assyria, when he was sent to pillage the Temple of Jerusalem, from which he is driven away by two angels at the prayer of the high priest Onias. Here the vanity of Julius has forced Raphael into an anachronism equally false and incongruous. The Pontiff in a velvet cap and slippers, appears tranquilly seated in an armed chair, upon the shoulders of his vacant porters, in the midst of this scene of confusion.

Opposite, St. Leo the Great, in the likeness of Leo X. attended by two cardinals mounted upon mules, which are almost entirely covered by their flowing robes, meets Attila on his way to Rome, and threatens the barbarian characteristically enough, with the vengeance of St. Peter and St. Paul. The meek Apostles accordingly appear in the clouds, brandishing naked swords, over the affrighted chieftain, notwithstanding they have themselves left it upon record, that the weapons of their warfare were not carnal. This piece however is said to be by Raphael's own hand.

On one side of this chamber, Julius is again present, kneeling at an altar, while his brawny porters repose themselves below, at which a priest of Bolsena is represented elevating the Host, from which are seen to trickle drops of blood, to convince the astonished officiator of the doctrine of the *real presence*, of which he is said to have before entertained some doubts; a fictitious miracle, which however seasonably wrought, at the moment when the harbingers of reformation first dared to disbelieve, proved altogether ineffectual to arrest the progress of reviving truth.

Between the windows is St. Peter in prison, when the Angel came to him by night, caused *the chain to fall from off his hands, and led him forth into the streets of Jerusalem.* In this piece three different lights are thought to be very

* Under this banner thou shalt conquer.

happily expressed, but I should have preferred the unbroken effect of a single one, emanating from the effulgent Angel.

The third chamber, which was entirely wrought by Raphael himself, contains his master-piece, the School of Athens, which was also his first essay at Rome. In this admirable performance you are at a loss, whether most to admire the invention, the character, or the style. The scene is an open portico of magnificent architecture. Plato and Aristotle appear in the midst discoursing philosophically. On one side Socrates lectures Alcibiades. Below Pythagoras in the midst of his pupils descants upon the principles of harmony. Diogenes reposes upon one of the steps, enjoying his book and his porringer, and Archimedes traces a hexagon upon the floor, for the instruction of a noble youth; while Zoroaster contemplates a globe, near which the painter has introduced himself, his master Peragino, and his patron Bramante.

In the opposite pannel, the Doctors of the Church hold a theological argument upon the mystery of the Sacrament, one *of those things that have been hid from the wise and prudent, to be revealed unto babes and sucklings.*

Over the windows on the right and left are subjects, indifferently treated, though by the pencil of Raphael, who has however introduced among the ornaments of the cieling allegorical personifications, sublimely characteristic of Poetry, Philosophy, &c; the eye of the former, as Shakespeare says, *in a fine phrensy rolling.*

In the fourth and last chamber, the only picture attributed to the hand of Raphael is the Conflagration that happened in the neighbourhood of the cathedral, in the time of St. Leo IV. who shews himself at a window of the old church, and the superstitious multitude prostrate themselves at his feet for his apostolic intercession.

Opposite to this sketch, the perspective of which is very defective, Leo III. another equivocal saint, *canonically* purges himself from the crimes imputed to him, in the presence of Charlemagne. On the third face, the Prelate crowns the Prince in the church of St. Peter; and on the fourth another Leo, of still more dubious sanctity, triumphs over the Saracens at the port of Ostia.

Returning to the Loggia, and continuing along the second and third wing, you enter the private apartments, from which a covered gallery, carried over intervening streets

and houses for the space of half a mile, connects the pontifical palace with the castle of St. Angelo.*

Descending to the ground floor, a door on the left opens into the grand corridor of the Belvidere, twenty feet wide, and nine hundred long. An iron gate half-way along this gallery is the entrance to the Vatican Library. It was formerly kept at St. John de Lateran's, but Martin V. removed it to this palace, the old apartments having become too small, in consequence of the large addition made to the Papal library by Nicholas V. and Sixtus IV.

Sixtus V. erected the present superb apartment. It is divided into a double arcade, two hundred feet long and fifty wide, by a range of quadrangular piers, around which as well as along the walls, the books and manuscripts are preserved in close presses, the uppermost shelves of which are within reach from the floor.

In this famous library, in which Nicholas V. liberally deposited the literary treasures of the east, which he acquired from the Greeks who fled into Europe on the taking of Constantinople, there is a small folio of Virgil, supposed to be at least thirteen hundred years old. It is broader than it is long, and the text is written wholly in capital letters without points.

But the curiosity of an Englishman will be much more powerfully excited by Henry VIIIth's Defence of the Seven Sacraments, against the exceptions of Martin Luther, which procured for the sovereigns of England, the title they still maintain of Defenders of the Faith. It is inscribed upon the title page with the following monkish distich:

Anglorum Rex Henricus Leo Decimo mittit
Hoc Opus et fidei testem et amicitiæ.†

The letter which accompanied it is also preserved. It begins thus, "Beatissime Pater post humillimam commen-

* By this gallery in 1527, when Rome was sacked for the last time by the troops of Charles V. under the command of the Constable de Bourbon, Clement VII. saved himself from the fury of the onset in which the city was given up to pillage and slaughter, not as in barbarous ages by Goths and Vandals, but by the subjects of a catholic prince, who kept his spiritual father a long while in close confinement; yet at Madrid the imperial hypocrite could blind the eyes of the faithful, by directing prayers and processions for the deliverance of the head of the church.

† Henry king of England presents to Leo X. this testimony of his faith and friendship.

dationem et devotissima pedum oscula beatorum."* The superscription runs

Sanctissimo clementissimoque Domino Patro Papæ.†

The two first points asserted by Luther appear to have been, "Indulgentiæ sunt adulatorum Romanorum nequitiæ," and "Papatus est robusta venatio Romani Pontificis.‡"

There are also seven love letters written to Anna Boleyn, before marriage, in the barbarous French of that age. One of them begins thus, "Ma Mastres et Amye, Moy et mon cœur se mestet en vous mains, vous suppliant les avoir pur recommandés a votre bonne grace, et que par absens votre affection ne leur soit diminué."§

At the end of the hall you enter a transverse gallery, the left wing of which is richly furnished with Etruscan vases, and christian antiquities; the latter very rude, having been mostly discovered in the catacombs.

It terminates in a cabinet, the walls of which are lined with Egyptian papyrus, and the ceiling is painted in fresco by Mengs, the last painter of original genius that was born or patronised in Italy. He has here depicted a beautiful allegory of History, writing her memorandums upon the back of Time.‖

In the right wing there is a collection of engravings, and a cabinet of antiques, particularly rich in medals, cameos, intaglios, &c. At this end of the gallery, an iron gate richly ornamented, communicates with the great stair-case of the Clementine Museum.

Returning through the library into the great corridor and going on towards the Museum, you observe upon the right hand wall, an immense number of antique tablets, with inscriptions in Greek and Latin, an

——————ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time

* Most holy Father, after my humble duty, and devout salutation of your sacred feet,

† To the most holy and most clement Lord and Father the Pope.

‡ Indulgences are an iniquitous invention of the Roman courtiers. The papacy is the great sin of the Roman pontificate.

§ Sweet heart, I put myself and my heart into your keeping, beseeching you to accept this recommendation to your favour, that absence may not diminish your affection, &c.

‖ Mengs was a German. Carlo Marratti, who flourished in the seventeenth century, was the last Italian artist, whose works are legibly superscribed, "to posterity," in the universal language of truth and nature.

You come at length to a flight of steps, at the top of which is an iron gate, by which you enter the unparalleled Museum founded by Clement XIV. and perfected by Pius VI.

It is a suite of ten or twelve magnificent apartments, superbly enriched with sculptured walls, and painted cielings, in which have been arranged with correspondent dignity the various objects of inventive art, that once decorated the baths, the palaces, the forums, the temples, and the tombs of the conquerors of the world.

In the outer vestibule, a small cube, among other less interesting objects, are preserved the monuments lately discovered in the tomb of the Scipios on the Appian way.

These precious reliques consist of a sarcophagus, ornamented with roses and triglyphs, surmounted with folding scrolls, and inscribed with the name and honours of Scipio Barbatus, the bust of a youth crowned with laurel, no doubt one of the three mentioned by Cicero, in describing the tomb of the Cornelii, two of which were of that noble family, and one of their protegée, the poet Ennius, (some fragments only of which poets have escaped the ravages of time) and a number of laconic inscriptions, one of which records Cn. Cornelius Scipio Hispanus, and another Cornelius Scipio Comatus, a youth that died at the age of sixteen*.

The inner vestibule is a circle, in the midst of which was once placed upon a pedestal, the famous Torso of the Belvidere, the workmanship of Apollonius, the son of Nestor. It was a headless trunk, without arms or legs, greatly admired by Michael Angelo, and after him by all professed artists and connoissures, though a common observer would not be likely much to regret that it is now replaced by a plaster cast, the French having conveyed the original to Paris.

Each of the four niches with which it is surrounded, contains other admired fragments, for the contemplation of the curious; but as I prefer legs with feet, and necks with

* Scipio Barbatus was consul in the year of Rome 456, three hundred years before Christ, the inscription upon this tomb is therefore one of the most ancient that has come down to our times. It follows, *verbatim et literatim*, for the satisfaction of the curious.

CORNELIVS. LVCIVS. SCIPIO. BARBATVS. GNAIVOD. PATE PROGNATVS. FORTIS. VIR. SAPIENSQUE.—QVOIVS. FORMA. VIRTVTEI. PARISVMA. FVIT. —CONSOL. CESOR. ÆDILIS. QVEI. FVIT. APVD. VOS.—TAVRASIA. CISAVNA. SAMINIO. CEPIT.—SUBIGIT. OMNE. LOVCANA. OPSIDESQVE. ABDVCIT.

heads on, to all the mutilations of time and chance, I shall pass on through the chamber of Bacchus, where I see nothing worth particular notice, to

The court of statues, under the colonnades of which, among sarcophaguses of marble, and basons of basaltes and granite, the edges of which are as square as if they had been cut but yesterday, by chisels of forgotten temper, were exhibited to the admiration of successive ages, those miracles of art, the Apollo Belvidere, and the Groupe of Laocoon; but the French have transported them both beyond the Alps, and they are now replaced by models in plaster.

From the court you enter the hall of Rivers, which begins the unparalleled suit of rooms that was added to this museum by Pius VI.

A vestibule formed by colonnades, divides the hall into two, for the reception of recumbent statues of the Tiber and the Nile, the original of which now repose upon the banks of the Seine.

The vestibule is paved with ancient mosaics, representing among other objects an eagle devouring a hare; and it is lined, as are the two wings, with an infinite variety of birds and beasts, executed in the richest and hardest marbles, emulating the natural colours of the animals they represent.

The hall of Rivers communicates on the right with the gallery of statues, where among many fine things there is nothing worth particular notice, since the sitting figures of Posidippus and Menander, of Trajan and Demosthenes, (the emperor holding in his hand a globe, as the sign of universal empire) have been removed to Paris, together with the recumbent effigy of Cleopatra, with the asp upon her arm.

At the end of the gallery, two columns and an arch successively admit you into three chambers of bustos, in which, upon marble slabs, continued round the rooms, are placed a vast number of antique heads. Among them you readily select the well known characters of the elder Brutus, of Scipio Africanus, of Julius Cæsar, &c. In the middle of the second of these chambers are two superb tables of verde antique, and within a niche at the end of the third, is a Jupiter Fulminans, which the French have left (I know not for what reason) sitting upon his eagle, the scepter in one hand, and the thunder-bolt in the other.

From these chambers you pass into an open balcony, lined

with statues, which reconducts you to the upper end of the gallery, through a cabinet elegantly decorated with all the refinements of modern taste, for the reception of some beautiful statues of Venus, Adonis, Ganymede, &c. with correspondent bas reliefs, and a tesselated pavement, found in the Villa Adriana, with a most beautiful border of fruit and flowers.

You now re-enter the right wing of the hall of Rivers, the vestibule of which leads into the chamber of the Muses, a vast and beautiful apartment, whose cieling, blooming with the Loves and Graces, is supported by sixteen columns of Carrara marble, with antique capitals from the Villa Adriana.

Here are richly enshrined, Apollo, and the fabled Nine. Here are, did I say? I should have said, here were, for Thalia and Melpomene, Clio, Erato, Calliope, Urania, Euterpe, Terpsichore, and Polyhymnia, were all swept away at a stroke, together with the Termini of the Grecian sages, by which they were originally accompanied. Some of the blocks were with heads, and some of them without. Among the latter, alas! Solon and Pittacus. Among the former Plato, Epicurus, Demosthenes, Zeno, and Periander.

Let us go on to the Rotunda, a hall of fifty feet diameter, with ten windows, richly intercolumniated, and a vaulted roof ornamented with stucco.

Ten collossal busts, of peculiar elegance, once stood around the superb apartment upon blocks of porphyry. The most remarkable of them were those of Adrian and Antinous, the Sun and the Ocean, and the geniuses of Tragedy and Comedy, all of which had been found in that inexhaustible mine of antiquities, the Villa of Adrian.

The colossal statues, intended to adorn this Rotunda, had not been placed in their niches when the French depredators decimated this unparalleled collection, to enrich the gallery of Paris. The most remarkable of them were those of the Goddess Juno, and of the Emperor Nerva.

The pavement is black and white mosaic, representing Medusa's head, with a border of Sea Monsters, was found at Otricoli, and in the midst, upon a bronze-stand four feet high, is a bason of porphyry, fifteen feet diameter.

From this Imperial Hall, you pass into a chamber in the shape of a Greek cross, by a bronze door, the jambs of which are of red granite, and they are supported by

Egyptian caryatides of the same imperishable material, twelve feet in height. They stand on pedestals, and bear vases upon their heads, or rather upon an entablature, the frieze of which is an antique bas relief, representing a combat of lions and gladiators.

The most remakable objects in this room are two prodigious blocks of porphyry, embossed with figures, the heads of which are in full relief. One of them was brought from the ancient temple of Bacchus, now the church of St. Constantia, where it contained the ashes of the daughter of Constantine. The other was found among the ruins of the tower, called Pignatara, a few miles without the gates of Rome; and is supposed to have been the tomb of St. Helena, the mother of the first Christian Emperor. The pavement is a mosaic, which was found at Tusculum.

This apartment opens into the great stair-case. It is of Carrara marble, divided into three flights. One of them descends to the library, the garden, &c. and the other two lead to the upper galleries. It is decorated with twenty columns of granite, beside statues, vases, &c.

Ascending the marble steps, you enter a long gallery, divided into six apartments, by as many arches, supported by Ionic columns. They are all lined with Vases, Tripods, Candelabra, Demi-columns, and Egyptian Idols of the rarest marbles.

But before you advance, an iron gate invites you to peep into a lesser Rotunda, still more richly decorated than the former, and ennobled by a view of the dome of St. Peter's, which appears at a distance through one of the windows. In the middle of the apartment is an antique Car with two Horses, driven by a victor at the Olympic games.

Passing through the six divisions of the gallery of vases, with a cursory glance at the innumerable objects they contain, you enter the picture gallery of the Belvidere, of which I shall say nothing, as every thing particularly valuable has been selected by the French.

Returning to the great-stair case, you may descend into the garden, if you choose; but it contains nothing remarkable to a French or English traveller, excepting the pedestal of the column of Antoninus Pius, which was raised to his memory by his adopted sons Marcus Antoninus and Lucius Verus.

It is a single block of white marble twelve or fourteen feet square, ornamented with superb bas reliefs. One of them

represents the Apotheosis of Antoninus and Faustina, with whom a powerful Angel ascends to heaven. Below this groupe, on one side is a Roma Triumphans, on the other a figure of Eternity, embracing an obelisk.

LETTER XIII.

ROMAN TEMPLES AND OTHER ANTIQUE EDIFICES.

OF the many heathen temples at Rome, which have been converted into Christian churches, although several are strikingly beautiful, yet none are comparable to the Pantheon in respect either of sublimity or preservation.

This majestic Rotunda has withstood the injuries of time and nature ever since the age of the Consuls. By them the gigantic concave was dedicated to Cybele, the fancied mother of the gods, and her numerous progeny, celestial, terrestrial, and infernal, as in after times, by the Popes, to the Virgin Mary, and all the saints of the kalendar.

It was originally a simple dome, a form of all others, the least liable to decay, as if intended by its founders to endure for ever.

The interior is a hundred and fifty feet diameter, and an hundred and fifty high, within solid walls of Roman brick, little less than twenty feet in thickness. They are only perforated by a single door, twenty feet wide, and a single window, in the centre of the vault, large enough to admit at once a sufficiency of light and air.

Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus, added the marble portico, forty feet by eighty, or ninety, supported by sixteen Corinthian columns, five feet diameter and forty high, although each of them is but a single piece of red granite, with bases and capitals of white marble. The Augustan inscription is still legible upon the frieze.

M. AGRIPPA L. F. COS. TERTIUM FECIT*.

Within a lofty niche, on each side of the entrance, the royal favourite proudly or impiously placed colossal statues

* Erected by M. Agrippa, the son of L. in his third consulate.

of himself, and his adoptive father, and the self-created deities are supposed to have appeared again above in triumphal cars, upon the square towers which rise to the entablature of the edifice, and now terminate in modern belfries. But every thing of that kind, on the outside of the building, has long been overthrown and buried in the accumulated rubbish of surrounding ruins, occasioned by the ravages of the Goths and Vandals, the effect of successive conflagrations, and the silent devastation of corroding time.

The bold concavity within remained uninjured, amidst the fallen walls of neighbouring edifices, by which two of the massy columns of the portico had been crushed to pieces, and a sallow hue is to this day the only indication of remote antiquity in the minutest mouldings of the pediments, supported over the perpetual altars, by coeval pillars of porphyry and granite.

This magnificent temple was stripped of its images, its sacrificial vessels of gold and silver, and its ornaments of precious stones, by Constantine II. who removed them to Constantinople, then the seat of empire; and the bronze doors, curiously embossed, were taken away by Genseric king of the Vandals, and afterwards lost in the Sicilian Sea. It remained for Pope Urban VIII. in our own times, to strip the beams of the portico of their bronze plates, for the brazen canopy of St. Peter's.

On beholding, for the first time, this prodigious rotunda, the spectator involuntarily stops at the entrance, and surveys with astonishment, tinctured, perhaps, with apprehension, the immense concavity of the dome, which is seen so much nearer the eye than that of St. Peter's, as to impress more strongly with an idea of physical impossibility and invisible support.

From hence the opening in the centre, appears to be of moderate dimensions, although it is little less than thirty feet diameter; and through it the sight of clouds and azure in the ambient air adds unspeakable sublimity to the artificial hemisphere.

The circling walls, encrusted with marble, presents alternate niches and colonnades, forming ample recesses within the thickness of the walls; and the compartments of the vault are said to have been originally plated with silver.

The everlasting pavement has been chiefly laid with porphyry and granite, and the centre piece, a circle of

distance, over intermediate objects of majestic ruin; among which are the fallen Temples of the Sun and Moon.

Going down the venerable hill, you pass between three columns and a piece of entablature, exquisitely wrought, which once formed a corner of the magnificent Temple of Jupiter the Thunderer, (erected by Augustus in gratitude for his safety, when a freed man was struck dead by his side) and an Ionic colonnade, the only remains of that Temple of Concord in which Cicero convened the senate, to impeach the treachery of Catiline.

On the frieze of the latter, may still be read this laconic inscription.

S. P. Q. R. INCENDIO CONSUMPTUM RESTITUERUNT.*

Below these interesting mementos of classical antiquity, you pass through the Triumphal Arch of Septimus Severus, It is now almost buried in a hill of ruin, and the Imperial Car with its four brazen Horses, has long been tumbled from the crumbling entablature.

Farther on is a little chapel, which has been erected over the dungeons of the Mammertine prison, whose dark and humid cell is now venerated by all good catholics, as the place where St. Peter and St. Paul were confined by the tyrant Nero. There also the unfortunate Jugurtha was starved to death, by the *civilized savages* of antiquity.

On one side of this horrid dungeon is the Scala Gemonia, or hill of groans, upon which the bodies of real or pretended malefactors, executed in the prison, were barbarously thrown out, to amuse the ferocious curiosity of the populace of Rome.

Advancing along the Via Sacra, so called from the religious processions of heathen Rome, you pass on the left the portico of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, the body of which has long been converted into a christian church.

At a distance on the right, there stands a single column of some unknown edifice, not one stone of which has been left upon another, excepting the shaft and capital of this solitary pillar, which looks as if it had been dropped from the clouds, among the miserable hovels that have been framed around it.

A little farther you see three noble columns, which still

* Restored by the S. P. Q. R. when consumed by fire.

supports a massy portion of the rich entablature, of the Temple of Jupiter Stator.

Beyond these are the fallen arches of the Imperial Palace, once the abode of the Roman Cæsars, now a mass of undistinguishable ruins, concealed by rubbish, and entangled with briars and thorns.

Two semicircular piles, however, at a prodigious distance from each other, still exhibit half a rotunda, and support in the air half a dome, the naked compartment of which once plated with silver, vaulted over a colonnade of the richest marbles of Paros or Numidia, glittering with foliage of Corinthian brass.

But the towers of the Septizonium, seven ranges of columns which reared aloft the eastern portico are now totally prostrated, and their precise situation is no longer remembered. Three stories of this superb colonnade remained unshaken, till the time of Sixtus V, when they were removed by that indefatigable pontiff, to decorate the tombs and altar-pieces of the cathedral of St. Peter.

From the proud balconies of this incomparable palace, Tiberius and Nero, Commodus and Domitian, could overlook the area of the circus Maximus, whose incredible dimensions occupied the whole space between the Palatine Mount and the Aventine hill. Within its vast circumference, in the sight of a hundred and fifty thousand spectors, the charioteers of Rome used to drive seven times around the conical goals, which terminated the Spina, frequently overturning, and trampling upon each other, in their headlong course.

One of these balconies remains unbroken, or at least repaired, from whence the Imperial Pandars sometimes directed the public amusements, sometimes ignobly descended into the area, to assist in person at the foot races, or the courses of horses and chariots, round the Egyptian obelisks, which now dignify the Piazza del Popolo, and the court of St. John.

The central spina was then surrounded by a broad and deep canal, upon which sea-fights were sometimes exhibited, a boast of Rome, that would now be the jest of Britain.

But the chariots and the obelisks, the gallies and the canal, have disappeared alike, and the length and the breadth of the wide extended area, can now only be traced upon the slopes of a cabbage garden!

Let us return to the Forum. Opposite to the palace,

are the three brick arches, that once formed as many recesses of the Temple of Peace, the vast concaves of which are fretted into square compartments, that have long since lost the sculptured roses of stucco, of marble, perhaps of silver or of gold, with which they were once interleaved.

Here this venerable field, so richly strewed with the spoils of antiquity, contracts itself to a single arch, which is supported by Corinthian columns, and fretted with bas reliefs of the most exquisite workmanship. It is that of Titus, erected in the commemoration of *the destruction of Jerusalem*, and *the dispersion of the Jews*, those awful events which had been expressly predicted in the sacred records.

I could never contemplate this arch but with a degree of veneration, as a *visible* proof of scripture history, singularly corroborating that of the actual situation of the children of Israel, *without a king, and without a prince, without a sacrifice, and without teraphim.*

Within the arch is a marble bas relief, five or six feet in height, and ten or twelve in length, in which are represented the sacred vessels of the Holy of holies, which *Moses was commanded to make in the wilderness of Zin, according to the pattern which had been shown him on the mount.* As *the table of shew-bread, with its rings and its staves; the cup of libations; the silver trumpets, with which the sons of Aaron were to gather together the congregation, to sound an alarm, or to sanctify a fast; and the golden candlestick of seven branches, with its bowls, its knops and its flowers, three branches coming out of the one side, and three out of the other.*

Upon the frieze of the southern frontspiece, a reclining Jordan is conveyed in triumph by *the people of the prince that should come* (so said the prophet Daniel, in the days of Darius the Mede) *to destroy the city and the sanctuary, and to cause the sacrifice, and the oblation to cease.*

It is said that the Jews of Rome have always avoided passing under the arch of Titus, as a monument of their national subjugation, and departed polity.

However this may be beggars frequent it without scruple, and deafen the curious observer while he is studying remote allusions, or poring over the adulatory inscription:

SENATUS POPULUSQUE ROMANUS, DIVO TITO, &c.*

With vociferous exclamations of "Dio vo'accompagn'a

* The senate and people of Rome to the god Titus.

"la Madonna!" or "Date me quelq'ose per le anime Sante del Purgatorio!"*

This venerable arch is at the entrance of a long passage, enclosed between high walls, which being a noted resort of foreigners, is generally lined with whole families of the begging tribe, among them I once overheard a mother teaching her child the trade.

At the end of this passage is a second field or common, in which are situated the amphitheatre of Vespasian, and the Arch of Constantine the great; at a little distance are also massy fragments of the baths of Titus, in which was found the wonderful groupe of the Laocoon, and the painting of the Roman Marriage, which is allowed to be the finest specimen of that art, among the ancients, which has been recovered from the ruins of ages.

We are now in the forum of the Flavian amphitheatre, the most imposing edifice, excepting the Pyramid of Cheops, that has decended from antiquity, to confound the calculations of modern art. The amphitheatre, however, encloses an area of no less extent than that of the pyramid.

One side of the majestic circumference still rises to the height of one hundred feet, by three rows of open arcades, and one unperforated story, ornamented with intermediate columns and pilasters of all the Grecian orders, surrounded with the Roman composite.

The other half of this immeasurable structure has been long partially dilapidated, not by the incursions of Goths and Vandals, nor the explosion of an earthquake, but by domestic and ignoble enemies, the Farneses and the Barberini, who found in its solid masses a quarry of marble or a pit of limestone, for the enormous piles they reared in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, under the fostering indulgence of Paul III. and Urban VIII.

Quod non fecerunt barbari fecerunt Barberini,†

said the indignant populace, at the shameful abuse of this unparalleled monument of the glory of their ancestors.

The external arcade forms an oval of six hundred feet long, and four hundred wide, originally shelving down within by marble seats, whose contracting rows formed an area for the exhibitions three or four hundred feet over.

* God accompany you to the Madonna! Give me something, for the sake of the holy souls in purgatory.

† What the barbarians left has been destroyed by the Barberini.

template the venerable temples dedicated to Vesta and to Fortuna Virilis, by Numa Pompilius and Servius Tullius, the second and the sixth kings of Rome, now disfigured by modern reparations.

Then tracing in the bed of the river the foundations of the triumphal bridge, over which none were permitted to pass but the generals and their legions, returning in triumph from the kingdoms they had subdued, you may moralize upon the countless horrors of three hundred and twenty two triumphs, which were granted between the days of Romulus and Probus, to the cruel claim of destroying, in a single battle, five thousand of the enemies of Rome.

Farther on you may discover the remains of the Sublician Bridge, so called from the beams of timber with which it was originally constructed, and from which, after it had been converted into marble, were precipitated into the Tyber, the brutal emperors Commodus and Heliogabalus, by the vengeful fury of that very populace upon whose necks they had till that moment trampled with impunity.

Above are seen the picturesque arches of the Ponte Rotto, or broken bridge, originally the Pons Palatinus, which had been rebuilt as lately as the sixteenth century, but was soon afterward half swept away by an inundation, and has never since been repaired.

Not far distant is the only bridge now remaining at Rome of the age of the Consuls and the Cæsars. It has been thrown at twice over the Tyber, by means of an island in the river, now covered with houses; and remaining inscriptions preserve the memory of the respective founders, Fabricius and Curtius, two consuls of the ancient republic.

Pursuing our route toward the walls we see the church of San Stefano Rotundo, the elegant colonnades of which were originally dedicated to some heathen god; and we may perceive at a distance the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, upon the Via Astia, the only monument of that form now remaining at Rome.*

* This indestructible mausoleum is a hundred feet square, and as many high. There are several inscriptions upon it. By one of them

C. CESTIUS. L. F. POB. EPULO. PR. TR. PL.
VII. VIR. EPULONUM.

its illustrious occupant appears to have been one of the seven officers who had the directions of the sacrificial feasts.

Reaching at length, through crooked lanes, formed by the walls of surrounding vineyards, the gate of St. Sebastian, the Portus Capenus of the wall of Aurelian, without turning aside to trace the endless labyrinth of the baths of Caracalla, or to examine the unaccountable composition of of the Mons Testaceus, a considerable hill entirely formed of fragments of ancient pottery, we behold with veneration the everlasting pavement of the Appian Way.*

On the left hand is the tomb of the Horatii, now a shapeless mass of Roman brick, disguised by a modern turret, for the convenience of a vine-dresser.

On the right, if I mistake not, is that of the Scipios, forgotten by tradition, though recorded by Livy, till it was accidentally discovered in 1780, when its precious contents were lodged in the museum of the Vatican.†

Not far distant is the principal opening of the catacombs, those endless excavations, which were originally formed by digging puzzolana for the enormous edifices of ancient Rome, and are now venerated by the Catholic church as the burying-place of the primitive Martyrs, into which I shall not venture to descend, nor shall I pledge my veracity upon the number of miles, through which it is said the winding cavities may be pursued.

On the opposite side of the Roman way, at the distance of a mile or two after the ancient pavement has been quitted by the modern road, is the superb mausoleum of the wife of Crassus, that Crassus whose wealth was a counterpoise to the name of Pompey, and the fortune of Cæsar, since he was one of the Triumvirate, which at Lucca divided the dominions of the Roman world.

This noble monument, more durable, perhaps more splen-

* Poring antiquaries can still trace among the endless walls of the baths of Caracalla the vestibulum, which was an immense rotunda, a theatre, two libraries (one Greek, the other Latin) a grove (then planted with the plane tree) in which were placed chairs for poets, philosophers, and rhetoricians; and two temples; beside the rooms where the wrestlers undressed, where they were sprinkled with dust after having been anointed with oil, where they sunned themselves, and where they exhibited the gymnastic games; and beside the terraces for throwing the discus or quoit, the piscina, or pool for swimmers; and baths whether cold, tepid, warm, or sweating, sufficient to accommodate three thousand persons at a time. For the imperial thermæ were rather luxurious lyceums, to which the baths, properly so called, were nothing more than a sensual appendage.

† "Extra portam capenam," says Livy, "in Scipionum monumento tres statuæ sunt; quarum duæ P. et L. Scipionum dicuntur esse; tertia poetæ Ennii. Lib. xxxviii. c. 56.

did, than the tomb of Mausolus, erected by Artemisia (a wonder of ancient Greece, when she proudly despised the barbarian of the west) is a round tower sixty feet diameter, rising from a square basement. It was once surmounted with a dome, and there still remains a beautiful entablature of white marble. It is of the Doric order, bearing ox-heads hung with garlands, in the alternate metopes, which shew no marks of age, but the perfection of the workmanship, and the laconism of the inscription,

CÆCILIÆ
Q. CRETICI F.
METELLÆ CRASSI*

inscribed in large capitals upon a marble pannel.

The form and the materials of this magnificent structure would seem to have entitled it to endless duration, if it had been left to time and nature; but the dome was levelled to make room for a fortification in the wars of the barons, and in less turbulent times, when the fort became useless, immense blocks of stone were successively drawn away from one side of the tower, for the purposes of neighbouring buildings, until it was discovered that there was a cell in the centre. It was broken into with avidity in the hope of treasure, and the dust of Cecilia, which had reposed a thousand years in a marble sarcophagus, shrouded by impenetrable darkness, was in a moment scattered to the winds.†

Not far from hence, in a winding valley, is the fountain of the nymph Egeria, visited in ancient days for oracular divinations, by the pious Numa; but the spot is now scarcely distinguishable amidst surrounding thickets, by a broken statue, and a dripping grotto.

Returning towards Rome without visiting the ambiguous remains of temples and churches, which have been successively deserted by successive priests and monks, notwithstanding the patronage, equally miraculous, of successive demi-gods and saints, we may trace the enormous outline of the Circus of Caracalla, in crumbling brick work.

* Crassus to Cecilia Metella, the daughter of Q. Creticus.

† The fairy tale has been fondly repeated by credulous virtuosos, that in some of these ancient repositories of the dead, sepulchral lamps have been found still burning; but if the doubtful dictum had ever any foundation in fact, it were more probable that the lamps had been filled with some phosphoric substance, which might kindle on the admission of air.

But before we turn our backs upon this seat of desolation, silent and solitary as the deserts of Arabia, let us walk through one of the arches of those stupendous aqueducts which conveyed to Rome the water of distant springs, not by the simple principle of hydrostatics, the discovery of which in our times has precluded the necessity of such expensive structures, but by an artificial level, procured with immense labour, by piercing through hills and arching over vallies. The gigantic arcades yet stretch their interminable arches in various directions across the desolated plain, like endless chains of inconceivable communication realized from the fictions of romance.

As we go on toward the city by the pavement of the Appian way, let us examine the artificial construction by which the ancients seem to have bespoken for their works the perpetuity they inherit. The pentangular stones are of a bluish flint, and they have been selected of unequal sizes from one to three feet diameter, and twelve inches thick. They were bedded in a layer of gravel, which has since hardened into one solid mass, and the layer itself rests upon a bed of sand, closely rammed down. The surface is flat and the joints never run in the direction of the road, thus the carriage wheels were prevented from ploughing up the pavement by running between the stones. The Appian and Flaminian ways are scarcely fifteen feet wide, and would therefore be insufficient for two modern carriages to pass at once, but they were sufficiently spacious for two and even three of the ancient cars.

By making a considerable circuit without the walls we may visit the church of St. Constantia, the daughter of Constantine the Great, all the females of whose family have been sainted by the gratitude of the Popes.

Passing by the gate of St. Lawrence, we can see within the walls the ruined temple of Minerva Medica, a majestic decagon, whose soaring dome, irregularly perforated by decay, and hung round with ivy, in the inimitable taste of time and nature, has long formed one of those picturesque objects which artists intuitively select for elegant imitation.

The church of St. Constantia was once a temple of Bacchus. Its interior is still the most beautiful, though not the most magnificent, specimen of ancient architecture in its kind.

A lofty dome springs lightly from the arches of a circular colonnade (I think of doric columns) coupled, not longitudinally but diametrically, and by that means uniting

strength with lightness, a beauty rarely aimed at in Grecian architecture; and an exterior row of single columns originally formed a circular aisle around the graceful cell.

But the outer colonnade is now walled up, and the exterior elegance of the aerial structure, once open on all sides to the approaching votary, has been totally obliterated by concealing the swell of the dome, with an angular roof.

Again entering within the walls of Rome by the Porta Pia, after walking a long way, between the parallel walls of vineyards and gardens, we may admire the frontispiece of the Fontana Sistina, erected by Sixtus V. to ornament the reservoir of an ancient aqueduct, repaired by that magnificent prelate, among the many stupendous works which will ever illustrate the five years of his pontificate.

Within its lofty arcades is represented in alto relievo, the appropriate story of Moses striking the rock, in the wilderness of Kadesh, and before them are placed in gardant attitudes, four Lions of Egyptian workmanship, the hardness of whose materials had preserved them from being crushed to pieces beneath the falling columns of the Pantheon.

This elegant and useful structure is surrounded by the wide spread departments of the bath of Diocletian, some of the recesses of which have been turned into public storehouses for wine and oil, and others of them have been converted into churches and convents. But the greatest part of them now exhibit to the curious spectator little more than frowning arches and mouldering walls.

LETTER XIV.

MODERN CHURCHES.

AFTER having seen St. Peter's, it is natural to suppose that no other church can engage curiosity or arrest attention, yet among the two or three hundred that embellish Rome, numbers are astonishingly rich and beautiful.

Some of these, which are comparatively small, present fronts adorned with columns and pilasters, one or two stories high, in every imaginable combination of architectural symmetry, and are gracefully moulded within into rounds and

ovals, or distributed into aisles and domes, their walls encrusted with painting and marble, and their cielings pannelled with stucco, often richly gilded, and sometimes hung with festoons of fruit and flowers, in gilt bronze, according to the purest style of Grecian ordonnance.

Several of them defy the effect of comparison, even in point of size, as soon as you enter their folding doors, and perceive that thousands of such beings as you behold, traversing the aisles, or kneeling before the altars, might range the ample pavement, without incommoding each other; and some of these contain single altar pieces in the name of favourite Saints, far superior in size and richness to any at St. Peter's, where particular decoration has been necessarily sacrificed to general uniformity.

Of the principal churches, whether within or without the walls, I shall take particular notice, after having mentioned several others, in which there are single objects that merit description.

At the Trinita da Monte, the chapel of a convent, which owes its foundation to St. Lewis, and which has shewn its gratitude to the memory of its founder by portraits of the long list of French monarchs painted on the walls of its cloister (now probably terminated for ever by that of Lewis XVI.) is a celebrated fresco of the Descent from the Cross by Daniel de Volterre.

At the convent of Capuchins in the Piazza Barberini, is Michael chaining the Dragon, a painting by Guido, from which was taken the Mosaic at St. Peter's, the countenance of the Archangel, beaming with celestial mildness, a little of which has been lost in the copy, however admirable in other respects.

At the church of the Augustines is the Isaiah of Raphael, which is said to have been attempted in emulation of the Prophets of Michael Angelo, in the Capella Sistina. A vain attempt. There is no more holy zeal in the Prophets of Raphael, than virgin purity in his Madonnas; no wonder, since the latter are supposed to be nothing more than portraits of the favourite mistresses of a dissipated youth.

At St. Andrea della Valle are admired the cupola painted by Lanfranc, and the St. John of Domenichino.

At St. Agnes, a beautiful little church, with a noble dome, elegantly contrasted without by two open spires or turrets, is a bas relief, by Algardi, representing the

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Saint (a Roman Virgin) miraculously covered by her own hair; when dragged into the Lupanaria of the Circus Agonalis, in order to be defiled.

At St. Pietro in Vincoli is the unfinished tomb of Julius II. celebrated for a statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo.

A beautiful chapel on the Quirinal Hill is remarkable for being erected on a ground plot, no more than equal to that of one of the piers which support the dome of St. Peter's.

The church of Santa Maria della Pace is celebrated for a fresco of Raphael, which represented the Sibyls of antiquity receiving or communicating oracular inspiration; but it is fading from the walls.

Those of San Pietro Montorio, and San Jeronimo della Carita, have been stripped of their ancient boast, the master pieces in oil by Raphael and Domenichino (originals of the Ascension and Communion of St. Peter's) to enrich the insatiable corridor of the gallery of Paris.

The venerable church of St. John de Lateran was originally built by Constantine the great, together with an adjoining palace in which the bishops of Rome resided for many ages before they assumed the title of Pope, and exchanged the Mitre for the Tiara.

They were both destroyed by fires in the fifteenth century, and the church was soon rebuilt, but the Pontiffs then preferring the more central residence of the Vatican, the Palace remained in ruins, till the time of Sixtus V. who erected a superb edifice for occasional residence, which has never yet been occupied.

Clement XII. in the beginning of the present century, ornamented one of the chapels for his own burial place, and added the eastern portico, to dignify the spot.

It is the grandest modern colonnade in the world, though that of the Louvre at Paris exceeds it in beauty. It is a hundred and fifty feet long, and a hundred high, in two stories, formed by coupled columns, Corinthian and composite, surmounted by a central pediment, a balustrade, and colossal statues of John the Baptist, and other Saints.

Upon the elevated frieze is written in letters of gold the dedication to Christ and St. John, and somewhere else (I cannot recollect where) is inscribed the antiquated and disputable title of Mother Church.

OMNIUM ECCLESIARUM URBIS ET ORBIS TERRARUM, MATER ET CAPUT.*

The Pope of Rome still considers himself as Bishop of this church, and it is the closing act of his installation to take possession in form of the supposed See of St. Peter, when he pronounces the papal benediction from the central balcony, in the second story of the portico. A ceremony that I shall describe in course, as preparations are now making for its celebration, which his present holiness had thought it prudent to defer till the continental peace should confirm his tottering elevation.

On entering this august edifice, you find yourself in a long and broad aisle with a flat cieling, richly gilt, in massy compartments. At the end of it is a gothic tabernacle erected over the high altar. Behind this is the cross aisle, and farther still a semicircular tribune, the vault of which is covered with ancient mosaics, rudely representing the Saviour, and if I remember right the four and twenty Elders of the Apocalypse.

But the sides of the nave are nobly ornamented with colossal statues of the twelve Apostles. They stand in ample niches, separated from each other by the arcades of the side aisles, under dove-coloured pediments, supported by beautiful columns of verde antique.

These statues are all well designed, and exquisitely wrought in flowing draperies, by the best artists of the last age. Those of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the right and left of the altar, are by Monot, one of them, as usual, displaying the keys of *the pearl gates;* and the other *reasoning of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come,* with that impressive animation which made *Felix tremble,* and *almost persuaded king Agrippa to be a Christian.*†

Those of St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew are by Le Gros.

Those of St. Andrew the uncle, and St. James the brother of our Lord, are by Rusconi, as is also that of St. John, the youngest of his disciples, looking upward

* The mother and head of all the churches in the world.

† Except these bonds (said the dignified confessor of Jesus from the accusing bar to the convicted bench) I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am."

with that eagle-eye, which should afterward penetrate into the remotest ages, when (banished to the Isle of Patmos) he should be in the spirit, on the Lord's day.

But an unknown sculptor deserves equal praise for a representation equally meritorious of St. Matthew, examining his Gospel, and neglecting a bag of money, which he scatters at his feet, with the disinterested ardour of that disciple, who (*sitting at the receipt of custom*) when Jesus called him, *immediately arose, and followed him that had not where to lay his head.*

Four antique columns of gilt bronze ornament the altar of the Transept. They were preserved from the dilapidation of Jupiter Capitolinus, and are said to have been brought by Titus from the temple of Jerusalem.

The Corsini chapel, supposed the finest in the world, is encrusted with marble, and richly gilt. Its altar presents a picture by Guido, of some equivocal Saint of the Pope's lineage, and the remains of Clement now repose in the famous porphyry Urn, which was found in the mausoleum of Adrian, and is supposed to have contained his ashes. Upon it lies the triple crown, glittering with precious stones, at the foot of the papal effigy, in gilt bronze.

In the cloisters is the tomb of St. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, and two seats of marmo rosso, found in the Imperial baths.

In one of the courts of this church, the indefatigable Sixtus erected again, an obelisk of red granite, the largest in the world. It is covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics, the edges of which are still correct, although twelve hundred years before the Christian æra, it had been placed by Rameses, King of Egypt, in a Theban temple, from whence it was brought to Rome by the Emperor Constantius, and by him set up in the Circus Maximus, the gigantic appendage of the palace of the Cæsars.

It was then a single stone, ten feet in diameter, and one hundred and twenty-five in length; but when Sixtus employed Fontana to set up a third time the incredible mass, it was buried in sixteen feet of rubbish, and had been broken into three pieces by its fall.*

* In the interesting account of Egypt, lately published in France by the ingenious Denon, the operation by which such enormous blocks were detached from their native beds, is curiously described. A cleft as long as the intended monument was first cut into the solid rock, and then the whole mass was split off at once, by means of a line of wedges struck in at the same moment. The marks of these first operations, says that curious

In another court is the Scala Santa, or holy stair-case, so called from having been ascended by our Saviour, when he was arraigned, before Pontius Pilate, by the rulers of the Jews.

Whether this was or was not the identical stair-case of the prætorium of Palestine, when the prototype of the Paschal Lamb, was brought before the Roman governor of Judea, at the time of the celebration of the typical passover, which he was about to abrogate, it was undoubtedly brought from Jerusalem at the time of the crusades, and here set up for the adoration of the faithful, who creep up it upon their hands and knees, and descend again by a less holy flight, on either side of the venerated steps, which are nearly worn through by the zeal of the devout.

The church of St. Paul stands upon the banks of the Tiber, a mile without the walls of Rome, on the very spot (said its founder, the Emperor Theodosius) where the holy apostle was buried, three hundred years before, after having been beheaded at the command of Nero.

You enter this venerable edifice from the great road behind the high altar, standing under a gothic canopy, with fretted pinnacles, before which the nave stretches out in barren vacancy, like a great barn, seventy feet wide, and three hundred long, covered with painted rafters of unknown antiquity, intended for a flat cieling, and a broken pavement, made up of the fragments of antient tomb stones.

Yet is this damp and gloomy nave divided from four side aisles by double rows of fluted columns of the most precious marbles, taken from the mausoleum of Adrian; and over the superb colonnade is continued all round the church an historical series of the two or three hundred prelates who have successively occupied the chair of St. Peter, from the days of the prince of the apostles, for such is now the designation of Simon Peter, in the very place where he is supposed to have suffered an ignominious death.*

observer, are preserved so fresh in this unalterable material, that one might suppose the work to have been lately interrupted, for such is the hardness of Egyptian granite that the rocks which have been brushed ever since the deluge by the current of the Nile, are not worn, but only polished, by the friction of the waves.

* They are drawn in half length ovals, the last of which was actually the only one left vacant on the demise of Pius VI. This successor has filled it up, and to avert the evil omen which three years since might have been supposed to threaten the extinction of the papal hierarchy, he has already em-

Toward the river is a portico not long since erected upon clustered pilasters, crowned with arcades, the noble simplicity of which imposes veneration, as do the mystic symbols of the four evangelists, which are seen in antiquated mosaics under the covings of the eaves.

Over the great arch of the nave is a mosaic head of the Saviour, which was made in 440, and the central door in bronze, embossed with bas reliefs, was cast at Constantinople in the year 1070.

There was in the middle ages a covered passage of a mile in length from the gate of Ostia to the cloisters of St. Paul, but it has been suffered to go to ruin since the antiquated shrine has been almost forsaken for nearer or more recent sanctuaries. San Carlo Borromeo, or San Felipo Neri, are now preferred by the devout to St. Peter and St. Paul, who may be thought to have forgotten their ancient partiality for the good people of Rome.

The church of Santa Maria Maggiore was erected upon the foundations of a temple of Juno Lucina, in the year 385, by a Roman citizen, to whom the Virgin appeared (says the legend) and directed him to build this chapel to her honour, the outline of which she promised to mark the next day, the first of June, (some say of August) by a fall of snow, which should exactly cover the spot she designed for the building.

Several paintings in the church represent the snow as falling accordingly, and whether it fell or not, the edifice was then built, where it now stands, and it is inscribed with primitive simplicity.

Xystus Episcopus plebi Dei.*

Mosaic representations, coeval with the miraculous period, still existing over the arch of the tribune, imply the corruptions of christianity which had already obtained in the fourth century. They depict the adoration of the virgin, the use of images and other innovations so suddenly introduced into the christian church.

played a painter to sketch another row, and occupy the first angle immediately with his own portrait, unwilling to rely any longer upon the unbroken succession of the sacred college.

* Bishop Sixtus to the people of God.

This historical scenery is darkly represented with the concomitant barbarism of the decline of the arts, and the dingy colouring is now so faded that an attentive spectator might pass under the arch itself without ever suspecting that he beheld the most ancient and most remarkable monument of Christian History extant. Since the innumerable pieces of the true cross, the nails or the spear that pierced the Son of the blessed, the holy handkerchief that received the impression of his face, when he sweated drops of blood, the pictures of the Virgin, painted by St. Luke, the identical heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the wooden crucifixes which have bowed to the invocations of favoured votaries, can only be contemplated by protestants with that kind of admiration which is provoked by the boldness of imposture and the credulity of zeal.

Excepting this arch, and the Ionic columns of the nave, most probably borrowed from the ancient temple, little now remains of the original edifice, which different Popes in distant ages have vied with each other to decorate or to repair.

The double portico at the east end is a noble specimen of Grecian architecture, not long since erected.

The cieling of the nave is flat and heavy, but its massy compartments are richly gilded; it is said with the first gold that was brought from South America. At the upper end, opposite the high altar, over which there is a superb canopy supported by columns of gilt bronze, are the two magnificent chapels of Sixtus V. and Paul V.

These beautiful chapels are separated from the nave by folding gates of wrought iron. That of Sixtus is on the right. He appears on one side, upon his knees, in white marble surrounded with exquisite bas reliefs, representing the erection of fallen obelisks, the rearing of the dome of St. Peter's, and other remarkable circumstances of his active reign. The other side of the chapel was by him gratefully devoted to St. Pius V. to whom he owed his cardinal's hat.

Pius is the last of their own order, on whom the Popes have thought proper to bestow the honours of canonization, however liberally they continue to confer them upon others. Perhaps the holy fathers, his successors, may have less deserved the distinction by acts of piety and devotion, yet the emaciated figure of the last papal Saint is here displayed among unsanctified representations of battles and

sieges, of pillage and slaughter, as the leading features of his holy pontificate.*

The Borghese chapel on the left is esteemed one of the finest in Rome. It is profusely ornamented with painting and statuary, bas reliefs and stucco. The altar, enriched with agate and oriental jasper, over a row of candlesticks of massy silver, displays on solemn occasions upon a ground of lapis lazuli, a dingy picture of the Virgin, one of the many that were or were not painted by Luke the evangelist. On one side of the chapel is Paul in the attitude of prayer. On the other is his successor Clement VIII. the *peaceful* prelate who took possession of Ferrara, at the head of twenty thousand men, the last military exploit of the prince bishops of the Roman see.†

The church of Santa Maria degli Angeli was formed by Michael Angelo, at the command of Pius IV. out of the Pinaxotheca of the baths of Diocletian, in honour of the forty thousand Christians who are said to have been employed in the building, and afterward massacred, by the inhuman tyrant in the last persecution suffered by the Catholic Church, but a few years before Christianity was embraced by the Emperors of Rome.

It is two hundred feet long; and the ceiling, a hundred high, is still supported by eight blocks of granitello, five feet diameter, and little less than fifty high. The entrance, a rotunda, was one of the caledariums or stews belonging to the baths.

This vast edifice is little frequented, and the daily mass is often mumbled over to an audience of two or three persons, sometimes to the naked walls, which re-echo the mysterious chant in hollow murmurs.

The church of the Holy Apostles was erected by Constantine, and rebuilt under the direction of Fontana. The ceiling of the nave represents the Apotheosis of St. Francis, and the Fall of the Angels is so boldly thrown over the entablature of the Tribune, that you are appre-

* I find from history that Pius V. assisted Charles IX. against his protestant subjects with an army of 5000 Men; excommunicated Queen Elizabeth, and made war, in conjunction with the Spaniards and Venetians, against Selim then Emperor of the Turks.

† Traversing this church, my profane eyes glanced upon an inscription intended only for the faithful. It was written over the door of the vestry, and imported that whosoever should introduce a woman into that sacred inclosure should stand excommunicated *ipso facto*.

hensive, at first sight, for the safety of the priest that officiates below.

Here are three rich and beautiful chapels, formed in the arcades of the side aisles, one of them is cieled with gilt stucco, and they are all encrusted with the richest marbles.

Over the door of the vestry is the tomb of Clement XIV. by Canova, in which the sculptor has aptly placed the philosophic Ganganelli, between expressive figures of Temperance and Meekness.

The church of St. Ignatius, one of the finest in Rome, was built by Cardinal Ludovisi, the nephew of Gregory XV.

The cieling of the nave, sixty feet wide and two hundred long, supported by Corinthian pilasters in coupled rows, was painted by Father Pozzi, a brother of the order, with the apotheosis of St. Ignatius, from whose head issue rays of light, illuminating the four quarters of the globe. They are boldly personified with their respective attributes, amidst architectural perspectives, and accompanied with a blasphemous representation of the Elect as rising up toward the Saint, while the reprobate are seen below falling before him through the opening clouds.

Over the tribune is a puerile perversion of the saying of St. Paul:

Ego vobis Romæ propitius ero.*

This magnificent edifice was intended to have a dome, which would have been second only to that of St. Peter's; but the pontiff and his nephew both dying before it could be raised, the centre of the aisles is covered in at a vast height, with a flat cieling, painted blue. The angles however of the intended cupola are richly adorned with bloody stories, characteristic of that domineering genius, which eventually occasioned the abolition of the order, such as Judith with the head of Holofernes, Jael slaying Sisera, &c. &c.

One gladly turns from these disgusting objects, in which the finest talents have been so often prostituted, to the splendid altars of the transept, the marble frontispieces of each of which suitably fill a space sixty feet wide, and

* I will be favourable to you Romans.

ninety or a hundred high, but as they are both finished in the same style, I shall only describe the finest. It is that to the right.

The altar, placed upon a broad basement of white marble, is a tomb encrusted with lapis lazuli, and richly gilt. The front of it is wrought in open work, and a lamp burning within, glitters upon the gilding, with brilliant effulgence.

Above is a superb bas relief, by Le Gros, eight or ten feet wide, and fifteen ortwenty high. It represents the Ascension, not of Jesus Christ, but of San Luigi Gonzagua.

Two twisted columns of the richest marble, projecting on each side obliquely from the wall, support over it at a vast height a marble pediment, while on the pavement stone balustrades keep kneeling devotees at a respectful distance, and marble angels hold golden lamps, which glimmer day and night before the resplendent shrine.

In a side chapel is the tomb of Gregory, likewise by Le Gros, from which flying angels withdraw a curtain of Sicilian jasper, and display the Pope sitting in his robes of state, a medallion of the cardinal at his feet.

The church of Jesu belonged to the same order before it was suppressed It was built by Cardinal Farnese, upon a plan of Vignola.

The frescos of the nave and cupola are beautiful, and richly adorned with gilded pannels; but as the subjects are still catholic saints and Jewish heroines, I shall pass on to the altar of St. Ignatius, the finest in Rome. It was erected upon the design of the same father Pozzi, at the end of the north transept, in a space of fifty feet wide, and seventy or eighty high.

The altar, blazing with gold and precious stones, is elevated upon an ample platform, to which the priest ascends by four or five broad steps of white marble, encircled by a sweeping balustrade, which is surmounted by four angels of gilt bronze, holding aloft lighted lamps.

Over it in a niche encrusted with lapis lazuli of the most vivid blue, was once a silver statue of St. Ignatius, nine feet high, attended by three angels of the same precious metal, and the habit of the saint sparkled with precious stones; but all these valuables were swept away by the French, and a curtain or a picture now conceals the deficiency.

The coupled columns which support the magnificent pediment, shining with coloured marbles, at a height of fifty feet, are of gilt bronze, fluted with lapis lazuli; the bases and capitals of Corinthian brass; and the broken apex is filled with a presumptuous personification of the Majesty of Heaven, holding in his right hand a globe of lapis lazuli, the largest and the purest that ever was seen.

In the angles of the wall below are splendid accompaniments of gilt bronze, and seven massy candlesticks upon the altar, once glittered with burnished gold.*

The church of Santa Maria in Vallicella was erected by Felipo Neri, afterward sainted by I know not what Pope,

* From this splendid church, one of the two or three dedicated at Rome, to the name of Jesus, the famous, perhaps I should say, the infamous order of Jesuits took its denomination. It was given them by cardinal Farnese, a nephew of Paul III. by whose bull the order had been then lately created. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of this imperious order, was originally a profligate officer in the Spanish service, which he quitted to devote himself to the cloister, on being wounded at the siege of Pampeluna in 1521. The gloomy enthusiast obtained the papal sanction, for the professors of his rules in 1540; he was eventually canonized at Rome in 1609. This celebrated sect of the *Chiesa Catolica, Apostolica, e Romana*, devoted itself to the Virgin, and undertook the education of youth, to which circumstance is to be attributed the ascendancy attained by its members in the cabinets of princes. The fathers of the order selected their noviciates from the most promising youths, entrusted to their tuition, watched their opening faculties, and cultivated instead of checking the opening propensities of nature. By this means they had soon professors fit for the most elevated situations, and capable of undertaking, and fulfilling with address, the most secret charge, and the most dangerous mission. Incredible as it may appear in this philosophic age, so *temperate* in church affairs, some gloomy dispositions were regularly trained by these ghostly fathers, to emulate the crown, and to endure the sufferings of martyrdom. These hopeful scions were afterwards planted in both the Indies, and at one time they had insinuated themselves into the jealous court of China, and created an absolute dominion among the savages of Paraguay, where they have been wittily said to have become themselves more than half Pagans, to make their wavering proselytes less than half christians. But their craftier brethren at home contrived to sway the consciences, and direct the councils of all the catholic princes in Europe, without departing in the least from the rules of canonical orthodoxy. Obedience was the band of the order, policy was its rule, and courtesy no less a badge of the modern knight errants of the church, than it had been of the antiquated devotees of chivalry. But the morals of this insinuating order became at last so infamous, and their principles so detestable, that they were banished from one state after another, and finally abrogated by the apostolic see, when the papal chair was filled by the enlightened Ganganelli. The education of the catholic youth, then devolved upon the Dominicans, and the churches of the Jesuits were given to other fraternities.

upon a design of Pietro da Cortona, who painted the cieling of the nave, the cupola, and the tribune.

The rich little chapel of San Felipo is on the left of the high altar. It is with difficulty the curious can get within it for the crowd of devotees with which it is always surrounded. The altar piece represents the saint drawn by Guido, and its polished walls, and gilded cieling, reflect the lights which are always blazing below.

Santa Maria sopra Minerva belongs to a convent of Dominicans, and it was here that the tribunal of the inquisition, happily no longer dreaded in Italy, long held its merciless inquest.

The church is a Gothic structure, and its long and gloomy aisles exhibit nothing more remarkable than the amazing number of altars and chapels, founded or endowed *in articulo mortis*, by the trembling sinners who in the lapse of ages have been interred at their feet, trusting to escape the vengeance of heaven by presenting themselves to Peter in the weeds of St. Dominic.

Some of these have been specially privileged by favouring Popes, and either here or elsewhere I have been shocked with the arrogant inscription of;

INDULGENTIA PLENARIA QUOTIDIANA PERPETUA, PRO VIVIS ET DEFUNCTIS.*

and the insidious composition of the poor box, inscribed with.

ELEMOSINA PER LA MADONNA.†

There is however a statue of the Saviour holding his cross, by Michael Angelo, but it owes its celebrity to the fame of its sculptor; and the tomb of a Pope, elegantly wrought by some later artist.

In the square before this church is a small Egyptian obelisk, which has been appositely elevated upon the back of a marble elephant.

The church of San Martino in Monte is erected over a chamber of the baths of Titus. In it Pope Silvester held a council, at which Constantine and his mother, the empress Helena, condescended to assist.

* Plenary indulgence every day for ever, for the living and the dead.

† Alms for our Lady.

The present edifice is as brilliant as a ball room. Marble columns with gilded capitals, drawn from the Villa of Arian, divide the aisles; the walls are covered with landscapes, by the joint efforts of the two Poussins, one of whom painted the scenery, and the other the figures; and the tabernacle for the host is a gilded dome supported by pillars of African marble, and exhibited upon a lofty altar, before a blaze of light.

On one side a little chapel, gay as the church with glossy incrustations, presents an illuminated altar, and a picture of Purgatory, in which an angel descending with his warrant in his hand, (the consecrated wafer) delivers one soul at a time from the tormenting flames, which are made to crackle in the candles burning on the altar, to heighten the stage effect of this painted tragedy. An unworthy misrepresentation of the doctrine of the atonement, which was made *through the eternal Spirit*, without the gates of Jerusalem, *when by one offering were perfected for ever all them that are sanctified.*

San Carlo al Corso, designed by Pietro da Cortona, is one of the most beautiful churches in Rome. The front rising upon a flight of steps, which runs its whole length, is formed by four three-quarter columns of the Corinthian order, sixty feet high, surmounted by a rich pediment, over which in a side view, the well proportioned dome may be seen from the street, supported by clustered columns, and terminating in an open lanthorn, with a gilded spire.

The aisles, the dome, and the choir are finely proportioned, and every where richly ornamented with Corinthian sculpture, though it is here lavished with less profusion than is usual at Rome.

Where the nave opens into the dome the eye is completely gratified with its aerial swell, lighted by eight or ten windows, and relieved by stuccoed roses, terminating in an open cupola.

On the right and left, at the terminations of the transepts, are seen superb frontispieces to the principal altars, of the construction before described, but like the body of this beautiful church, less profusely than elegantly adorned.

This elegant structure being directly opposite to our lodgings, I have sometimes risen before day, to observe the effect of darkness upon its distinct proportions, when faintly dissipated by the glimmering tapers of the morning

mass, which in the winter solstice is celebrated before daylight.

The interior of San Luigi de Francisi is similarly distributed, and more richly adorned. But you are tired of churches, so am I, and I would break off directly, did not the matchless frescos of San Carlo a Catenari imperiously demand description.

This beautiful edifice is a dome of fifty feet diameter, branching into the recesses formed by a Greek cross. It is supported by superb pilasters of the Corinthian order, with an entablature of the richest sculpture, from which spring stuccoed arches, the unity of whose majestic masses is no where disturbed by gilding.

In the four angles of this charming dome Domenichino, has painted the Cardinal Virtues, which characteristic accompaniments, and the colours of these exquisite performances, seem endowed with indelible vividity, bearing no marks of decay, though they have not been painted less than two hundred years.

LETTER XV.

PALACES AND MUSEUMS.

THE site of the ancient capital is now occupied by the modern town house, but you still approach it by the long ascent which has been so often trod by the senate and people of Rome, in the days of the Consuls and the Cæsars.

It had been enclosed with porticoes by the Conscript Fathers, whose generals conquered the world; and Nero, who never fought with any thing but beasts, had vainly erected in its centre a triumphal arch.

The venerable area was surrounded with temples, of which the most ancient was that of Jupiter Fevetrius, built by Romulus in the infancy of the city; the most magnificent that of Jupiter Capitolinus, erected by Tarquin the Superb.

In the latter were deposited the spoils of conquered nations, and offerings to the imaginary deity, whose statue was of solid gold.

But Jupiter Capitolinus has long since given way to Maria d'Ara Cœli, though the columns of the temple still support the nave of the church.

Nothing else remains of ancient dignity upon this imperial eminence, the temples of other Jupiters, of various fortunes, of Egyptian gods, adopted by their superstitious conquerors, having totally disappeared, with the *immobile saxum* of the capitol.

Thanks, however, to the genius of destruction, the sculptures of antiquity have been preserved, under protecting ruins, daily to reward the industrious antiquary, with the discovery of precious objects, among the accumulated rubbish of two thousand years, which covers the ancient surface to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet.

A statue of Tiberius was lately found at Piperno; another of Minerva has just been discovered at Veletri; and one of Antinous at Palestrina.

Two lionesses of Egyptian basaltes guard the ascent to the capitol; and the headless trunk of a statue of porphyry exquisitely draped, indicates alike the evanescency of empire, and the perpetuity of Rome.

Two colossal statues of Grecian sculpture, Castor and Pollux, leading their horses, ornament the top of the steps, and on a line with them to the right and left, are trophies taken from the arch of Trajan, and ancient mile stones; one of which was that which marked the first stage from the Forum Romanum, towards the distant provinces of Spain, of Britain, or of Egypt.

An equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius in bronze, once gilt, now occupies the centre of the platform; and before the steps of the senatorial palace, is a sitting figure of Rome triumphant, supported by the Tiber and the Nile.

On the right is the conservatory, on the left the museum; upon the former, within a gloomy court, you again see a Roma triumphans attended by conquered Provinces; a lion devouring a horse; and two prodigious heads, two feet and one hand, of colossal statues of Commodus and Domitian, which had been mutilated by the people, on the death of those inhuman monsters.

Julius and Augustus occupy the arcades, leading to the stair-case, at the foot of which is a rostral column, supplied by some modern artist to the original inscription of that celebrated pillar, from whose customary orations popular declaimers are still said to mount the rostrum.

The landing-place is ornamented with superb bas-reliefs preserved from the late dilapidation of an arch of Antoninus Pius.

The official apartments are indifferently painted with Roman history, ancient and modern; but the side of one room is lined with the shattered pannels of a tabular list of the ancient Consuls; and its centre is occupied by the identical bronze wolf, which is said to have been struck with lightning at the fall of Cæsar.

Here is also a gallery of paintings, but it has been so stripped by the French, that little is left worth notice. Yet there remains a portrait of Guido, and another of Michael Angelo, painted by themselves, the features of which are strongly marked with their respective characteristics of gracefulness and sublimity.

In the court of the museum is the statue on which were pasted the replies of Marforio to the interrogatories of Pasquin, in days when the repose of power could only be disturbed by the sting of ridicule*.

Under the arcades is the tomb of Severus, and his mother Mammea, with their effigies in reclining postures; and on the stair-case are inserted in the walls, the mutilated fragments of a plan of ancient Rome, which was found on the pavement of a temple when it was converted into a church.

Here an infinity of sculptures are arranged in different apartments.

One of them contains Egyptian idols, more curious for the hardness of the materials in which they were wrought, than for the truth of their forms, or the beauty of their features, the cheeks round and full, the lips thick, the mouth large; in short, the African physiognomy, which in the

* The story of Pasquin wearing a dirty shirt, because his washerwoman had been made a princess, by the elevation of Sixtus V. is two well known to be repeated; but when Clement XI. became the butt of satire, much better jokes were sported and forgotten. Soon after the election of Clement, in the room of Innocent XII. whose arms were three pots, Pasquin was represented bewailing himself, with a broken vase in his hand. Marforio asks what he is crying about, and Pasquin replies "Come! non vuvi che me lagni se per tre pile che havevo m'hanno dato un boocale" [Don't you see that for three pots they've given me nothing but a cracked pitcher!] Clement gravely employing himself in regulating the canonical length of cassocks and perriwigs at a time when the imperial troops were preparing to enter Italy, Marforio asks Pasquin what he thinks of the Pope. Pasquin replies, "Clemens Undecimus Pontifex Maximus in minimis—minimus in maximis." [Clement is great in little things—little in great ones.]

modern negro is stigmatized by interested prejudice as the legible type of ignorance and stupidity.

A second constitutes a receptacle for marble sarcophaguses, embossed with the games or customs of antiquity, and the ambiguous emblems of heathen mythology.

A third exhibits statues of bronze, of Parian marble, or of Egyptian stones of adamantine hardness.

A fourth contains busts of consuls and emperors, philosophers and heroes, poets and historians, of the flourishing periods of Greece and Rome, whose names are familiar to the civilized world, after the lapse of twenty or thirty centuries.

In the wall of a cabinet is preserved a tablet of mosaic work, representing four doves sipping out of a bowl, as perfect as when it was described by Pliny, as a master-piece then existing in the villa of Adrian

This art, however, has been improved by the modern Romans, and I have myself a copy of the four doves much better executed, by an unknown artist.

To describe all the paintings, and the sculptures, the cameos and intaglios, the medals and the precious stones, collected by the nephews of Popes and Cardinals, and preserved in the palaces of Rome, where they are readily exhibited to the curiosity of strangers, would require additional volumes, notwithstanding the merciless requisition of French rapacity, which swept away at once, a hundred statues, a hundred busts, a hundred vases, and a hundred pictures, together with gems and medals innumerable.

I shall therefore confine myself to the principal collections, and to the principle objects which they contain, excusing myself from noticing many others, though one of them may justly boast of a Madona, by Guido; another of a bust of Cicero, and another of that very statue of Pompey, at the foot of which Julius Cæsar wrapped himself in his mantle, and received twenty-five mortal wounds, saying "And thou too Brutus!" when he perceived his own son among the assassins.

Others abounding with pictures, have alienated to the French the portraits of Titian, the Venuses of Raphael, and the Madonnas of Guido.

All of them, excepting only the Palazzo Doria, have exchanged for British gold the landscapes of Claude Lorraine, glowing with cerulean hues.

The palazzo Colonna belongs to one of the most ancient families of Rome, and adulatory genealogists have found or sought to find in their surname, an allusion to the pillars of Hercules, or the columns of Trajan, the magnificent monument which rears its venerable head in the vicinity of their palace.

Their wealth, however, like that of all the other great families of Rome, may be traced from the papal chair, though often by doubtful or illegitimate consanguinity, and Martin V. the restorer of the Romish hierarchy, after the long defection of Avignon, is the first pope who endowed his family with the title and the revenue of princes.

This palace, like most of the palaces in Italy, is built round a court with open colonnades, in which the owner may alight under cover, and ascend a marble stair-case to the servant's hall, preceding the state apartments, which are usually uninhabited, the family residing in an upper story, or a distant wing.

Its gallery is the noblest in Rome, belonging to a subject, being a room of forty feet by a hundred and twenty, opening into a pavilion at each end; one of which communicates with the gardens, which are very extensive, and laid out like those of the palaces upon the Continent, in that formal manner known in England as the style of William III.

The ceiling is painted with the victories of Mark Antony Colonna, the general of Paul V. over the Turks, and the walls are adorned with the finest productions of the Italian pencil.

The first pavilion is or was chiefly hung with landscapes by Claude Lorraine, Gaspar Poussin, and Salvator Rosa. It also contains a cabinet of precious stones, the door of which is embossed in ivory, with the last Judgment of the Capella Sistina.

In the gallery itself, the multiplicity of objects confuse my recollection, as I saw it but once, and I can now only remember the distinct impression made by a picture of Titian, in which an old nobleman, in his armed chair, listens with attention and complacency to a young amanuensis, who reads to him standing from a written paper, with a captivating air of modesty and deference.

In one of the smaller apartments is a Magdalen of Guido, with dishevelled hair, and at the end of a corridor, either is or was the Belgic column, once placed in the temple of Bellona.

The pallazzo Farnese, an immense hollow square, three stories high, is now chiefly remarkable for having been built by Michael Angelo, and painted by Annibal Caracci, as it is at prent uninhabited, and has been long stripped of the Flora, the Hercules, and the Tauro, those celebrated sculptures which still bear the name of the family, though the heiress of the house has dissolved it by an alliance with the king of the two Sicilies, who has conveyed every thing that was moveable to Naples.

Annibal spent the greatest part of his life in ornamenting the gallery, and he is said to have died of mortification, on being inadequately rewarded by Cardinal Farnese.

The vaulted ceiling is divided into seven square compartments, and eight rounds, supported by academic figures in all imaginable attitudes.

In the compartments are represented the triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne, Pan offering the wool of his flocks to Diana, Paris receiving from Mercury the golden apple, Aurora and Cephalus, Venus and Anchises, Hercules and Iole, with many other lascivious stories, drawn from the Metamorphoses of Ovid, and other fables of ancient mythology.

The palazzo Barberini, built by a nephew of Urban VIII. is a prodigious edifice, containing a valuable library, and an immense collection of painting and sculpture.

The ceiling of the great hall was painted by Pietro da Cortona, with the apotheosis of Urban; and in the apartments I particularly recollected two heads of Modesty and Vanity, by Leonardo da Vinci, a whole length Magdalen of Guido, and half length of the four Evangelists by Guercino da Cento.

On the ground floor are several rooms lined with statuary, among which are busts of Marius and Sylla; but the celebrated sleeping fawn, from the mausoleum of Adrian, has been lately sold, or presented, to the king of Spain.

The palazzo Doria, built, if I recollect right, under the patronages of Innocent X. [Pamfili] from whose family it passed by marriage to the Dorias, fronts the Corso, and has been planned with more attention to convenience, than is usual in the palaces of Italy.

Its gallery runs round the four sides of a square, near the enttrance of which is an aerial Claude, the finest now remaining in Rome, near which a landscape sketched by Domenichino grates the eye of the connoisseur. There are several other Claudes in this gallery, though none of them

have been so lightly touched by his magic hand, fine portraits of Luther and Calvin, by Titian, &c. &c.

In one of the leading apartments is a head of Christ, crowned with thorns, and bearing the cross, with a look of patient suffering, which I shall never forget. It was painted by Andrea Mantegna, the master of Michael Angelo.

The palazzo Braschi, the last palace built in Rome, and indeed not yet finished, though it has been in hand ever since the beginning of the pontificate of Pius VI. is built on one side of the piazza Navona, in the centre of modern Rome.

Here the nephew of the late pope, immured in a corner of the unfinished pile, now spends with profusion, what had been gained by rapacity, in decorating with all the elegancies of painting and sculpture, a palace he can himself hardly ever expect to inhabit.

The great stair-case, however, is now nearly finished, and is probably, the most expensive and magnificent apartment of the size, that ever was adorned with the perfections of art. It is thirty feet by forty and ninety high.

Over the great doors, on the ground floor, are bustoes of ancient philosophers. The steps are of white marble ten feet long, the balustrade is of wrought iron, and every flight is adorned with an antique statue, and supported by columns of Egyptian granite.

The gallery displays two doors of mahogany, encased with marble, surmounted with bas-reliefs, and separated by a niche and a statue.

Arches springing from the columns, form compartments in the newest taste, and the cieling, elegantly ribbed and fretted, terminates in an ample sky-light.

The palazzo Borghese, the costly monument of the nepotism of Paul V. now contains but few paintings worth notice, though many pieces in this still ample collection are by the first names in the annals of the schools.

But the Casino or villa of the same family without the Porta del Popolo, still remains a perfect mass of ancient modern sculpture.

The front of this building is covered with bas-reliefs, distributed in the form of pannels, above, below, and between the windows, and the portico is peopled with bustoes and statues.

In the hall are busts of the twelve Cæsars, and an equestrian statue of Curtius leaping into the gulph.

In other apartments are seen the Hermaphrodite of obscene celebrity; the fighting Gladiator, by an Ephesian sculptor, thought to be the finest statue now remaining in Rome; a groupe of sleeping boys, by Algardi; and David with the sling and stone with which he smote Goliah, I think the master-piece of Bernini.

In the gardens of this palace, the Italian honey-suckle retains its verdure through the winter, and the single gilly-flower and glowing ranunculus there bloom throughout the year.

The palazzo Madama, is now only remarkable for a façade of uncommon elegance, erected by Catharine de Medicis, before she was married to Henry II. of France.

In the villa Aldobrandini is preserved an antique fresco, which was found in the baths of Titus. It represents a Roman marriage, in the same bas-relief style in which all the antique paintings yet found exhibit figures, with little attention to grouping or perspective, though with a perfection of form and drapery apparently copied from the finished works of contemporary sculptors. None of them give a high idea of the progress of painting among the ancients.

In the casino Farnesina, on the right banks of the Tiber, erected by Augustine Chegi, a famous banker in the time of Leo X. and afterwards purchased by the Farnese family, is an oblong saloon on the ceiling of which is represented the fable of Cupid and Psyche, in different compartments, separated by rich festoons of fruit and flowers, designed by Raphael, and painted by his scholars.

In an adjoining apartment is the Galatea of the same inimitable master, painted by his own hand. The imaginary deity sails through the water in a scollop shell, drawn by dolphins, and surrounded by Nereids and Tritons, blowing conch shells, and sporting with the waves.

In one of the angles of the same apartment, is a colossal head roughly drawn with charcoal, which tradition declares to have been sketched by Michael Angelo, to reprove the delicacy of Raphael.

In the palazzo Costaguti, are six painted ceilings, two of which are strikingly fine. One of them, by Guercino, exhibits Rinaldo in the car of Armida, drawn through the air by winged dragons; the other, Apollo, in the chariot of the sun, by Domenichino.

In the gardens of the palazzo Rospigliosi, on the ceiling

of an oblong pavilion, is the Aurora of Guido, one of the finest frescos in the world.

At the moment of sun rise, Apollo, seated in his car, drawn by four horses, and surrounded by the dancing hours, in attitudes of graceful motion, begins his brilliant career. Lucifer flies before him, with an expiring light, and Flora, hovering round the mystic circle, scatters opening flowers upon the morning air.

In the villa Ludovisi, within the Pincian gate, is another sublime effort of genius, upon the same subject, though this is day-break, a moment better adapted to the strong shades of Guercino.

Aurora in a car drawn through the clouds by pied horses scatters flowers upon the earth, and before her fly the stars of night, while in semicircular compartments behind her a woman watches a sleeping boy, over a midnight lamp, and before her the son of the morning, extinguishes his torch, and shakes his wings for flight.

LETTER XVI.

GENERAL VIEW OF ROME FROM THE JANICULINE MOUNT.

THREE things, said a Latin Father of the fourth century, I could wish to have seen,

Christum in carne, Paulum in ore, et Romam in flore.*

The last of these three wishes was enjoyed in perfection by the poet Martial, from his commanding villa, which was situated on this very mount. *Hic*, says the satirist in his epigrams,

Hic septem dominos videre montes,
Et totam licet æstimare Romam,
Albanos quoque, Tusculosque, colles.

* Christ in the flesh; the face of St. Paul, and Rome in its glory.

and *here* still, after a thousand years have rolled into eternity.

> O'er Rome's seven hills the admiring eye may stray
> Albano too, and Tusculum survey.

The mass of a temple, whose walls are twenty feet thick; the circuit of an amphitheatre, which could receive thirty thousand, or eighty thousand spectators, for such is the difference of computation allowed by its ample scope; or the extent of imperial baths spread out like so many cities, into halls and galleries, courts, porticos, and squares, may well excite astonishment in the native of a country that is scarcely disencumbered of the forests with which it had been covered by the hand of nature, the buildings of whose towns have not yet exceeded the proportions of necessity or convenience.

One who had been accustomed from childhood to venerate the antiquities it afforded of the age of Winthrop, of Calvert, or of Penn, the perishable materials of which are already crumbling into dust, may be allowed to contemplate with enthusiasm inscriptions which have been read by a hundred generations, and sculptures of brass or marble in which the serenity of Augustus, nay the smiles of the minion of Adrian are still undisturbed, in which the sterner features of Caius Marius, of the elder or the younger Brutus may frown for ever upon the enemies of Rome.

From the summit of the Mons Janiculus, on the west side of the Tiber, abruptly rising over the seven hills of the imperial city, the mount of the Vatican, and the plain of Transtevere, we may take a general view of churches and temples, fountains and aqueducts, convents and theatres, palaces and tombs, linking together in brass and marble, the ancient and the modern world.

Here an obelisk, transported from Africa by a Roman emperor, preserves in forgotten hieroglyphics the learning of the ancient Egyptians, engraved upon a mass of granite, whose incredible dimensions bespeak the grandeur of Memphis or of Thebes, no less than the Pyramids of the Nile.

There an arch exhibits the spoils of the Temple of Jerusalem, embossed on marble by the conqueror of Judea, as if on purpose to remain for an indisputable memorial of

Sacred History, in conjunction with the unaccountable existence of the Jews, to manifest the accomplishment of Hebrew prophecy, in *the destruction of the holy city, and the dispersion of the chosen people.*

Every where the shattered columns of innumerable temples, in some of which ebriety, in others prostitution, were acknowledged rites, whilst in more than one of them imaginary malevolence was vainly deprecated by human sacrifices, recal the absurdities of heathen mythology, which impiously imagined,

> Gods faithless, vicious, cruel, and unjust,
> Whose attributes were rage, revenge, and lust.

Here and there the crumbling walls of theatres where gladiators were fed, that they might bleed freely and taught to die gracefully for the amusement of unfeeling spectators, women as well as men, silently demonstrate how much the civilized world has gained by the introduction of christianity, obscured as it is by traditional superstitions, and national wars.*

Heathen temples dedicated to Christian saints, and the statues of the apostles elevated upon the columns of the emperors, indicate the triumph of Christianity over pagan Rome, although the successors of the martyrs adopted heathen rites, and ingrafted profane ceremonies upon the simplicity of Christian worship.†

"The statues of heroes," says a clerical tourist, "were converted into those of saints, still to receive adoration, and to preside at consecrated altars. Those who entered the church, like those who entered the temple, sprinkled themselves with lustral water, inhaled perfumed incense,

* At the savage exhibition of these infernal orgies (the Barbarians of America will discredit my veracity, should the story be related around some council fire) an honourable place was allotted for the vestal virgins, the priestesses of heathen purity, devoted to perpetual virginity, under pain of being buried alive!

† Upon the Esquiline Hill the Roman matrons had been accustomed to solicit the favourable auspices of Juno Lucina.—Catholic wives expect the same assistance from Santa Maria Maggiore, whose magnificent church now occupies the site, and inherits the privileges of the abdicated temple. At the altar of Romulus and Remus mothers presented their children, when they were afflicted with obstinate diseases, and to this day, in desperate cases, infants are carried to the very same edifice for the intercession of St. Theodore.

beheld the lighted taper, and hung up the votive tablet."*

A defection however unlikely in the days of St. Paul, yet by him expressly predicted;

> The day of Christ shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and the man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition.

Under the shade of the Fontana Paulina, upon the summit of the Mons Janiculus, whilst on the right the setting sun gilds anew the fretted vaults of the temple of Peace, and illumines with a golden gleam the broken rotundas of the palace of the Cæsars, and the crumbling monuments of the Appian Way, at the same time gaily glittering on the left upon the domes and turrets of modern Rome, let us take a general view of the rival structures of imperial and pontifical magnificence.

Immediately below us on the left is the dome of St. Peter's soaring above its colonnades, its fountains, and its obelisk; beyond it are the courts and galleries of the Vatican, and before it at a respectful distance is the swelling tower of St. Angelo, surmounted by a flying angel with a flaming sword.

There a bridge crosses the Tiber, adorned with statues, and the venerable river is seen to wind on either side betwixt domes and palaces, ruins and vineyards, till it reaches the antiquated walls which present the towers of seventeen gates, and inclose a circumference of thirteen miles. They were erected by Aurelian, two hundred and seventy years after Christ, and have been ever since kept in repair by the princely successors of the fisherman of Galilee.

Without the walls are seen lonely churches, particularly that of St. Paul, far to the right. They were once in the heart of populous suburbs, which surrounded on all sides the imperial city.

Farther on are shapeless ruins standing, in a barren desert, that extends fifteen or twenty miles to the foot of distant hills, upon which may be faintly discerned Albano, Tivoli, and the ancient Tusculum, founded, says tradition, by Telemachus, the son of Ulysses, and in after times

* At the entrance of the Via Sacra, Esculapius is turned into St. Bartholomew, and at St. Agnes, *fuori delle porte*, a statue of Diana is still venerated under the name of the saint.

the birth-place of Cato, the censor, and the retreat of Cicero.

Among the crowd of nearer objects in front the sight is arrested by the globular roof of the pantheon, rising into view like the side of a hill.

Near it are seen the solar obelisk of Augustus, restored by the late pope (it once shewed the hours of the day by its shadow falling upon lines of brass) and the column of Antonine, that still occupies the spot on which it was placed by Marcus Aurelius.

Farther on is the column of Trajan.

Above it, on the Quirinal Hill, is the summer-palace of the popes, and the church of Santa Maria Maggiore.

To the right lies the Capitol, now a modern town house.

Behind it is the Forum Romanum, surrounded by the broken porticos of temples, the falling arcades of the palace of the Cæsars, and the sunken arches through which the insulted dignity of captive monarchs were led in chains, to swell the triumph of returning conquerors. A practice which would have been more suitably accompanied by the war-whoop of Canadian savages than by the *clangor tubarum* of civilized Rome. Even queens were not exempted from this barbarous usage. It was suffered by a Parthian princess, the splendour of whose court is still attested by the ruins of Palmyra, and the last descendant of the Egyptian Ptolomies only escaped the insupportable indignity by a voluntary death.

Beyond them are seen the sweeping stories of the Coliseum, one of its ample sides frowning in naked majesty over the dilapidated ruins of the other.

Farther on are the turrets of St. John de Lateran, with the gigantic obelisk by which they are overlooked.

Not far distant is the pyramidal tomb of Caius Cestius, at the foot of which protestants who die at Rome are permitted to repose in peace.

To the right we look down upon the multifarious departments of the baths of Caracalla (the Caracul of Ossian, *king of the world*) extending over whole acres of ground, in undistinguishable ruin.

Without the gate of St. Sebastian, anciently the Portus Capenus, the Appian Way may be traced for miles by double rows of crumbling monuments, like a funeral procession attending the obsequies of imperial Rome.

"All is now silent and solitary," I quote the language of the eloquent historian of the empire, "where the pavement once resounded to the hasty proofs of the messengers of command, and the harbingers of victory, encountering each other from the remotest parts of the earth."

Farther on are seen diverging from their centre the interrupted chains of broken aqueducts, stretching with gigantic strides, as far as the eye can reach across the desolated plain.

Methinks I see the venerable shades of Roman virtue hovering over the scenes of their patriotic devotion! The unconquerable captive, who, in those very fields below me, thurst his hand into the flames, to defy the impotence of victory; the dauntless knight who singly defended yonder broken bridge, against a host of foes; the generous citizen who leaped into a bursting gulph to save his country, in the area which is now surrounded by yon mouldering ruins; the voluntary hostage, who returned to Carthage through yonder streets, to devote his life where he had pledged his honour; the relenting conqueror, who suffered himself to be vanquished, without those gates, at the head of a victorious army, by the intercession of a Roman matron.*

But before all the heroes of antiquity, many of whose crumbling tombs may yet be traced around me, let me call to mind the disinterested patriot, who repeatedly descended from the curule chair to dress again the neglected fields of his humble patrimony at the foot of yonder hills.

The example of Cincinnatus, after a lapse of ages, has been revived or exceeded amid the forests of America, by the unassuming cultivator of the banks of the Patowmak. Washington, like the Roman sage, too rich in himself to be seduced by wealth or honours, to forsake the calm enjoyments of domestic life, obeyed again and again the summons of his country, to devote himself to the emergencies of the state.

Mankind I trust will one day become wise enough to transfer their admiration from their conquerors to their benefactors. The virtues of Washington and Cincinnatus,

* "The noble sister of Publicola,
"The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle
"That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
"And hangs on Dian's temple." ———

will then efface the victories of Buonaparte and Alexander, and the modest mantle of republican simplicity will eclipse the frippery of imperial robes.

The little rotunda which appears upon the right, behind those pointed roofs, marks the very spot where the new born infants, Romulus and Remus, exposed upon the Tiber by the command of Amulius, were found and fostered by a neighbouring shepherd.

Its impenetrable cope has successively protected a temple and a church; and tradition, pointing to the solid hemisphere, has told the story of the suckling wolf to a hundred generations, which have fallen around it like the leaves of autumn.

Within yon shapeless mass of Roman brick that can scarcely be discerned on the left, amidst clustering battlements, were deposited the remains of Cæsar Augustus; the same who at the auspicious birth of the babe of Bethlehem, *had sent forth a decree, that all the world should be taxed.*

It was once a pompous mausoleum, surrounded by alleys of evergreens, and distinguished by obelisks of granite, whose solid masses promised to illustrate it for ever.

But the groves have been supplanted by plebeian hovels, and the obelisks themselves, after having been overturned and buried in the dust, have been removed to other courts, to gratify the pride of other princes.

Somewhere hereabout were the gardens of Lucullus, and somewhere there was the palace of Mecænas, where Virgil may have penned his Æneid, or Horace pointed his satires, speculating at their ease upon life and manners, under the convenient patronage of the rich and great.

Yon insignificant turret disguises the spot where Cato reasoned, and Cicero declaimed, in the venerable audience of the conscript fathers of imperial Rome.

In the same direction, though not within sight, are the remains of *Appii Forum*, and the reputed ruins of *the Three Taverns, where the Brethren of Rome* met St. Paul on his arrival from Judea; "whom, when Paul saw," says the author of the Acts of the Apostles, "he thanked God and took courage."

Below us is the very street in which the eloquent Apostle of the Gentiles, *having appealed to Cæsar, dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence—no man forbidding him.*

It was there that, *being rejected by the chief of the Jews, though bound for the hope of Israel,* he prophetically declared

the salvation of God was sent unto the Gentiles, and that they would hear it.—A prediction which was marvellously fulfilled upon this very spot, though ten persecutions afterward oppressed the church.

Just below me, on the right, is the roof of Santa Maria in Transtevere, a church that was built in the year 222, and dedicated by Calixtus, then bishop of Rome, to the Virgin Mary.

It marks, I believe, the first palpable departure from primitive purity, in point of worship, though professing Christians had long before enlisted in the Roman legions, ingloriously deserting the banner of the Prince of Peace.

Around me I can still trace several monuments of the piety, perhaps the policy of Constantine, when christianity became the predominating religion of the empire.

Those fields upon my left were the scene of the pretended Vision of the Cross, on the strength of which the first Christian emperor actually gained a victory over his rival Maxentius, who perished in the Tiber, below yon distant bridge.

Within the next three centuries were instituted some of the many convents that might be counted from where I stand, in which numerous fraternities of devoted regulars have dozed away their useless lives in unbroken succession for a thousand years.

From the courts of the Vatican, on my left, issued for ages the Papal bulls, which could dissolve private obligation, and dispense with public allegiance, until the princes of Christendom were taught by the harbingers of reformation to dispute the supremacy, and to doubt the infallibility of the supposed vicar of Christ.

The everlasting High Priest of the Christian dispensation, far from appointing a lordly successor to rule over his flock, expressly abolished the Levitical priesthood, *that he might teach his people himself.*

Yon gloomy turret betrays the Dominican cloister in which the tribunal of the Inquisition long strove, in vain, to stifle the vigorous birth of heaven-born truth.

In the plain upon our right, two centuries before Augustus, encamped the veteran Hannibal, after he had thrice defeated the Roman consuls and dictators, in a toilsome march from the Straits of Gibraltar through Spain, France, and Italy, across the Alps and the Apennines.

Yet, while at one gate lay the victorius Carthagenian, the imperturbable senate sent off recruits, by another, to the army in Spain.

But below me (behind the palace, or the castle) is a modern postern, through which general Berthier, having encamped his

forces on the Monte Maria, penetrated the Papal citadel, and ascended without striking a blow, the capitol of the Cæsars.

Such was, and such is Rome, alike in the tropes of Cicero, and the figures of Gibbon, *the citadel of nations*, and *the metropolis of the globe—the eternal city*, that survived the empire of the world, to establish a new dominion over the nations of the earth.

CHAP. XVII.

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND MANNERS.

THE Italian populace is every where idle, rude, and noisy. In Rome itself the meanest of the people make way for no one; and as they stand chattering upon the narrow footways, where there happens to be any, will oblige the genteelest passengers to turn into the street; nay, retort upon them with insolence, if requested to give way even for a lady.

Yet, in polite address, the French and English second person plural, and the German third, are in Italy sublimely refined into the feminine gender, and John Bull is struck dumb on his arrival at Rome to hear himself ceremoniously announced as "Sua Excellenza."

A common tradesman is designated in writing with "Illustrissime Signor, Signor;" and the usual form of subscription to a letter of business is "Your Slave;" that of *most humble servant* (unworthy as it is of English sincerity) not being quite abject enough for Italian adulation.

The nobility are princes, their houses are palaces, their sons are Cæsars and Scipios; nay, their cooks are "Ministra della Cucina," and their scullions are "Della Famiglia" of such and such a grandee.

In Rome idle beggars will stretch themselves quite across the pavement, and oblige all that pass by to turn out into the mud, or step over their extended limbs, nauseous with real or pretended ulcers.

In the porticoes of frequented churches, lazy raggamuffins will sun themselves upon the steps, and pick vermin from their bodies, in a manner which decency forbids me to describe.

The market-place, a large oblong square, ornamented with

sculptured fountains, under the elegant appellation of Piazza Navona, exhibits twice a week an unparalleled scene of uproar and confusion.

Imagine the hubbub of ten thousand voices, rough with the jargon of a dozen dialects, and hoarse with incessant outcry, opening at once upon the turn of a corner.

A Philadelphian would think there was a fire, and that every man was calling upon his neighbour to help to put it out:—no such matter, they are only endeavouring to cheat one another in counting cabbages and measuring potatoes.

In this interesting operation the buyer struggles for over-measure, and the seller shuffles off under weight, with deafening vociferation.

This amicable mode of interchanging the commodities of life so frequently extends to blows, and would otherwise terminate in pitched battles, that a file of soldiers constantly attend, with shouldered firelocks, to keep the citizens and the country people from falling together by the ears.

In the Corso itself, the chief street of Rome, lined as it is with churches and palaces, we are stunned every morning by day-break with the shrill cries of those who sell fried minnows, or roasted chesnuts, the price of which I shall never forget, for my ears ring with the discordant sounds of

Quattro baioce! Quattro baioce! Quattro baioce!

We learn to count Italian, without intending it, from a butcher's stall just under our windows, where we overhear continually an idle custom, I believe, peculiar to these noisy people, of counting aloud every penny of change, one by one.

For instance, beef is four-pence a pound, and supposing a slip-shod slattern (for such is the appearance of low life in Italy) has bought a pound and a quarter, she will be sure to count out her broad copper baioces,

Uno! Due! Tre! Quattro! Chinque!

in the tones of a bell-man or a ballad-singer.

The Italians still estimate the beginning of the day from the end of it, and count the circling hours from sun-set to four-and-twenty. At noon accordingly, in the summer solstice, the clock strikes sixteen, in the winter nineteen, and as the increase or decrease is often several minutes in a day, the town clocks are hardly ever right, they being only corrected as often as this difference amounts to a quarter of an hour. Thus, for instance, you are gravely advertised by the almanac, that from the 16th

of February to the 24th, it will be noon at a quarter past eighteen; but that on the 24th it will be noon at eighteen o'clock precisely, and so continue till the 6th of March.

The beggars seldom turn out to earn their daily bread till toward noon, when they begin to be hungry, and then you are occasionally serenaded with loud and continual moans, most probably from some impostor more shameless than ordinary, who will exhibit an appearance of accident or disease too shocking to be examined, from which those who choose to drop any thing into his hat, turn away their eyes; and those who do not are fain to cross over the way, or turn about and take up the next street.

This, however, is too great an exertion to be continued long, and too bold an imposition to be suffered twice in the same place; a silent display of palpable wretchedness is much more frequent, like that of Lazarus at the door of Dives.

Of such there were several in my daily walks, whose well-known stations I always avoided by going about, if I had it not in my power to deal out to them the customary tribute; for one must be loaded with pence at Rome, as well as at London, to satisfy all the beggars one meets.

When I first arrived at Rome, I resolved to give nothing to any of the tribe whose age or decrepitude did not interest my feelings, but this resolution cost me more than I gained by it; and I am convinced I should have done better to have taken the opposite extreme, and kept my pocket ready for every applicant, as the cheapest way to get rid of them.

But I could not help being scrupulous of supporting such worthlessness, and my *English* temper was besides unwilling to yield to their irritating importunacy, especially in the churches, where it provoked me beyond measure to see them disturb people at their devotions.

I once saw a dirty sibyl persecute by turns a whole string of kneeling nuns, whispering their orisons two by two before an altar, till she drove them all away, and then turned round to me —you will readily believe for a frowning reprimand.

Another time, while I was sitting in the dusk of the evening at the foot of the statue of St. Andrew, which occupies the hollow face of one of the pillars that support the dome of St. Peter's, two French soldiers suddenly advanced from the Nave, cast their eyes into the air, and walking round to where I sat, asked me in respectful tones, "Est ce donc ici Monsieur la coupole dont on parle tant?"* They were pursued by a ragged

* Is this the dome of which so much is said, Sir?

slattern, as keen as a hawk, teasing them for charity; and though they politely assured her that they had no money to give, she followed them with increasing importunity as far as I could see them.

Besides occasionally collections at St. Peter's, one old woman had a stationary residence in a corner of the Tribune, where she levied a tax upon all who ventured to ascend it; and another at a distance, far beyond the sphere of her influence, got a living by holding up the curtain of a door whenever she saw any body going out that way likely to reward the service.

Every good Catholic seems to hold beggars sacred, as the East Indians are said to venerate their crazy Santos.

I soon found that nobody repelled their importunities but myself; nay, that if they asked alms in the name of the Virgin, "Per la Madonna Santissima," or any favourite saint, such as St. Joseph (the betrothed husband of the Virgin Mother); the St. Francis de Sales, or St. Anthony of Padua, a good Catholic would lift one hand to his hat, though he should not put the other in his pocket.

I must certainly pass for an arch heretic in the streets of Rome, notwithstanding my devout attendance at St. Peter's; for I often refuse importunate beggars without minding what Saint they invoke, yet my credit may be sometimes locally restored when a decrepid old woman kneels before the next Madonna, and prays for the soul of the stranger, that has put into her palsied hand a *paul* or a *scudi*.

Their usual resource of the convents has been cut off ever since the French revolution, but they still hold every devotee under a contribution, which they levy with inexorable strictness on the day of his tutelar saint, and you often see them running in crowds from house to house and demanding their money, as confidentially as if they were suing for a debt.

Perhaps, indeed, they may be thought to earn the gratuity by a Pater-noster, or an Ave-Maria, which the beggar is always expected to say for the soul's health of his benefactor. An additional reason *for giving to all that ask*, as however little the slender faith of a Protestant may be disposed to rely for salvation upon the prayers of another, what sectarian would suffer himself to be suspected of heresy in the sight of the hereditary representatives of the primitive church, when such a trifle would make him pass for a true believer.

The nobility of Rome (for there is no social gradation in Italy comparable to that of gentry in England, and the United States, which, admitting scientific and commercial pursuits, embraces almost exclusively the useful and the agreeable of life) were

never remarkable for their attention to strangers; indeed the very construction of a Roman palace almost precludes the enjoyment of social intercourse, and the exercise of domestic hospitality.

Their family accommodations are inconvenient and remote, and the state apartments of their palaces, or rather museums of painting and sculpture, are only adapted for the gratification of curiosity, or the fluttering circulation of a hundred butterflies at a time, through the prolonged train of anti-chambers, saloons, and drawing-rooms, at a conversazione, or a masquerade.

Their little curiosity, and less exertion, (since the fraternal embraces of the French revolutionists have squeezed their purses) has shut most of them up within their palaces, where they can avoid all expences but those of equipage and attendance; contenting themselves with the occasional display of an old-fashioned coach and six rattling across the ring of the Corso, with half a dozen attendants.

The right honourable practice, however inconsistent with the duty of public worship, indispensible to humbler Christians, which allows the indulgence of a private chapel, or a domestic chaplain, sheds convenient obscurity upon the idleness or inattention of private service. At Rome, as well as at London, the nobility are rarely seen at church. Indeed, throughout Europe, the public practice of the duties of religion is every where left to the decent attention of the middling, and the zealous fervour of the lower classes of society.

I have, however, seen a Roman prince stop his chariot in the dusk of the evening, upon the bridge of St. Angelo, and kneel down in the dirt before a brazen image. A beggar was soon at his side, and as his highness rose from his knees he handed a baioce to the kneeling suppliant, pleased with the opportunity of discharging, at once, the irksome obligations of penitence and charity.

Before the Revolution, the Cardinal de Bernis, so justly celebrated by grateful travellers for his liberal hospitality and polite attention to strangers, prided himself upon reflecting upon the splendour of his court, whose ample allowance to its ambassadors, together with the perquisites of cardinal protector to the Gallician church, enabled the courtly prelate to maintain at Rome the munificence of a prince. His Eminence used to say, with characteristic

gaiety, "Je tiens l'Hôtel de la France, au Carrefour de l'Europe.*

In 1769 (if I recollect right) when the emperor Joseph visited Cardinal Albani, at his celebrated villa, near the Porta Pinciana, the astonished prince praised it so excessively, that the cardinal could do no less than *beseech his majesty to accept of the trifling bauble.* The extravagance of Roman generosity at first embarrassed the titular king of the Romans; but recollecting himself with magnanimity, Joseph II. restored the princely donation, with the royal compliment, that *he was not rich enough to make a suitable return.*

The general idleness of the people of Rome is provoking as well as contemptible to strangers. If you stop to look at any thing, others will stop to look at you. If you cheapen a print or a medal (an indispensible operation in buying any thing upon the continent of Europe, however disagreeable to the feelings of an American) a dozen idlers will be sure to look on till the conclusion of the bargain; perhaps to satisfy their impertinent curiosity, by minutely examining the object of your fancy.

The Romans themselves think it a recommendation to a tradesman, or a confidant, to be a foreigner; and even the members of the Sacred College are rarely natives of Rome.

The few manufactories of mercery or hard-ware are so coarsely finished, that those of France or England are decisively preferred. The art of painting has been again lost at Rome, notwithstanding the pompous apparatus of the Schools of the Conservatory. Only in music, in statuary, and mosaic-work, do they maintain the proud superiority of the Roman name, though engravings, cameos, and intaglios, are yet done at Rome.

Perhaps some of these circumstances may be traced from physical causes. The gradual progress of sculpture indispensibly requires a patient and steady hand. My own acquaintance with statuaries, chiefly in Italy, confirms the observation: to a man I have found them mild and tranquil, no less regular in their motions than steady in their pursuits.

There is certainly something enervating in the general mildness, and occasional heat of the climate of Italy, notwithstanding the enterprising character of the ancient Romans. But it has materially changed since their day; for we learn from Horace, that the streets of Rome were filled, during

* I keep the French Hotel, at the cross roads of Europe.

winter, with ice and snow; and it appears from the satires of Juvenal, that it was nothing uncommon to see the Tiber frozen over, and covered with skating boys, as the surface of the Delaware often is at this day; whereas, at present, the fields are rarely whitened by snow, and the river has not been frozen within the memory of man.

In modern Rome, an essay upon any thing but the wonderful life of the saint that was last canonized would be itself a wonder; and the only newspaper that can be seen at the coffee-houses, or the book-stores, is the still solitary *Gazetta* of Venice, whose name bespeaks the antiquated original of the innumerable advertisers of Europe and America.

Accordingly of the history or geography, the religion or the politics of the surrounding countries, nothing is distinctly known at Rome, and Cardinal A———, when our countryman, W——, was introduced for his protection, as a student of painting from Philadelphia, being then blind with age, desired to feel the features of the young American—the first that had ever appeared at Rome, and with a smile of courtly condescension, he expressed himself agreeably surprised to find that they were not unlike his own.

It is told, I think of Ganganelli, perhaps, because it could not be supposed with probability of any other head which has worn the triple crown since Sixtus V. that his holiness once meeting a capuchin well mounted, humorously asked the bare-footed friar how long it was since St. Francis rode on horseback, and was tartly answered, "Ever since St. Peter rode in a coach."

It is said too, that the same Pope asked Cardinal B—— if he was sincere when he wished he might live for ever, according to the phraseology of etiquette, on his elevation to the papal chair; "As much so," replied his Eminence, "as your Holiness, when you did homage to your beatified predecessor."

At Rome, at least before the French and English taught a better taste, the palm of excellence was distributed among the unrivalled painters of the age of Leo X. by the rules of devotion, rather than those of taste. The Transfiguration of Raphael, the Communion of Domenichino, the Crucifixion of Daniel de Volterre, and the St. Romuald of Andrea Sacchi, were long considered as the finest paintings in Rome, by the devout amateurs of Italy; but since those philosophic nations have revived the art of painting, which

may be said to have died in Italy with Carlo Marratti, at the expiration of the seventeenth century, the four paintings most esteemed at Rome, at least by foreigners, are the Scripture History of the Capella Sistina, by Michael Angelo; the School of Athens, by Raphael; the Aurora, of Guido; and the Cardinal Virtues of Domenichino.

Even in the Capella Sistina, contemporary Romans fixed their admiration upon the picture of the Last Day, in which there are more defects of judgment than flights of imagination. It has been reserved for critics of the French and English schools to distinguish the master-strokes of Michael Angelo among the prophets and sibyls, which had nearly faded from the ceiling before the Italians thought of engraving those matchless compositions of poetic enthusiasm.

Thus too, the Madonna della Sedia of the Palazzo Pitti, now in the private apartments of the Thuilleries, passed current under the name of its author (*il divino Raphaello*) for one of the finest things in the world, till Dr. Moore ventured to promulgate the pictorial heresy, that the Virgin was nothing more than a buxom lass, and the child only a hearty urchin.

The merits of statuary have been alike determined by predilection for a name, witness the monstrous model of the Hercules of Glycon, which, at London, in the full extravagance of unnatural proportions, oppresses, with ponderous and unweildy limbs, the stair-case of the Royal Academy.

At Rome, the devotion of the commonalty is constant and invariable; you would think they had nothing to do but attend to the ceremonies of the church; yet such is the ferment occasioned by the drawing of the lottery, that the quantity of bread then consumed at Rome is observed by the bakers to be perceptibly less than usual. Many of them hear a mass at the next chapel every morning, though in winter, *mattins* take place an hour before day, and between the frequent holydays there is always an illumination; a concert, or a representation in dumb-shew of scripture-history, at one or other of the innumerable churches to amuse every day of the tedious interval between Christmas and Easter, between Easter and the anniversary of St. Peter and Paul, between the anniversary and that of the reigning Pope, and between that and Christmas, beginning again the never ceasing round.

But the sameness of the annual exhibitions is seasonably varied, by occasional interludes, the coronation of a pope,

or the interment of a cardinal, expected with equal eagerness and enjoyed with equal satisfaction by gaping crowds, who thus without perceiving it barter their individual interests for the splendour of the church.

All these operations however are performed with the usual indifference of matters of course. Polite people will compliment one another whilst on their knees before the altar. Devotees will give or take a pinch of snuff, with all the ease of good breeding, between a pater and an ave. The very canons of Saint Peter's will snuff up incense from the consecrated censer, when it is offered them with affected veneration, resume their seats with indifference, and talk away the tedious moments whilst the same ceremony is performed, with graduated abatements, before the beneficiaries and residentiary clerks, nay his holiness himself when kneeling in silent prayer (a custom derived no doubt from the usage of the primitive church) will be surrounded by four of his life-guards, with their hats upon their heads, and drawn swords glittering in their hands, whilst the silence of his clerical attendants is disturbed by the whisperings of impatience, and the importunities of beggary.

The only ceremony that I ever observed to be accompanied with much appearance of mental fervour, or heartfelt zeal, was the singing of the litany in a kind of evening service, which is peformed before the Madonnas, at the corners of the streets.

The assistants at this ceremony, like those who sing psalms in protestant churches, are seldom deficient in zeal, whatever else they may lack, and it has often stirred up my own stagnant piety, to hear them from our windows of an evening praying with devout vociferation, before an image in the corso, in a language they did not understand.

Virgo pussima! Ora pro nobis!
Mater dolorissima! Ora pro nobis!
Regina altissima! Ora pro nobis!*

When they have all their changes to the same monotonous tune, they generally conclude with a solemn intonation in their native tongue:

* Most pious virgin! Pray for us!
Most sorrowful mother! Pray forus!
Most potent queen! Pray for us!

Eviva! Maria!
Maria! Eviva!
Eviva! Maria! Eviva! Eviva!
Eviva! Maria! E'chi la creo!*

LETTER XVIII.

CEREMONIES OF THE CHURCH OF ROME.

IN the month of October the pope performs an apostolical visitation, going every day in state to assist at high mass in one or other of the innumerable temples, whose privileged shrines have given to Rome the surname of *La Santa*, and his holiness compliments the patrons of eight or ten particular churches by attending on the day of their anniversaries, when he is borne aloft on men's shoulders, through the long-drawn aisles.

The papal functions at the celebration of Christmas begin an hour before midnight, at the private chapel of the palace on Monte Cavallo.

The Capella Paulina is a parallelogram of thirty feet by ninety, with a flat ceiling. At one end of it is an altar overshadowed by a purple canopy, on one side of which is the pontifical throne, on the other a gallery for the papal band, concealed from view by a screen of trellis work. Between them are raised seats for the cardinals, before which are footstools for their clerical attendants, whose business it is to adjust the robes of their eminences, according to the established ceremonial.

The Sanctum Sanctorum is separated from the lower end of the chapel, in which attendants and spectators are allowed to stand promiscuously, by a low railing, on which are placed six or eight massy candlesticks, with enormous wax candles, which are always kept burning in time of service, whether it be day or night.

Near the railing is a raised pew, latticed round, in which ladies are permitted to attend, provided they appear in black, and veiled.

Into this chapel, illuminated with consecrated tapers, the cardinals in robes of scarlet, having been previously seated around the papal throne, at eleven o'clock on Christmass eve, in the year 1801 entered Pius VII. arrayed in a scarlet robe, embroidered with gold, having on his head

* Long live Mary, and he who created her!

an episcopal mitre, sparkling with precious stones, the united voices of a dozen musicians ascending at the same moment.

When the pope had seated himself on the throne he graciously received the homage of the cardinals, who approached his footstool one by one, in a continued row of adulatory attendance, under a thundering intonation from the gallery, which continued till their eminencies had resumed their seats, received the papal blessing, which was three times thrown over the beaming circle, and graciously snuffed up the smoking incense, which had been cast by his holiness himself upon the live coal of the censer, presented to him by kneeling prelates, after having been consecrated at the altar to scent with its spicy odours, perhaps to purify with its penetrating fumes, the possible, or probable uncleanness of princely ministration.

After this ceremony had been performed, the music ceased; *silence prevailed for half an hour*, their eminences muttering private ejaculations with different degrees of zeal. At midnight all was still: during the solemn pause, anxious with expectation, cardinal Litta, a tall and graceful figure, advanced with a measured step to the middle of the floor, which is on this occasion covered with green cloth; his scarlet robes flowing behind him, in an ample train, and pronounced aloud, from a brazen eagle (upon whose outspread wings had been unfolded the sacred volume) those passages of unparalleled sublimity, in which St. Luke has recorded the annunciation of the Messiah.

Now you hear the magnificent prelude of John the Baptist:

Vox clamantis in deserto, Parate viam Domini,*

Anon you listen to the grand accompaniment of *the Heavenly Host*, singing and praising God in the air:

Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra, pax in Homines benevolentia.†

And you retire from the imposing scene, your ears still tingling with the joyful acclamation of Simeon, the man just and devout, that had long waited for the consolation of Isarel, who when the child Jesus was presented in the Temple took him up in his arms and blessed the God of

* The voice of one crying in the wilderness; Prepare ye the way of the Lord.
† Glory to God in the highest. Peace on earth and good will to men.

Israel, who had raised him up, according to his promise, a Horn of Salvation in the house of his servant David:

Nunc dimittis servum tuum Domine!*

Nobody goes to bed at Rome on Christmas-eve; men women and children are up in arms the whole night, running about from concert to illumination, and from illumination to concert.

There was a splendid illumination of the high altar at the beautiful church of San Luigi de Francisi, where the innumerable lights had a brilliant effect upon the gilded stucco of the nave; but the clergy of St. Apollinaire, I know not for what reason, disappointed the public of a concert which had been devoutly expected.

This desultory movement wears away the night, and toward morning every body flocks to see the Bambino, at Santa Maria Maggiore.

Here a wax baby is produced by the canon, in a side chapel at the lower end of the church. We were told they had one of silver before the incursion of the French.

The Bambino is carried in procession upon a bed of state, beneath a lofty canopy, thousands of Transteverini following pellmell, and singing with all their might, to the upper end of the church, where the iron gates of the chapel of Sixtus V are thrown open to receive it, and a concert of instrumental music is performed from the organ loft, in emulation of the symphonies of the Heavenly Host, when the real Messiah was ushered into the world.

At day-break it is brought forth, with the profoundest reverence and placed upon the high altar, between two Seraphs, who guard it with their wings.

Here it remains all day to receive the tardy and less tumultuous homage of the genteeler classes of society.

As we went home to breakfast charity was asked in the name of the new born Bambino, to whom even the Madonna Santissima yields the precedence on Christmas day.

She had been serenaded every morning for a month past, at the corners of the streets, by Calabrian pipers, whose devout attendance ceasing on the happy delivery, the monks of Santa Maria now vied with the nuns of St. Joseph in their respective exhibitions of the holy family in the stable of Bethlehem.

At ten o'clock high mass was celebrated by the pope

* Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.

himself at St. Peter's, attended by all the cardinals, in episcopal habits flowered with silver, and bordered with Brussels lace, a temporary throne and seats having been erected for their accommodation in the tribune.

On this occasion the Latin and Greek gospels were chanted by the priests of the respective churches, with that peculiar monotony, which seems to have been appropriated to the reading of the scriptures, by ancient and modern Christians, with universal consent.

The pope's dress was frequently changed during the ceremony, as some operations were to be performed in a red cloak, and some in a white one, and some things were to be done with the mitre on, and some with it off.

He received the communion in both kinds himself, sucking a drop of wine from the chalice, through a golden pipe, a custom introduced, it seems, about the tenth century, and since discontinued, except by the pope, whose peculiar privilege it is to do nothing like other people.

The pontiff afterward administered the wafer to each of the cardinals, and was borne away on men's shoulders, under a silken canopy, a fan of ostrich feathers waving on each side of his chair, while drawn swords glittered before and behind.

There must have been five thousand people at St. Peter's on this occasion, yet there was no crowding: there would have been room for as many more within the circumference of the dome alone, and I make no doubt but that all the people in Philadelphia might have been present, and left room to spare in the immense recesses of this gigantic edifice.

On such occasions the pope is slowly conveyed to church in an old fashioned state coach, drawn by six horses, the postillions riding before his holiness, bare-headed, a low coachman's box covered with scarlet damask, the livery of the postillions being always left vacant to give a full view through the fore glass.

This vain parade is preceded by an ecclesiastic, mounted upon *an ass*, though bearing in his hand a golden cross. Thus proudly imitating the humble Jesus, when *he rode into Jerusalem upon an ass's colt*. The way too is strewed with tanners' bark, in imitation of the palms and garments which were then strewed before the Son of David.

But when the prince bishop rides out to take the air, he drives furiously through the streets of Rome in a travelling

coach, preceded by horse-guards, with their swords drawn, and followed by attendant ecclesiastics, in two or three coaches and four.

Every body runs to the window at the cry of, *Il papa! Il papa!* the devout kneel before this heterogeneous rattle, in which the prelate would be quite lost in the prince, if his equivocal holiness did not betow his blessing as he passes, by waving his right hand over the prostrate crowd, while strangers stare or smile at the incongruous medley of things sacred and profane.

The officers of the pope's army, more willingly contemplate him as a prince than as a priest. They never speak of the pontiff, but always of the sovereign, and they scarcely know how to keep themselves in countenance at the head of their ranks, when according to the established etiquette they fall upon one knee and ground their arms before the pope's coach, or face about to that of a cardinal with the military salute.

The papal troops, however, have at last thrown away their antiquated helmets and breast plates, and now appear equally formidable in a hat and feather; but they still perform the evolutions of tactics with less dexterity than the ceremonies of religion.

Even the regimental band, when it plays martial airs, seems like church music in comparison of the deafening clamour of English drums, and the penetrating vibration of French trumpets, the favourite instruments of those rival nations, with which they are always threatening revenge or breathing defiance against each other.

Modern Rome has been emphatically called the kingdom of priests. Every third or fourth person you meet is a limb of the priesthood, and many of them make a very genteel appearance in suits of black, being only distinguished from laymen by their flapped hats and silken skirts.

The same three cornered hat which is worn at Bethlehem or Philadelphia by *the brother* or *the friend*, at Rome would bespeak an abbé, perhaps a cardinal, for the red hat is only worn in full dress, and a lady abbess in the streets of Philadelphia might pass for *a single Sister* or *a Matron friend.*

These are the gentry of the church, and to say nothing of the cardinals in their coaches, with three footmen in laced liveries behind, and a spare carriage for attendant ecclesiastics, they contrast as much as laymen themselves

with the vulgar herd of monks and friars, in the livery of St. Benedict, St. Dominic, or St. Francis.

The latter use no linen, wear sandals, instead of shoes, and carry a knotted rope about their middle, the symbol, perhaps the instrument of penance and mortification.

Yet even these pure patterns of catholic humility sometimes throw away the dingy weeds of their order for the imperial purple of the college of cardinals, and ascend in their turn the papal throne to wield with one hand the temporal sword, and with the other the spiritual rod, over the prostrate subjects of this twofold empire.

The other day there was high mass at the pope's chapel, I forget on what occasion, but I perfectly remember the ceremony.

Ascending to Monte Cavallo, at eleven o'clock, I found the court-yard rattling with the coaches of the cardinals, and mounting the great stair-case with a crowd of priestly personages, some of them in red hats, I amused myself with seeing their eminences robed by their attendants without the rails of the chapel.

Among the rest came Cardinal York, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. His approach was marked by unusual respect from the opening crowd of attendants and spectators, in the lobby of the chapel, and the good old man made every body happy, by that familiar affability, which distinguishes his royal cousin, the K—— of G—— B——. He resembles him as much in countenance, and that legitimacy need no longer be denied to the cardinal Duca, which was politically disputed with the elder scyon of the unfortunate house of Stuart, in the person of the pretender.

The cardinal is now the last representative of the abdicated family, and has merited by his peculiar protection of Englishmen at Rome, the royal pension of 5000l. sterling, which has been nobly remitted him from England, ever since the late revolution, to enable him to support the dignity of a prince of the blood of England.

When the consistory was assembled, the pope entered, the band singing an anthem, unaccompanied by instruments, none being allowed in the presence of the pontiff. I suppose, from the usage immemorial of the catholic church.

His holiness having seated himself upon the throne, and being attended on the right hand by a solemn pageant in a black gown and full bottomed wig, too aptly represent-

ing the degraded dignity of a Roman senator, received the customary homage, and pronounced the customary blessing, in the imposing attitude of standing up, and throwing out the right hand, with expanded fingers.

After the adoration mass was said by a cardinal, richly attired in episcopal surcoats, an attendant ecclesiastic holding up the white silk cloak, embroidered with silver, just high enough to shew his red shoes, and the fine lace of his lawn surplice, over the glowing scarlet of his under garments.

During the celebration, a cardinal bishop, having the mitre on his head, was seated in an armed chair, supported by the symbols of the four Evangelists, on the right hand of the altar, his eyes cast down, as if absorbed in meditation, and his hands extended, one upon each knee, in white gloves, tiff with embroidery.

This hereditary representative of primitive perfection sat the whole time perfectly motionless, unless when he affected to incline his ear to the reading of the gospels, a practice probably imitated by uninterrupted succession, from the deafness of the patriarchs of the church.

When the pope had received the communion, in both kinds, kneeling before the altar, during which ceremony there was total silence, and was again seated on his throne, the band burst forth in tones of exultation, while the pontiff, and afterward the cardinals, each in his turn, were liberally perfumed with incense by a stout ecclesiastic, who tossed the censor before their sanctities with an air of the profoundest veneration.

A dominican monk, in the habit of his order, which is black with a broad white cape, hats being allowed to the genteeler classes of monks, instead of cowls, now preached a sermon before their eminencies in sonorous Latin, which he pronounced with all the distinctness of enunciation, and temperance of gesture, becoming, in the presence of a princely audience.

To descend from the aerial elevation of the papal chapel to the subterraneous vaults of the confraternity of the dead, or charnel-house of human bones, under one of the sixty or seventy churches at Rome, which have been dedicated to the Virgin Mary, since the expiration of the two first ages of Christianity.

In these gloomy recesses, haunted by superstitious visions, was first imagined the prayer of forty hours, an exhibition of the sacrament, day and night, upon an illumi-

nated altar, which is attended in turn by the priests of the respective churches, where it is exhibited once a year, and visited by all the devout of the neighbourhood, who embrace these opportunities to signalize their zeal by midnight devotion.

The celebration of the Ottavario delle Morte (the week of the dead) peculiarly belongs to this consecrated brotherhood, though every church in Rome then exhibits upon its pavement a general pall crowned with a death's head and hung with cross bones. Around this simulatory the friends and relations of all who have perished in the ocean, or been slain in battle during the past year, have an opportunity to attend the imaginary obsequies, and thus bestow on their unburied reliques the benefit of Christian burial.

On this occasion the vaults of "our lady," adjured by the solemn surnames "of prayer" and "of death", completely lined, paved, and arched over with human bones in every variety of arrangement, sometimes ridiculously horrible, are fitted up with a dramatic representation of the pool of Bethesda, designed to induce the crowding populace to have masses said in the church above for the souls of their departed friends, who may be thus (say the priests at the altar) as surely delivered from the pains of purgatory, as the infirm man in the gospel would have been cured of his infirmity, if he had any body to have thrown him into the pool, *when the angel troubled the water.*

Marvel not, gentle reader, at the furniture of this sepulchre, a vault is a suitable receptacle for dead men's bones. I could take thee to a church beside the dome of St. Peter's where thou mightest see the walls of a frequented chapel, entirely constructed with the bones of thy fellow creatures, exposed in the face of day.

There death's heads would mock thee from storied windows, and disjointed bones would threaten thee from tottering pinnacles, reared upon gothic buttments of fantastic lightness, knotted with the balls and sockets of kness and elbows, bleaching in the wind.

But dry bones are not the only reliques of the dead, which are indecently exposed in catholic countries. Their sallow corpses are conveyed to church upon an open bier, accompanied by hired fraternities, who attend in white frocks, under the disguise of a mask, and the rude mummers often talk and sometimes laugh aloud as they roar out unhallowed hymns along the inattentive streets.

A prince or a prelate will lie in state for a day or two,

surrounded with burning tapers upon the pavement of a nave, and canopied by the arcades of a church, hung with black and fringed with tinsel.

A few days ago I saw the emaciated features of the Prince de M—— exposed in this shocking manner, in full dress, to the gaping populace, his hat upon his head, his sword by his side, and his shoes on his feet, while masses were saying in a dozen chapels for the doubtful repose of his soul; though I never understood but what he was a good catholic, and as such must have had the benefit of *plenary indulgence* and apostolic benediction.

Enough, you'll say, of the ceremonies of the holy Roman church; but the scene must change to a guard-house. I have beheld, would you believe it, the inside of a prison, and felt the feverish impatience of involuntary confinement for four-and-twenty hours together.

The last moonlight nights tempted me to break through the gentle restraints of my prudent adviser, on a solitary excursion through the most unfrequented parts of Rome.

I must needs see the dancing moon-beams shoot a fairy glimmer athwart the colonnades of St. Peter's, and pour a stream of silver across the mountain of the dome.

I must needs explore the bleak arcades of the amphitheatre, infamous for the resort of thieves and murderers, when their frowning horrors were dimly reflected by the lunar ray.

As I contemplated the vast circumference and unequal dilapidation of the crumbling walls, they faintly resounded to the broken chant of a solitary friar, slumbering over his nocturnal orisons by a glimmering straw light, in the lonely oratory, which has been erected to consecrate the unhallowed spot.

If I had not been an incorrigible amateur of the sublime, in the composition of which, unfortunately, terror is an indispensible ingredient, I might have taken warning from the dozing mutterer, and gone home while I was well; but I had still another object of moonlight devotion, the portico of St. John de Lateran, and the obelisk of Thebes.

I scanned the mystic column, and I viewed the elevation of the portico in every direction of picturesque effect, till a penitent kneeled before the gates, and dissolved the charm, whereupon I turned about for home, which my long and hasty strides promised to reach in half an

hour, and bless me again with the smiles of expeting affection.

But the moment I reached the portentous walls of the Coliseum, I was arrested with a shrill "Chi é?"* It was uttered by the nightly watch, who meeting me at such an hour, in a place so suspicious, demanded my passport. I felt for it, but found it not, and though I had in my head a smattering of half the languages in Europe, I was unable to make them understand me. They therefore hurried me to the guard-house, and left me to ruminate upon my situation in charge of the corporal of the night.

I sent off one soldier after another to relieve the anxiety of my wife, with the intelligence of my confinement. But they returned, one after another, without finding my lodgings, though I could repeat to them by heart that they were "Incontro San Carlo al Corso."†

I vented myself at first by rating at their unaccountable stupidity in a hodge podge of languages, the chief ingredient of which was French, though it was highly seasoned with Latin and Italian phrases of vexation and contempt; but toward midnight I was stung to desperation by the distress of my wife, and compelled the astonished corporal to let me go, under a guard, on a promise to return as soon as I had informed her of my situation.

By this time the moon was obscured by clouds, there fell a drizzling rain, we made a circuit through lanes and alleys to avoid being hailed by the main-guard, and as soon as I came within sight of our chambers, I perceived the partner of my heart at her windows listening to every breeze.

The sight of me was sufficient, though under a guard of soldiers, and she willingly permitted me to go back with them, accompanied by our landlord, whom she had vainly importuned to go in search of her husband, among the broken vaults of the Coliseum, where she had fancied him weltering in his blood.

The landlady, however, had endeavoured to console her by praying before a picture of "Our lady of miracles," that the unhappy *Forestiesi* might be restored by her propitious interference.

Next morning I was transferred to the main-guard, in the Piazza Colonna, between two soldiers, who had

* Whos there? † Opposite to St. Charles's in the Corso.

been directed to leave their arms behind them, in deference to the confidential appearance of their prisoner.

Here I could contemplate at leisure the bas-reliefs of the Colonna Antonina, in the middle of the square, for the officers on duty received me with politeness, and left me at large, in their own apartments, excusing the unnecessary officiousness of the watch.

I was soon waited on by the Abbé C——, a lively little Cicerone, well known to the officers of government, at the request of our affectionate landlord, who assured me, with tears in his eyes, that he would not rest till he had procured my enlargement.

The Abbé was no sooner withdrawn than my dear B—— ascended the stairs of my prison, through a file of soldiers, and entered, with a smile of serenity, before the officers of the guard.

But it was not till after night that our worthy landlord brought me a discharge, which it had been impossible to procure before, from the insolence of power or the delays of office, telling me in a whisper, that I might think myself well off to have fallen into the hands of the soldiers, for the sbirri (a sort of constables) would have stripped me of my watch and money, as the perquisites of their rapacity, for which there was no redress, as they were under the protection of a well known cardinal.

A few days after this vexatious adventure took place, the coronation of the immortal Pio Settimo, as the modern Romans make no more scruple to call one tottering prelate after another than did the ancient to deify their living emperors.

This ceremony is perhaps more properly the taking possession of the church of St. John de Lateran, and being installed as universal bishop in the see of Rome. It had been deferred nearly two years for political reasons, but was now performed with great pomp in the presence of a hundred thousand spectators.

The day was fine, and the streets of Rome, from the palace to the church, were lined with impatient crowds, and gaily adorned with silken tapestry, streaming from every window.

The courts and the fields around the church, for like many other ancient churches at Rome, St. John's is now quite out of town, though within the walls of the ancient city, swarmed with people on foot and in carriages.

At some distance to the left of the noble portico, already

described, a pavillion had been fitted up for the senator of Rome, the representative of the temporal administration of this ghostly empire.

His lordship soon appeared in a state-coach, and took the station, from which he was to address the pontiff in a set speech, upon his arrival on the ground.

The train of the state pageant was followed by those of the temporal barons, who alighted in the court, and ranged themselves, according to their rank, within the portico, where they were to do homage to their spiritual sovereign, as he passed into the church.

The papal troops now took possession of the avenues, and ranged a dozen pieces of cannon in front of the parade.

An hour afterward appeared the pope, drawn in a magnificent coach of state, in which he was attended by two prelates bare-headed.

He was arrayed in white and silver, and listened with condescending inattention to the tedious harangue of the senator, at the coach side, being evidently discomposed at the sight of the innumerable multitude by which he was surrounded.

From time immemorial their holinesses on this occasion have been reverently led to church, mounted upon a white palfrey, and sheltered from rain or sunshine, by a silk umbrella, held over their heads by a sturdy priest. Ganganelli, was, I think, the first that ventured to break through the antiquated custom in this age of universal innovation.

Their clerical attendants however still ride after them, in the style of antiquity, and make a respectable appearance on horseback, as they follow two and two, in flowing cloaks of purple cloth.

While the pope was received on the steps, and conducted into the portico to accept the homage of the barons we got into the church, with great difficulty, under favour of the guards on duty.

We found the spacious aisles by no means crowded, though thousands of people genteely dressed, no others being admitted, were already ranged on both sides of the files of soldiers, which lined a broad passage from the great door to the high altar, a distance of two hundred feet.

The pope's band, in linen vestments, waited within the folding doors, and the moment they were thrown open they

raised a solemn intonation, as the new pope entered the majestic aisle, which is so nobly ornamented by colossal statues of the twelve apostles, the college of cardinals falling into his train from a side chapel richly habited in episcopal garments of white silk, embroidered with silver, having mitres of the same on their heads.

The pope now paid his devotion, during a pause of silence at a side altar, and returning to the nave with the attendant train of cardinal bishops, he proceeded round the high altar to the tribune, ascended the throne, and was invested with the triple crown, sparkling with diamonds, and beaming with rubies and sapphires.

After the coronation, the pope ascended to the second story of the portico. The great doors were thrown open below, and every body hastened to the principal front of this venerable edifice to see "the vicar of Christ" appear at the balcony, and pronounce absolvatory benediction from an elevation of fifty feet.

The moment the pope advances, like a fairy vision, invisibly supported over the heads of attending cardinals, the cannons roar; they are reverberated from the distant castle; the great bell of St. John's rings out, and ten thousand voices shout at once,

Eviva! Eviva!

The pope rises from his seat. All is instantly still as midnight. The people throw themselves upon their knees, to receive the apostolic benediction. The pope pronounces it, with extended arms, and is again withdrawn, as if by art magic, during a thundering peal of universal acclamation.

LETTER XIX.

A HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE CORRUPTION OF CHRISTIANITY, AND THE INTRODUCTION OF THE PAPAL HIERARCHY.

ROME, if not the birth-place, may be considered as the nursery of Christianity, in which the doctrine of a crucified Redeemer was declared by the companions of his suffer-

ings, and the witnesses of his resurrection. Every thing here calls to mind the religion of Jesus. The churches and even the palaces abound with the most correct representations of sacred history; the self-denial and humility of the monastic orders are palpable indications of primitive simplicity; and the life and conversation of the Son of God are perpetually recalled by a round of imitative ceremonies, which, together with the essential circumstances of his birth and death, renew, to the eye the minute transactions of *appearing before Pilate*, or *washing his disciples' feet*. *The angel of the church*, to use a scripture metaphor, has not yet lost all his original brightness,

> Nor appears less than arch-angel ruin'd,
> And th' excess of glory obscur'd.*

A secret reformation, at least of life and manners, has taken place even at Rome, since the rise and establishment of the protestant professions; and the important variation has been observed to obtain in catholic countries, in proportion as they communicate with the reformed. The Saviour of the world was himself born in a province of the Roman empire, and suffered *for our sins* without the gates of Jerusalem, under the authority of Pontius Pilate, the proconsul of Judea, as we learn from the text of Tacitus, as well as the united testimony of the four Evangelists.

> Auctor nominis ejus Christus, qui Tiberio imperitante, per procuratorem Pontium Pilatum supplicio affectus erat.†

After the dissemination of the gospel, and the settlement of the churches, so eloquently described by St. Luke in his narrative of the acts of the Apostles, in the sixty-fourth year of Christ, the tyrant Nero fomented against the Christians throughout the Roman empire, which then included the greater part of the civilized world, the first general persecution, in which suffered martyrdom at Rome the holy apostles St. Peter and St. Paul. This affliction terminated with the untimely death of that inhuman monster, and it was not till the ninety-third year of the Christian æra, that the second persecution, which also involved the Jews, was

* Milton.

† The name (Christians) was derived from Christ, who suffered in the reign of Tiberius, under Pontius Pilate, the procurator of Judea. ——Tacitus, Annal. 15. s. 44.

instigated by the jealousy of Domitian, a worthless prince, who was weak enough to dread the rivalry of the house of David, although, as had been foretold by the prophets, it had ceased to sit upon the throne of Israel. It was during this persecution that the apostle John, who had so long survived his lord, was banished to the isle of Patmos, where he wrote the celebrated visions of futurity, so sublimely couched in the mystic verses of the book of Revelations. The canonical books of the New Testament are supposed to have received the sanction of the church before the death of *the beloved disciple*, who departed this life at the venerable age of a hundred, or as some say a hundred and twenty years. Clemens, then bishop of Rome, who afterward sealed with his blood the testimony of Jesus, was particularly instrumental in the collection of the sacred records.

Very soon after the removal of the last of the apostles, whose parting admonitions to the church of Ephesus are said to have been little more than a melting effusion of pastoral anxiety, "little children, love one another," those national councils began to be held in Greece, which by reducing the privileges of the people, and augmenting the authority of the priests, gave rise to that overbearing prescription, which afterward absorbed the independence of the churches, and made way for the introduction of an anti-christian hierarchy.

It appears by Paul's Epistles, and by the revelations of John, that heresies and disputes had troubled the church even in the age of the apostles.* Separate associations were established among the believers, within the first century of Christianity; the practice of fasting was early superadded to the precepts of Christ, and it was not long before the church was divided into two sects, who peculiarly adhered to the ceremonies of the law, or the simplicity of the gospel. Both parties however were jealous toward God, and suffered indiscriminately, as confessors of Christ, the persecution of the heathen magistrates, who had now become jealous for the honour of their discredited divinities.

In the second century, the splendid æra of Trajan, Adrian, and the Antonines (notwithstanding the apologies of Justin Martyr, Athenagoras and Tatian, in defence of their Christian brethren) prevailed with unrelenting rigour the third, fourth and fifth persecutions, during which Ignatius bishop

* See Galatians i. 6. and iii. 1—3. and Revelations ii. 1—29. and iii. 1—19.

of Antioch was conveyed to Rome and exposed to wild beasts in the public theatre, and Polycarp bishop of Smyrna, was cruelly slain. In the days of Trajan, the philosophic Pliny, being then governor of Pontus and Bithynia, wrote to the emperor, who was celebrated for the general equity of his administration, to know his will as to the rigorous prosecution of the laws against the Christians. "Because," says the mild proconsul, "those of them whom I have examined maintained that they had been guilty of no crime, saying that they used to assemble before day-light to sing hymns to Christ, as unto God; and that "they sometimes came together for the purpose of breaking bread in common; but that they were bound not to lie, nor steal, nor yet withhold the property of others, but to abstain from all iniquity." The emperor's reply bears equal testimony to the innocency of the first Christians: "they need not be sought after," says he, "but if they are brought before you they must be punished."* In the reign of Marcus Aurelius occurred the supposed miracle of the Christian legion (for professing Christians had already forgotten the peaceful precepts of him that taught his followers to *love their enemies*). In the wars of Germany the doubtful event of a battle had been decided in favour of the Romans by a storm which blew directly in the faces of their adversaries, when the zealots of the camp attributed to their urgent prayers a natural effect, which was with equal devotion ascribed by the rest of the army to *the signal piety* of the heathen emperor; as the figure of Jupiter Fluvius pouring rain on the fainting Romans, and thunderbolts on their enemies (which may be seen to this day in the bas-reliefs of the pillar of Antoninus) evidently testifies. Yet Christianity appears to have flourished in the second century, since churches were then established in the western provinces of the empire, and several philosophers and men of learning had embraced the

* I subjoin for the satisfaction of the curious, the original of these unequivocal testimonials. They were written in the 7th year of Trajan, which answers to the 105th of the Christian æra. Pliny, the younger, to the emperor Trajan. "Affirmabant autem, hanc fuisse summam, vel culpæ suæ, vel erroris, quod essent soliti stato die ante lucem convenire, carmenque Christo, quasi Deo, dicere secum invicem: seque sacramento non in scelus aliquod obstringere, sed ne furta, ne latrocinia, ne adulteria committerent, ne fidem fallerent, ne depositum appellati abnegarent. Quibus peractis morem sibi discedendi fuisse, rursusque coëundi ad capiendum cibum, promiscuum tamen, et innoxium." Book X. Ep. 97. Trajan to Pliny "Conquirendi non sunt: si deferantur et arguantur, puniendi sunt." Book X. Ep. 98.

faith of Christ. The sixth persecution took place in the beginning of the third century, under the emperor Severus, although the cause of the Christians was now ably defended by Tertullian, Origen, and Irenæus.

A sect of ascetics had already begun to spread itself in Egypt, though the professors of austerity did not yet form themselves into those regular communities by which the Christian world was afterward over-run. They introduced the system of voluntary mortifications by denying themselves the use of wine, of flesh, and even the exercise of the lawful rights of commerce and matrimony. A dereliction of first principles rapid indeed, since *forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats,* had been indicated by St. Paul, as *a doctrine of devils, which should designate the institutions of the future antichrist.* At Rome ceremonious observances were early introduced, under the specious pretence of alluring the Jews, and even the heathens, to the profession of Christianity, by the adoption of some of their rites; and before the end of the second century, the purity of gospel worship had been adulterated with anniversary festivals and officiating garments; the payment of tithes had succeeded to the voluntary contributions of the faithful; and the love feast of the communion was converted into an imaginary sacrifice.

Early in the third century churches were established in Transalpine Gaul, and among the forests of Germany; but a seventh persecution arose under Maximin; which was followed by the eighth under Decius, Gallus, and Volusianus; as was that by the ninth, under Valerian. Yet before the tenth and last persecution, under the magnificent Diocletian (who is said to have employed forty thousand Christians in the construction of those baths, whose imperial extent is now occupied by the cells and gardens of a carthusian convent) the church had become powerful and even splendid. Edifices had been erected for public worship, embellished with painting and mosaics; vessels of silver and gold were used in the pompous celebration of the sacraments, and the dignified clergy, among whom the bishops of Rome, Antioch, and Alexandria, had obtained the pre-eminency of their brethren in the sacerdotal office, had appropriated to the episcopal functions the use of canopies and thrones. The clergy of the adulterated church were not yet however *forbidden to marry,* although abstinence was already respected as a clerical virtue.

The Diocletian persecution, which had been suggested

by the priests of polytheism, upon malicious charges of disloyalty and sedition, not improbably provoked by the ostentatious presumption of the christian bishops (among of whom, however, the life of Cyprian bishop of Carthage appears to have *adorned the doctrine of the Gospel)* began in the year 303, and continued to rage with different degrees of inveteracy, under Galerius Maximin, until in 313, Constantine, surnamed the Great, having been invested with the imperial purple by the legions of Britain, overthrew his rival Maxentius upon the banks of the Tyber, under the influence of a pretended vision of the cross, and from motives of policy or conviction embraced the profession of Christianity, which had become in three centuries, under ten persecutions, the prevailing religion of the Roman Empire.

The imperial conversion was not however promulgated by laws and edicts till the year 324, and it was not until the latter end of his life and reign that the political proselyte thought proper to prohibit heathen sacrifices, and shut the temples of the gods. Nay, Constantine himself did not submit to receive the rite of baptism till a few days before his death, in 337; and his equivocal faith may be fairly presumed from the absence of the cross in all the statues and bas-reliefs which have yet been discovered of the first christian emperor. Theodosius the elder, the purity of whose belief is demonstrated to indulgent credulity by the magnificent edifice he dedicated to St. Paul, which is yet standing in forsaken solitude without the walls of Rome) is the first of his sucessors whose ambiguous piety the church has thought proper to celebrate. Nor was it till the reign of Honorius, and the opening of the fourth century, that the profession of christianity, adopted by the emperors, was finally embraced throghout the empire, which tardily relinquished the worship of its idols.

But the impending corruption of christianity awaited not its complete induction. Father Antony in Egypt, and in France Martin of Tours formed regular communities, and prescribed fixed rules for that abstinence and seclusion which had been already observed by solitary hermits and sequestered virgins, who conceiving that communion with God was to be obtained by withdrawing the mind from external objects, began their noviciate by mortifying sense and macerating the rebellious body with hunger and fatigue. The provinces of the East were soon filled with these speculative professors, their arid climate pre-

disposing them to temperance and contemplation; but though monastic institutions were peopled in the West with equal ardour and devotion, their indulgent inhabitants were long accused by the eastern visionaries of voraciousness and gluttony. On the other hand, at the council of Nice, at which appeared ecclesiastical delegates from all the churches in Christendom, the noviciate emperor presided in person, and the innovating bishops, not content with excluding the people from all share in the administration of ecclesiastical affairs, now boldly encroached upon the authority of the presbyters, who appear to have been thenceforward little more than humble ministers to the arrogance and luxury of their lordly superiors. Although Christ himself had said to his immediate follower, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."*

Pictures were not yet common in churches, and statues were unknown: but the names of departed saints were already venerated; the antiquated practice of christian perfection was relinquished, for the vain hope of future purification; and the duties of social life were commuted for idle visits to the tombs of the martyrs, and vagrant pilgrimages to the holy land. Baptismal fonts were now set up in the porch of every church, and bread and wine of the communion began to be held up for the veneration of the people. Yet the ceremony of the Lord's Supper was still only celebrated on the first day of the week, and other festivals; and all the communicants were yet suffered to partake of both the symbols of the flesh and blood of Christ, then and since so grossly mistaken, as referring to the carnal body of Him who himself declared to the worldly minded Jews, "The flesh profiteth nothing. My words they are spirit and they are life".†

In the fourth century however flourished Eusebius the historian, bishop of Cæsarea; Augustine bishop of Hippo in Africa; Ambrose, bishop of Milan; and Jerome, the monk of Palestine, to whose labours we are indebted for the Latin translation of the Scriptures, which has been chiefly followed by the pious divines, who have transfused the glad tidings of the Gospel into the languages of modern Europe.

The fifth century, unhappily for christianity, together with an indiscriminate reception of proselytes to policy or conviction, adopted without reserve the heathen custom of ornamenting temples with painting and statuary; the

* Matt. xxiii. 8. † John iv. 63.

embroidering of sacerdotal garments with gold and silver, and the institution of novel and ostentatious ceremonies. Pagan ideas were also now imbibed concerning departed souls, heroes, demons, &c. and the absolvatory penance of grievous sinners, originally made in the presence of the congregation was commuted, with courtly indulgence, by Leo the Great, for private confession, in the ear of a listening priest.

The second general council, that of Constantinople, which had established the doctrine of the Trinity in the year 381, was followed by the council of Ephesus, called together by Theodosius the younger, not as St. Paul advised the believers *to provoke one another to love and good works*; but to determine a dispute between Nestorius and Cyril, in which the apostate doctors anathematized each other with mutual animosity, whether the title of *mother of God* should be conferred upon the Virgin Mary, or only that of *mother of Christ*. This *sage* consulta met again ten years later to decide upon the two natures of Christ, when the heretical doctrine of one incarnate nature triumphed among the benighted fathers, and Flavianus, its principal opponent, was by their order ignominiously whipped.

The fourth council, called the council of Chalcedon, which was summoned by Marcian in 451, annulled the acts of the second session of the council of Ephesus, condemned its president, Dioscorous bishop of Alexandria, to deposition and banishment, and finally established the orthodox doctrine of *two distinct natures*, the human and the divine, in the person of Christ. The council of Chalcedon is the last general council whose decisions are respected by the protestant communions, for in the sixth century the Roman pontiffs began to assume universal dominion, and finally annihilated the prerogatives of the church.

In the year 529, the order of Benedictines was instituted on Mount Cassin, by Benedict of Nursia, a man of unaffected piety, whose rule was neither favourable to luxury nor ambition; and the new modification of catholic superstition spread with rapidity over all Europe, eventually absorbing all the professions of religious austerity by which it had been preceded.

The public worship was yet celebrated in the vernacular tongue, though political revolutions had begun to annihilate the Latin language, which continued to be used in the ritual of the catholic church when it had ceased to be understood by unlettered congregations. The Anglo-Saxon

kings were now converted to Christianity by the ministry of Augustine, and the belief of the gospel spread itself with facility from the island of Albion to the neighbouring coasts of Belgium and Batavia. In this century flourished Gildas, a monk of Bangor, the first British writer whose works have descended to posterity.

A new method of celebrating the last supper was introduced about this time by Gregory the Great. The daring pontiff added without scruple punctilious ceremonies to the recommendation of his Master; who simply *blessing the bread, and handing it to his disciples,* had directed them *to do so in remembrance of his death, until his spiritual appearance, or second coming without sin unto salvation.** In these additions originated the complex canon of the mass, which was not universally adopted, even by the Latin churches, for many ages after the ambitious Gregory, who is represented in one of the mosaics of St. Peter's as performing a miracle to confirm his suspected innovation.

Amid the gloom of the seventh century the emperor Heraclius amused himself with persecuting the Jews, while the impostor, Mahomet, arose in Arabia; and in the next darkening period the Greek and Latin churches were occupied in a bloody quarrel about the worship of images, while the Saracens strengthened themselves in the East, made powerful descents upon the coasts of the Mediterranean, and possessed themselves of the fertile islands of Sicily and Sardinia.

Every succeeding pope now added some new ceremony to the Romish ritual. The worship of images was at length systematically ordained; the bones of saints and pieces of the true cross were venerated and enshrined; and the dreaded punishments of sin were conveniently deprecated by donations "to God and holy Church." The bequests of dying sinners were conditioned *for the redemption of their souls,* and the deprecatory gifts were denominated by the accommodating church "the price of transgressions."

In the year 751, the popes of Rome sanctioned the deposition of Childeric III. king of France, and received in acknowledgment from the usurper, Pepin, the exarchate of Ravenna, which first raised them to the rank of temporal princes, though the authority of the bishops of Rome is fondly derived from the traditionary donation of Constantine. In 774 Charlemagne, son of Pepin, overturned the kingdom

* See Matth. xxvi. 26—29. Luke xxii. 19, 20. and xxiv. 30. and Heb. ix. 28.

of the Lombards, visited Rome, and enriched the papacy with new donations, the uncertainty of whose ample clauses did or did not include Corsica, Sicily, and Sardinia, the territory of Sabina, the duchies of Spoleto, of Parma, and Placentia, and the cities of Florence and Commachio. In acknowledgment of such unparalleled generosity, Poper Leo III. in the year 800, inaugurated Charlemagne emperor of the West.

For the regular performance of the encreasing ceremonies of the church, the order of canons was about this time instituted, being a grade of priesthood between the regular monks and the secular clergy; and scholastic divines continued to puzzle believers with metaphysical difficulties.

In the ninth century the idea of transubstantiation, or the real presence, was superadded to the inventions of Gregory; departed saints were canonized by the popes, and the encroaching pontiffs persuaded priests and people that as *they* derived their authority from heaven, the bishops could derive *theirs* from them alone. Yet the election of the pretended vicegerent of *the prince of peace* was now canvassed without the least regard to law, order, or even decency; and, in this climax of clerical confusion, *a woman* disguised her sex, and filled about this time, without discovery, the papal chair.

The more than midnight darkness which prevailed in the tenth century over the apostate church, was heightened to fearful apprehensions that *the end of all things was at hand:* for so was expounded by the purblind divines the predicted *unloosing of Satan, after having been bound for a thousand years**. So strongly was this idea entertained, that temporal business was neglected, and even churches and convents were suffered to go to ruin for want of repairs. In the meantime, to dispel the tedium of expectation, the festival of departed souls was added to the crowded kalendar; the office of the virgin was instituted by her peculiar votaries, and the vengeance of heaven was vainly deprecated by *Ave-Maries,* and *Pater Nosters,* in the endless repetitions of the rosary. The critical period passing by without producing the dreaded event, the spirits of the people revived, and the Roman pontiffs began to concert measures for driving the Saracens out of Palestine.

Gregory VII. the most enterprizing prelate that ever occupied the chair of St. Peter, inflamed to madness by the

* See Revelations xx. 1, 2, 3.

complaints of the Asiatic Christians of the grievous oppression which they suffered from the infidels, resolved to head an army in person for the delivery of the holy sepulchre, and fifty thousand men were already collected for the purpose, when the pontiff's quarrel with the emperor Henry IV. obliged him to relinquish the idea of his favourite expedition. Toward the end of the eleventh century the absurd project was unexpectedly revived by the enthusiasm of an obscure individual. One Peter, surnamed the hermit, a recluse of Amiens, had visited the holy places in the year 1090, and suffered in his own person the impositions of the Saracens. On his return to Europe, the rambling visionary, having implored in vain the interference of the pope of Rome, and the patriarch of Constantinople, boldly sounded the alarm of war in the ears of the temporal princes, who were easily animated, by a pretence of religion, to a war of rapine and revenge. Urged by the spirit of the times Urban II. now assembled a council at Placentia, and afterward met another at Clermont in Auvergne, wherein the *sacred* expedition was recommended with the liberal promise of plenary indulgence. An innumerable multitude of all ranks and descriptions immediately flocked around the standard of the church. The expedition was called a crusade, because its object was to wrest the cross of Christ out of the hands of infidels; and every bandit of the gang displayed upon his shoulder the prostituted badge of Christian meekness. In the year 1096, 800,000 men set out for Constantinople to receive directions from Alexius Comnenius, the Grecian emperor, before they should pursue their march into Asia. One of the principal divisions of this wandering banditti was headed by Peter himself, with a rope for his girdle, assisted by Walter the Pennyless. In their desultory advances through Hungary and Thrace the motley rabble committed the most flagitious crimes, under the eyes of their sanctimonious leaders, and multitudes of them fell victims to the vengeance which they every where exasperated. After the scum of popular fermentation had thus worked itself off, Godfrey of Bouillon, duke of Lorraine, and his brother Baldwyn, led a regular army of 80,000 horse and foot across the heart of Germany; another formidable body, headed by Raimond count of Thoulouse, made their way through Sclavonia; and Robert duke of Normandy, eldest son of the conqueror of England, Hugh brother to Philip I. of France, and Robert earl of Flanders, embarked their respective forces at Brundisi and Taranto, from

whence they were transported to Dyrrachuim, whither they were quickly followed by Bœmond duke of Calabria, who was accompanied by his cousin Tancred, the hero of romance. This formidable levy passed without accident the straits of Gallipolis; stormed Nice, the capital of Bithynia; subdued Antioch; and finally overran Judea. In the year 1099, Godfrey of Bouillon, was saluted king of Jerusalem, and the Christian armies returned to Europe loaded with reliques, and inspired with a taste for the arts and manners of the East.

It was in the eleventh century that Nicholas II. instituted the college of cardinals, which first consisted of the seven bishops of the Roman state, and the twenty-eight presbyters of the parish churches of Rome. To these were afterward added the prior of St. John de Lateran, St. Peter, and Santa Maria Maggiore, the abbots of St. Paul and St. Lawrence, and finally as many other clerical personages as the popes inclined to favour, to the canonical number of seventy, which has never been exceeded. The celibacy of the clergy had been enforced by Gregory VII. in a council held at Rome in 1074, and the hardy pontiff proceeded to anathematize whosoever should receive the investiture of a bishopric or an abbacy from the hands of a layman.

In the meantime the Greeks accused the Latins that they impiously made use of unleavened bread, in the celebration of the supper; that the monks of their communion scrupled not to eat lard; that the priests of the altar had the indecency to shave their chins, and that in the rite of baptism the western church used but one immersion, instead of three!

LETTER XX.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE REFORMATION, FROM ITS EARLIEST DAWNINGS IN THE VALLIES OF PIEDMONT.

"WHO is this, that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?"* Is it not the true church? the spouse of Christ, made up of vital Christians, not only

* Canticles viii. 5.

of all denominations possessing the religion of Jesus; but of *them that work righteousness every nation, kindred, tongue and people.** *The great multitude* that John saw *standing before the Throne of God,* which was to be added unto the *hundred and forty and four thousand* that had been sealed among the tribes of Israel.†

Evangelic purity of faith and worship may be traced from the remotest ages, among the humble inhabitants of the vallies of Piedmont, who were long afterward denominated Waldenses, from the pious merchant of Lyons, who attached himself to their communion in the latter end of the twelfth century.

As early as the year 823, Claudius bishop of Turin, contemning relics and censuring pilgrimages, had ordered all images, and even crosses, to be removed from the churches of his diocese; and in the last year of the tenth century Leutard, a priest of Chalons, among whose scattered disciples is supposed to have originated the sect of reformers, known in France by the name of Albigenses, decried the worship of images, and the exaction of tythes. In 1004, Leutheric, archbishop of Sens, maintained that none but saints and true believers received the body of Christ in the sacrament; a doctrine which though he weakly abjured on being summoned to Rome, he afterwards again professed, and supported the same till his death, being confirmed therein by many adherents. In 1045 Berenger of Tours, afterwards archbishop of Angers, a man of great learning and exemplary sanctity, publicly taught that the bread and wine were not changed, in the eucharist, into the body and blood of Christ, but that they still preserved their natural qualities, and were nothing more than figures of the elementary substances, which were to be spiritually received. In the latter part of his life, Berenger retired from persecution to the isle of St. Cosme, near Tours, where the canons of that antient cathedral continued to honour his memory, until the late revolution, by an annual procession around his tomb.

In the year 1017, there had been an assembly of these pious christians at Orleans, the leading members of which were twelve canons of the cathedral. They placed the sum of religion in the internal contemplation of God, and the elevation of the soul to celestial objects, rejecting all external rites and ceremonies, and laying aside even the

* Acts x. 35. † Revelations vii. 4—9.

sacraments of the church, as destitute of any spiritual efficacy. Their public profession of such unpopular doctrines was expiated in the flames of persecution; and another congregation of devout men at Arras, whose principles struck still more deeply at the root of the corrupt tree which then overshadowed the christian world, was induced to recant and abjure. For the sons of the morning, who worshipped the Father in spirit, after the night of apostacy (foreseen by the apostle) *in which the Man of Sin should be revealed**, like the professors of divine truth in every age, "of whom the world is not worthy, underwent cruel mockings and scourgings, bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword. They wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented, in deserts and in mountains, in dens and caves of the earth†."

They trod to glory "the path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen, which the lion's whelps have not trodden, neither hath the fierce lion passed by it‡". Whilst poets and historians have strewed the graves of heroes and philosophers with the unfading flowers of eloquence and song, the confessors of Jesus, who, like their Master, devoted themselves to the glory of God, have perished in dungeons and in flames, without other memorial than the narrative of their sufferings, preserved in homely phrase by their zealous contemporaries, to be ungratefully forgotten by us, who reap in peace the harvest of their blood. "The tongue of the learned and the pen of the ready writer" have been employed, if employed at all, in telling the sad story of the martyrs of truth, to cast a shade of doubt or disparagement over the heroic constancy of "those who loved not their lives unto death, that they might preserve a conscience void of offence toward God §." It matters not: "their names are written in the book of life". The palm of martyrdom is a plant that blooms for ever in the Paradise of

* 2 Thessalonians ii. 3. † Hebrews xi. 36, 7 and 8.

‡ Job xxviii. 7.

§ See the 3d, 4th and 7th chapters of the philosophic Hume, in his history of the House of Tudor; and more particularly the 15th and 16th chapters of the eloquent and sceptical Gibbon. The two historians may be pardoned for their unbelief; but I hold them inexcusable for so lightly estimating those practical reformers, without whose courageous intervention they might have been occupied in prostrating themselves before the girdle of the Virgin, or the rood of grace, instead of describing at their ease the sufferings which procured their emancipation from spiritual bondage.

God. What though they lived unknown, and died in ignominy, when "the heavens shall be rolled up as a scroll, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat," then will their relenting persecutors confess, "we fools counted their life madness, and their latter end to be without honour: but now, how are they counted among the just, and their portion is with the saints*.

Although the confessors of Arras, were not ready to "contend for the faith delivered to the Saints", or to seal the revelation with their blood, they had not been awed into silence before they had widely disseminated their christian principles. These pious men men denied "the inherent sanctity of churches and altars, refused to adore images and crosses, disapproved of the use of oil and incense, bells, funeral rites, instrumental music, &c." They considered "voluntary penance as unprofitable," denied "the doctrine of purgatory", and declared that "the guilt of sin could not be expiated by the celebration of masses for the dead, or the distribution of alms among the poor." They were particularly shocked "at the distinctions established among the clergy", and maintained that "the appointment of stated ministers was unnecessary in the congregations of the faithful." Like their brethren of Orleans they rejected "baptism, especially the baptism of infants, and "the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, as not being essential to salvation; and like them they were accused "by their enemies" of the secret commission of unnatural crimes, with what probability it is now easy to judge from the harmless tenor of their acknowledged doctrines.

Amid the darkness of the middle ages, which involved alike the Eastern and the Western churches, the Greek emperors had banished the scanty remnant of the Manichæans or Paulicians, as they were sometimes called (perhaps from their adherence to the great apostle of the Gentiles) a sect of the primitive church, which yet remained in Palestine and Bithynia, into Bulgaria and Thrace, from whence some of them had about this time found their way into Lombardy, and were exploring France and Germany to find a refuge from the unrelaxing persecutions which pursued their wandering footsteps. But large bodies of these traditionary primitives fell into the train of the Gallic armies, which returned from Palestine by the province of

* Book of Wisdom, v. 4.

Bulgaria, and settled themselves in the south of France, where they readily coalesced with the sincere professors who had separated themselves from the corrupt establishment. Numerous congregations of their posterity remain in Languedoc to this day, notwithstanding perpetual persecution, never relieved but by the edict of Nantz, until the last of the Lewis's (one of the mildest princes that ever filled a throne) suspended in their favour the operation of the penal laws.

In Italy, the devout Separatists, who now began to be numerous, were called Cathari, or Purists, for in every age contemptuous appellations have been bestowed upon the humble followers of Jesus (who was himself despised of the Jews.) In the vallies of Piedmont they were called Waldenses; in Germany, Beghards; in England, Lollards; and in France they were calumniously designated by a name of reproach too infamous to be repeated.

The Waldenses were so called after Peter Waldus, a merchant or manufacturer of Lyons, who, about the year 1160, employed a poor priest to translate the four Gospels into French; and perusing them with attention, perceived that the religion then taught in the church was essentially different from that which was originally inculcated by Christ and his apostles. Impressed with the self-denying precepts of the Gospel, he abandoned his calling, distributed his goods among the poor, and in 1180 began to preach (without clerical ordination) the doctrine of Jesus. His followers soon became numerous among the simple-hearted believers in France and Lombardy. They denied the supremacy of the Roman pontiff, whom they were rather inclined to consider as *the Whore of Babylon*, than *the Head of the Church*. Professing no new doctrines, these sober reformers aimed at nothing more than reducing the form of church government, and the lives and manners of both priests and people, to the original simplicity of the apostolic age, when *the ministers of the Gospel maintained themselves by the labour of their own hands*.* The sermon of Christ on the Mount was their rule of life and manners, the precepts of which they accepted literally, and of consequence condemned *the acquisition of riches*, and forbade *self-defence, the taking of oaths*;† &c.

While the true Christian doctrine was thus gaining ground in unnoticed obscurity, a second crusade was undertaken by Lewis VII. of France, and Conrad III. emperor of Germany; but the united forces of these two powerful monarchs, melting away by famine, shipwreck, and the sword, were at length entirely dissi-

* See Acts xx. 34. † Matth. v. 34. and 39, and xxvi. 19.

pated by intestine divisions, and the perfidy of the Greeks; who had learned to dread the alliance of the Western Christians more than the hostility of their Mahometan invaders. Yet such was the blind enthusiasm of the age, that when Saladin, sultan of Egypt and Syria, in a pitched battle fought near *the sea of Tiberias*, took prisoner Guy de Lusiguan, king of Jerusalem, at the instigation of Bernard, abbot of Clairval, who boldly prophecied success to the avengers of the Christian cause, the Roman Pontiff, in 1189, proclaimed a third expedition to *the Holy Land*. Flushed with the confidence of victory, Frederick Barbarossa, one of the nominal successors of the emperors of the West, marched into the Lesser Asia, where he defeated the sultan of Iconium, and penetrated in triumph to the borders of the promised land: But the hardy German, in traversing the river Saleph, sunk into a watery grave, and a pestilence interred his army in the neighbouring plains. A scanty remnant of the Christian host returned to tell the tale. The next year Philip Augustus, king of France, and Richard, surnamed Cœur de Lion, king of England, set sail from the seaports of their maritime dominions, with an innumerable fleet of ships and transports. Their united forces reduced Ptolemais, now St. John d'Acre, though the place was strenuously defended by the Saracens: but Philip, disgusted with fatigue or danger, returned in doubtful haste to sway the sceptre of the fairest realm in Europe; and the dauntless Richard, after defeating Saladin in several engagements, gladly embraced the proposal of a truce, under cover of which the Holy Land was evacuated by the Western Christians in 1192. Richard, on his return through Germany, pe nyless and forlorn (I remember from my childhood the romantic story, in some quaint historian of *the Holie Warre*) was thrown into a dungeon by the command of the emperor, and the royal vagabond, who had defended Palestine against the Turks, was fain to redeem his person, by an ample ransom, from the unfriendly gripe of a Christian brother. In 1248, notwithstanding, Lewis IX. since called St. Lewis, on account of this *holy* expedition, set sail for the coast of Egypt with a well-appointed army. At the siege of Damietta his brother, the Count d'Artois was slain, and the king himself was afterward made prisoner by the victorious Saracens. Yet in 1270, the devoted victim to superstitious phrenzy, uninstructed by the lessons of experience, again descended upon the coast of Africa, and perished with the flower of his nobility, by a wasting pestilence. Thus terminated the latest of those antichristian expeditions, by which, for two centuries, all Europe was kept in arms to disturb the peace of Asia, under the pretence

of religious obligation to rescue the holy sepulchre from the hands of infidels.

These holy, or unholy wars, gave rise to the three military orders of the catholic church, knights of St. John of Jerusalem, (since established at Malta) knights templars, (afterward so arbitrarily abolished) and Teutonic knights, an institution that still forms a part of the singular constitution of the German empire.

In the year 1233 Dominic de Guzman, canon of Osma, had been commissioned by the reigning pope to extirpate with fire and sword, the heretics of Thoulouse, and in the bloody institutions of this antichristian priest, originated the unholy office of the Inquisition, whose cruel process still disgraces the catholic kingdoms of Portugal and Spain. About the same time Francis de Assisi appeared in Umbria, and the variegated tribes of Western Asiatics soon ranged themselves under the streaming banners of these two popular leaders. But the flame of superstition now blazed with a degree of fury that alarmed the tranquillity of the sovereign pontiffs themselves, for about the middle of the thirteenth century there arose in Italy a sect of disciplinasins, so extravagant in their ideas of voluntary penance, that the pope was fain to check the ebullitions of their zeal by preventing the fiery zealots from lacerating with thongs their naked bodies in fanatical processions from town to town.

Upon the demise of Nicholas IV. in 1292, a vacancy of three years interrupted the *unbroken* succession of the papal see; and in the year 1300 Boniface VIII. a bold and enterprising prelate, who had assumed the triple crown, and fortified the castle of St. Angelo, proceeded to palm upon the Christian church a motly imitation of the Roman secular games, and the Israelitish jubilee. Boniface affected, with unblushing front, to trace his institution from the usage of the primitive church, and proclaimed a year of plenary remission for all those who should confess their sins, and visit with contrite hearts, the metropolitan churches of St. Peter and St. Paul *. This glaring innovation was soon followed by the festival of the holy sacrament, or *Corpus Christi*, in honour of the supposed transubstantiation of the bread and wine of the Last Supper into the body and blood of Jesus.

In the year 1305 Bertrand de Got, archbishop of Bourdeaux, being elevated to the papacy, and assuming the name of Clement V, the patriotic prelate could not be persuaded to quit his

* In the year 1600, the jubilee year of Clement VIII. it was computed that five hundred thousand pilgrims visited Rome, for the benefit of absolution, or the indulgence of curiosity.

native country, and established his see in the delightful climate of Avignon, upon the banks of the Rhone. On the decease of Clement in 1314 there was another interval of two years in the *perpetual* succession, when he was succeeded in turn by John XXII. Benedict XII. Clement VI. Innocent VI. Urban V. and Gregory XI. who returned to *the eternal city* in 1376, to the unbounded joy of the people of Rome, who compared the seventy years defection of the sovereign pontiffs to *the carrying away into Babylon*.

Upon the decease of Gregory a schism took place in the sacred college, that embroiled the unity of the church with a double election, under which Urban VI. remained at Rome, and Clement VII. repaired to Avignon, where his doubtful cause was espoused by the kings of France and Spain, of Scotland, Sicily, and Cyprus. During fifty years from the period of this equivocal partition of papal *infallibility*, the divided body of the *universal* church, continued to own or to disclaim two, and sometimes three, different heads, which fulminated against each other inveterate but powerless excommunications, until the council of Constance, assembled in 1414 by John XXIII. at the instigation of the Emperor Sigismund, declared that the Roman pontiff was himself subject to the decrees of a general council. The assembled fathers soon afterward proceeded to depose the very pope by whom they had been constituted. Gregory XII. sent in a voluntary resignation of his claim to the pontificate, and in 1417 Benedict XIII. the only remaining pretender to the triple crown, was solemnly degraded, and Otto de Colonna was proclaimed sole head of the church, under the name of Martin V. who united to his disputable pretensions the preponderance of one of those powerful families which had long divided the Aristocracy of Rome. Yet the superannuated Benedict persisted till his death in 1423, in assuming the title and the prerogatives of the papacy; nay, when the forsaken pontiff drew his last breath in the arms of two solitary cardinals, who had devoted themselves to his desperate fortunes, one of the persevering prelates elected the other to fill again the vacant chair. He assumed without hesitation the name of Clement VIII. but was easily persuaded to resign his pretensions to the ascendancy of Martin, thus terminating the ambiguous schism which had, for half a century, divided the church, and scandalized the believers.

At the council of Constance was first ordained the growing practice of administering the eucharist to the laity in one kind only, reserving the wine for the clergy alone; thus separating the supposed body from the blood, which in the figure of the Last Supper were expressly joined together, by Christ himself; "He

that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him*."

The hardy innovators did not dissolve the council before they had condemned to the flames John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, for having inveighed against the corruptions of the clergy. But these reformers had kindled a flame in Bohemia, which was not to be quenched at Constance, and a hundred years later, the followers of Huss saluted Martin Luther as their second hope.

In the mean time John Wickliffe, rector of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, had ventured to defend the privileges of the university of Oxford against the pretensions of the friars mendicant; to censure the encroachments of the Pope upon the liberties of the church of England; and about the year 1370 to translate the Scriptures into English.

The opinions of this illustrious reformer were condemned in full consistory by Gregory XI. for Wickliffe, though he was himself a priest, was for rejecting "all human rites and traditions," and reducing "church government to the apostolic order of bishops and deacons;" declaring that "the baptism of water profiteth not, without the baptism of the spirit;" and that "in the days of Paul, a priest and a bishop was one and the same thing." He died peaceably, however, at Lutterworth, in 1387, though the bones of the prophet were dug up and publicly burned, when his increasing followers became the objects of relentless persecution, under the name of Lollards, in the boasted reign of Henry V. Wickliffe is the first Englishman that is mentioned in history as espousing the cause of reformation, although it may be fairly presumed to have already gained considerable strength, since he was openly protected by the famous Duke of Lancaster, called John of Gaunt.

In the twelfth century, the doctors of the church had been divided by the frivolous question of the immaculate conception, not of the infant Jesus, but of *the Virgin Mary*; in the fourteenth arose scholastic disputations upon the learned errors of Duns Scotus, and Thomas Aquinas; and the partizans of St. Francis and St. Dominic contended about the *passive* or *positive* poverty of Christ. In the year 1322 it was gravely propounded to the divines of Paris, by the *infallible* expositor himself, "whether or not those were to be deemed heretics, who maintained that Jesus Christ, and his apostles, had neither common nor personal property in any thing that they possessed;" and the cordeliers entered the lists with a dogmatic proposition, "whether the

* John vi. 56.

"blood of Jesus was separated from his body, while he lay in the grave." But no wonder the various sects of the catholic church differed with each other, since the querulous celibanists frequently disagreed between themselves. Among the Franciscans in particular some were for "rigorous discipline," others for "more gentle chastisement of the flesh." Some were for "laying up winter stores," others for "trusting to providence for occasional supplies." Some were for "wearing their garments long," others were for "cutting them short." In these momentous contests the sturdy disputants alternately ejected each other from the brawling refectory, till the most obstinate zealots for unconditional poverty were "convinced" of the lawfulness of making provision for the future, by the "unanswerable" arguments of fire and faggot. Yet the turbulent Franciscans united in maintaining that the founder of their order was nothing less than "a second Christ," and that "their" rule of discipline was "the true economy of Jesus." In the year 1383, a book was published under the patronage of the society, entitled "The Conformities of St. Francis with Jesus Christ;" and in the convent of Santa Croce at Florence may be seen to this day, a series of paintings drawn by Giotto, in the infancy of the art, one half of which represent the life of Jesus, and the other that of Francis de Assisi.

About this time the Greeks apprehending themselves likely to stand in need of the assistance of the Latins, against the increasing ascendancy of the Turks in Asia, affected a willingness to submit their creed to the canons of the catholic church. In the year 1969, John Palæologus, the declining shadow of the emperors of the East, paid a visit of obeisance to the Roman pontiff, and subscribed a confession of faith dictated to him by Urban V. But the Greek priests could never be brought to submit to the political confession of their prince, and the union of the Greek and Latin churches could not be effected, though one of the principal points in dispute was "whether souls in purgatory are purified by mental anguish, or material fire." The Latins accordingly looked on with indifference while the Mahometans encroached upon the fainting Greeks, and in the year 1453, Mahomet II. took Constantinople by assault, and finally extinguished the empire of the East.

Thirty-nine years after that important event, in the year 1492, Christopher Columbus discovered a new world in the West, by the settlement of which with European colonists

the papal empire has since obtained a greater accession of power and wealth, than could have resulted from the flattering conversion of the Greeks.

The rulers of the church now spent their days in luxurious indolence, and in the open practice of all kinds of vice, to the utter scandal of the temporal princes of Christendom, in compliance with whose solicitations for the reformation of the church, Martin V. had summoned the council of Basil; but the pontiff died as the prelates were assembling, and left the Synod to be opened by the proxy of his successor, Eugenius IV. in the year 1431. The points proposed for deliberation in this grave assembly were the union of the Greek and Latin churches, and the reformation of the church universal, in its head, and in its members, according to a resolution of the council of Constance. The council of Basil, after the critical example which had been set by their predecessors, deposed Eugenius in the year 1439, and elected in his room Amadeus duke of Savoy, who took the name of Felix V. But Eugenius maintained his authority under the sanction of the council of Florence until the fathers of Basil separated in 1443, declaring themselves not dissolved, but capable of meeting again whenever they should think fit. Eugenius dying in 1447, was succeeded by Nicholas V. a man of genius and erudition, and a patron of learning and the arts. In his time were laid the new foundations of St. Peter's, and the art of printing was introduced at Rome, which after having been invented by Costar of Haerlem, about the year 1440, had been perfected at Mayence, and applied by Faust and Schoffer to the inestimable purpose of disseminating *ad infinitum* the productions of genius. Two years after the accession of Nicholas Felix resigned his pretensions, and retired to a hermitage at Ripaille on the borders of the Leman Lake. In 1455, Nicholas himself is said to have died of grief for the taking of Constantinople.

In the year 1492, succeeded to the papal chair Roderic Borgia, otherwise Alexander VI. a man destitute of principle and regardless of decency. This shameless pope had four sons by one of his concubines, among whom was the infamous Cæsar Borgia. His profligate career was terminated in 1502 by a dose of poison, which he, or his graceless son, had mingled for others who stood in the way of their avarice or ambition.

The principal places in the public schools were now occupied by bigoted monks, who loaded the memories of

their pupils with barbarous terms, senseless distinctions, and scholastic precepts; and the public exercises were perplexed with disputes between Scotists and Thomists, Realists and Nominalists, Positivi and Sententiarii. So rare was real learning that when Luther appeared in the next century there could not be found, even in the university of Paris, a single doctor competent to examine, much less to oppose, his tenets by the text of scripture. The few priests who were now at all qualified to teach the people strove rather to amuse than to instruct, with wretched quibbles, tedious narratives of fictitious miracles, and idle declamations upon the merits of the saints, the glory of the Virgin, and the torments of purgatory. Nay the ethics of Aristotle had well nigh supplanted the precepts of Christ. The richer monks, particularly those of the Augustine and Benedictine orders, perverting their revenues to the gratification of their lusts, drew upon themselves popular odium by their sensuality and licentiousness. The Mendicant orders, especially the Dominicans and Franciscans, amused themselves with quarrelling over intricate or superstitious questions, only agreeing that *in the vow of poverty was the true Christian life.* Yet, amid the gloom of a German Cloister, Thomas à Kempis was visited with that radiation of gospel light from which emanated his spiritual treatise, "On the Imitation of Jesus Christ," a work comparable to "Pilgrim's Progress," the impressive allegory, which afterward issued from an English prison, *under the similitude of a dream.*

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Roman pontiffs slumbered in unsuspecting security, the commotions which had been excited in preceding ages, by the persecution of the Waldenses, Albigenses, and Beghards; and latterly, by that of the Lollards and Bohemian brethren, having been temporarily suppressed. But several princes and free states now began to exclaim against the despotic sway of the ghostly fathers, their fraud, avarice, and injustice; the arrogance, tyranny, and extortion of their legates; and the unbridled licentiousness of the monks, loudly demanding a general council for the reformation of the church. The gloomy empire of superstition was also now undermined by the restoration of learning. Erasmus, and other learned men, pointed their attacks particularly against the bigotry and ignorance of the clergy; but none of these had yet the boldness to call in question the deeply-rooted opinion *that Christ had himself established a vice-gerent at Rome, invested with his own supreme and unlimited*

authority. The popes therefore continued to lull themselves in the lap of ease, and gratify without restraint the bent of their lusts, which may be traced to conviction among the master-pieces of the imitative arts, which still adorn the lodges of Raphael, the chambers of the Vatican, and even the altar-piece of the Papal Chapel.

The monster, Alexander, had been succeeded in 1503, by Pius III. who survived his elevation no more than a month, when his decease made way for the election of the despotic Julian de la Rovere, who assumed the denomination of Julius II. and whose reign of ten years was one continued scene of military tumult. In the year 1511, under the patronage of Maximilian I. and Lewis XII. several cardinals assembled a council at Pisa, with the intention of setting bounds to the tyranny of this furious pontiff. Its proceedings were anathematised at Rome. But the days of Julius were numbered, and he was succeeded in 1513 by the celebrated Leo X. of the house of Medices, a man equally indifferent to the principles of religion. The time of this famous pontiff, respectable in the history of the arts, was divided between the pursuits of pleasure, and the conversation of men of letters. He was prodigal, luxurious, and imprudent, and he has been charged with the singular crimes of impiety, and even atheism.

Among the many contrivances which had long been employed by the popes, to draw into their coffers the wealth of Christendom, was the sale of indulgences, which not only procured the remission of the temporal pains and penalties which the church had annexed to certain transgressions; but even pretended to abolish *the punishments apprehended in a future state, by the workers of iniquity*. In the year 1517, Leo, having incurred enormous expences in prosecuting the building of St. Peter's church, thought proper to replenish the exhausted treasury, by causing a plenary indulgence for all offences past, present, and to come, to be proclaimed throughout Christendom, for the exclusive benefit of such as were able and willing to exchange the temporal *pound* for the spiritual *penny*. When this sweeping edict was promulgated at Wittemberg, in Saxony, Martin Luther, an Augustine Friar, (and at the same time professor of divinity, in an academy instituted at that place, by the elector Frederick), publicly censured the extortions of the questors, and even ventured to implicate the motives of the sovereign pontiff himself, in suffering the people to be seduced by such delusions, from placing

their trust and confidence in Christ. The sentiments of Luther were received with approbation, by the greatest part of Germany, which had long groaned under the impositions of the pontiffs, and the contrivances of their collectors, to empty the pockets of the rich, and to grind the faces of the poor. Yet the bold reformer, who had been summoned to answer for his conduct at Rome, by the jealous Dominicans, to whom the negociation of the indulgences had been entrusted by the pope, defended himself in writing, and professed intentional submission, if convicted of error.

At first, the imperial pontiff beheld this obscure controversy with indifference, or contempt; but on being informed by the Emperor Maximilian, of the serious divisions it was likely to produce in Germany, he summoned Luther to appear before him at Rome: but the Papal summons was superseded by the elector, his sovereign, who insisted that the cause belonged to the jurisdiction of a German tribunal, and ought to be decided by the ecclesiastical laws of the empire. The pontiff reluctantly yielded to the remonstrances of the prince, and Luther was ordered to answer for his heretical opinions, before Cardinal Cajetan, who was then legate at the diet of Augsburg. Unfortunately for the interests of the Papacy, the legate was himself a Dominican; and consequently little disposed to adopt conciliatory measures with the innovator, that struck directly at the immunities of his order. The imperious legate, and the undaunted reformer, had three conferences at Augsburg, which terminated as might have been foretold, without the gift of prophecy, in passion on one side, and contumacy on the other. Luther yet referred his cause to the ultimate decisions of the Roman pontiff; but he retracted the submission, and appealed to the future decisions of a general council, upon the pope's issuing a special edict, which commanded his spiritual subjects to acknowledge *his power of delivering from all the punishments due to sin and transgression.*

Philip Melancthon, then professor of Greek at Wittemberg, whose natural mildness of temper, and elegant taste for polite literature, inclined him to moderation and quietude, laboured in vain to reconcile the contending parties, and bring about a reformation in the church, if possible, without a schism. Yet before the defection of Luther, Ulric Zuinglius, a canon of Zurich, in Switzerland, of extensive learning, uncommon sagacity, and heroic courage,

offended from his earliest years with the superstitious practices of the church, in which he was educated, had begun to explain the Scriptures to the people, to censure the misconduct of the clergy, and to pronounce the necessity of a reform. Encouraged by the example and the success of Luther, he openly opposed the ministry of an Italian monk, who was carrying on in Switzerland the impious traffic of indulgences, and the pope's supremacy was eventually rejected in the principal cantons of the confederated republics.

In the year 1520, Leo formally condemned forty-one pretended heresies, and in 1521 he proceeded to extremities, by excommunicating Luther, who now, in conjunction with Melancthon, threw off all pretensions of allegiance to the Papal see.

In the mean time, Charles V. of Spain, the history of whose age has been elucidated by the pen of Robertson, succeeded to the empire of Germany, on the demise of his grandfather, Maximilian; and the new emperor, who prided himself on being a faithful son of the church, at the instigation of Leo, summoned a diet at Worms, for the trial and punishment of the contumacious heretic. The reformer was now however powerfully defended by the elector, his sovereign, who could claim some indulgence from the new emperor, as having been the principal means of preventing the rival pretensions of Francis I. to the imperial throne. Yet at this diet Luther was declared *an enemy to the holy Roman empire;* and the daring innovator was only sheltered from capital punishment by his prudent protector, who secreted him ten months in the castle of Wartenberg. Here Luther employed his active mind in translating the New Testament into German; but before he had finished the work he impatiently broke away from his confinement, and repaired to Wittemberg, where the friends of the reformation (so little did the progress of reform now depend upon Luther) had already proceeded to greater lengths than their acknowledged leader himself approved; for Luther was rather disposed to treat with toleration altars, images, waxen tapers, and private confession. He now, however, with the assistance of several other learned and pious men, completed his translation of the scriptures, which probably contributed more than all other causes to strengthen the foundations of the Lutheran church.

The year 1522 terminated the life and reign of Leo X. who, after having erected the stupendous pillars which

should support a regal canopy over the supposed sepulchre of St. Peter and St. Paul, was himself deposited beneath a nameless stone, in a Dominican convent.

Several diets were about this time successively convened at Nuremberg, from which the popish legate finally withdrew in disgust, on finding that the German princes in general were no enemies to the reformation.

But the friends of the reformation now divided among themselves. Luther and his followers, though they rejected the Romish doctrine of substantiation (the conversion of the bread and wine into the real body and blood of Christ) were nevertheless of opinion that the partakers of the Lord's supper received, together with the bread and the wine, the body and the blood. Zuinglius on the contrary, and the Swiss reformers, at the head of whom it is usual to place John Calvin (a native of Picardy, who not long afterward took the lead at Geneva) maintained that the body and blood were no way present in the Eucharist, for that the bread and wine were nothing more than external symbols, designed to excite the remembrance of the sufferings and death of the Redeemer. Hence arose in 1524, a vehement controversy, which finally terminated in that distinction of doctrine and worship, which now divides the greatest part of the protestant world, under the distinguishing appellations of Lutherans and Calvinists.

In 1529, Charles V. zealous for the unity of faith and worship, convoked another diet at Spires, in which every change in the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the catholic church, was declared impious and unlawful. Against this arbitrary decree, John, elector of Saxony, George, elector of Brandenburgh, (ancestor of the kings of Prussia) the landgrave of Hesse, the prince of Anhalt, and the duke of Lunenburgh, (progenitor of the house of Hanover) protested in form, and their protest was powerfully seconded by Strasburgh, Constance, and eleven other free cities of the empire. From this celebrated protest originated the name of protestants, now unanimously adopted by all professing Christians, who have abjured the Romish communion. After the dissolution of the diet, the protestant princes reassembled at Augsburgh to strengthen themselves by a league and covenant; and it was then that Melancthon drew up the famous confession of faith, which has ever since formed the basis of the Lutheran system.

About this time the Swedes, under Gustavus Vasa, em-

braced the reformation, at the preaching of Olaus Petri, who had translated the Bible into the Swedish tongue; as did the Danes, soon afterward, under Christiern III. In France the reformed opinions had been received by great numbers of zealous Christians as early as the year 1523. But they were persecuted with outrageous zeal by Francis I. although the protestants were countenanced by the king's sister, Margaret queen of Navarre, the mother of that Henry de Bourbon who afterward abjured his religion to facilitate his accession to the throne of France, under the well known name of Henry IV.

The protestant doctrines had also been embraced by multitudes of devout professors in Hungary, Bohemia, the Netherlands, and the British Islands, when Henry VIII. broke with the church of Rome, because Clement VII. would not consent to dissolve his marriage with Catharine of Arragon, aunt to Charles V. who having been first espoused by his brother Arthur, the inconstant Henry either felt or affected scruples of conscience, on account of consanguinity. To this measure the monarch is supposed to have been instigated by Thomas Cranmer, a student of divinity, who had embraced the new doctrines, and was afterward elevated to the see of Canterbury. But the uxorious tyrant little deserves to be ranked with the heads of the reformation, since he persecuted *to death* all who presumed to differ from his own *inconstant* standard of faith or practice. The furious bigot once caused to be burned at the same stake three witnesses against the invocation of saints, and three conscientious sticklers for the pope's supremacy; and he sacrificed with relentless animosity his own lord chancellor, the philosophic More, for refusing to abjure the religion of his fathers.

The divorce to which has been so lightly attributed the origin of the reformation in England, did not take place till the year 1538; but Tyndal's translation of the New Testament had been printed at Antwerp in 1527, and was eagerly read throughout the nation, notwithstanding the powerful exertions of the pretended reformer to suppress the sacred book. It was not until the irresistible progress of the reformation overcame the opposition of the superior clergy, that Miles Coverdale, and John Rogers, were permitted to correct Tyndal's Bible, which had been printed at Hamburgh in 1532, and to publish the same (after having undergone the royal expurgation) under the name of Cranmer. Even this translation, which he had sanctioned himself, was after-

ward forbidden by the peevish Reformado, who had become so corpulent that he could no longer move without difficulty, when an inveterate ulcer removed the incumbrance from the world.*

In the year 1559, John Knox, a disciple of Calvin, returned to Scotland from Geneva, and soon established presbyterianism upon the ruins of prelacy.

The reformation had not been long confirmed in Britain when the Belgic provinces united together by a respectable confederacy, withdrew from their spiritual allegiance to the Roman pontiff. Their catholic sovereign, Philip II. attempted to establish the hateful tribunal of the inquisition to check their innovating spirit; but the nobility associating to defend themselves from such tyranny, the duke of Alva was sent to quell the revolters, and a long and bloody contest ensued between Spain and Holland, which was at length happily terminated by William of Nassau, aided by the assistance of queen Elizabeth, who then swayed the sceptre of Britain. Even in Italy and Spain reformed doctrines were now disseminated; but in those bigoted countries the solitary reformers were utterly extirpated by fire and sword.

In England, during the short reign of Edward VI. the son and successor of Henry, the reformation made a rapid progress, under the fostering influence of archbishop Cranmer, and the protector Somerset, although (I mention it with grief) the protestant prelate unfeelingly persecuted to the stake, the German anabaptists, who fled into England from the devastation of "the rustic war".

During this interval of tranquillity began the first schism in the church of England, which eventually gave rise to the denomination of Puritans, an epithet of reproach that was applied to those persons of tender conscience, who with Hooper, a pious and learned divine that lately returned from Zurich, refused to officiate at the ancient altars, to make the sign of the cross, to invest themselves with

* By a statute of the 35th of Henry VIII. it is enacted, "That the Bible shall not be read in any church;" and the prohibitory document particularizes, with whimsical asperity, "That no women or artificers, apprentices, journeymen, serving men, husbandmen, or labourers, shall read the New Testament in English."—But a hundred years earlier an interdict had been fulminated by Henry V. the conqueror of Agincourt, "That whoever they were that should read the scriptures in the mother tongue, they should forfeit lands, catel, lif, and godes from their heyres for ever; and so be condempned (to the flames) for heretykes to God, enemies to the crowne, and most errant traitors to the lande."

the symbolic garments of the papistical priesthood. Hooper permitted his scruples to melt away, in the sunshine of royal favour, and compromised with conformity by suffering himself to be consecrated bishop of Gloucester in a square cap, a scarlet hood, and a linen rochet, provided he might be suffered to preach in private, in the sober habit of a christian minister. But the more zealous reformers, such as Latimer, Coverdale, Taylor, Philpot and Bradford, would not be persuaded to put on the popish vestments; and when in the next reign the venerable Cranmer was himself degraded from his episcopal dignity, he cast a smile of contempt upon the antichristian ornaments, of which he was spitefully disrobed. The dispute (significant or insignificant) was blown away for the present by a rising blast, which involved the disputants in one common danger.

King Edward dying at the age of sixteen, he was succeeded by his eldest sister, the daughter of Catherine of Arragon, emphatically styled the bloody Mary, because in a reign of no more than five years, she caused to be burned at the stake two hundred and seventy-seven persons (among whom were fifty-five women and four children) in a vain attempt to restore the realm of England to the supremacy of the pope.

In the year 1558, the fiery zealot was succeeded by queen Elizabeth, in whose long and prosperous reign, the church of England was too firmly established to be shaken by the secret or open catholicism of her successors of the house of Stuart, though a protestant historian must notice with regret, that Elizabeth instead of prosecuting the reformation, after the example and intentions of her royal brother, conceived that the pious Edward had already gone too far in stripping religion of her ornaments, being herself disposed to retain the use of crucifixes, lighted tapers and instrumental music, as well as the sacerdotal vestments, which contribute to the pomp and splendour with which that aspiring princess delighted to invest the throne. It is even suggested, that the "virgin queen" would have forbidden the marriage of the clergy, if her secretary, Cecil, had not interposed in their behalf.

The zealous professors who had escaped from the Marian persecution, by withdrawing into foreign countries, and who now returned in great numbers from Frankfort, Strasburgh, Basil, Zurich and Geneva, were naturally offended by the retrograde motions of the national establishment,

and after ineffectual attempts to promote the reformation in the bosom of the church, they finally separated themselves from her communion, for the liberty of discharging their christian duty, according to their own ideas of gospel order and religious obligation.

The dissenting congregations now suffered persecution from the national church, which had succeeded to the power and wealth of the abrogated system. But it must not be forgotten that cruelty was the vice of the age. Clerical synods were not likely to shake off intolerance, whilst courts of justice (at Paris as well as at London) accredited prosecutions for sorcery and witchcraft; and if the theologians of Edinburgh and Geneva, groped their way among the mazes of election and reprobation, contemporary astrologers prognosticated events from the aspect of the heavens, and alchemists perceived in the combination of metals the phantom of the philosopher's stone.

Among the dissenters of great Britain "successively" arose the presbyterians, the baptists, and the quakers, (scornfully so called in England, though better known in America by the characteristic epithet of friends) each of whom endeavoured "in turn" to advance upon their predecessors, in reducing the christian discipline and worship to the perfect standard of primitive simplicity.

In a new world, on the western side of the Atlantic, the heterogeneous alliance between church and state, has been at length abolished. The elective government of the United States, unfettered by the shackles of prescription, disclaims all right of interference in matters of conscience. From New Hampshire to Georgia, the various professors of christianity (whether catholic or protestant) have relinquished exclusive pretensions for mutual forbearance; and their various modifications, like the flowers of a parterre, contribute to the embellishment of "the garden of the Lord."

For the unexpected length of these historical sketches of the corruption of christianity, and the rise and progress of the reformation, I shall make no apology; for the events of christian history since the days of the apostles, are too little known in America, and they can hardly fail to excite the curiosity, if not the sensibility of every professor of the christian faith.

I have drawn the "earlier" facts, from Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, and the "latter" from Neal's History of the Puritans. But it was not to be expected that a "youth-

full layman" should take up the spectacles of a "Lutheran professor, or a puritan divine:" and it will be easily perceived that I have contemplated them through a different medium, and placed them in another point of light.

I have compared my leading authorities with the histories of the reformation, the writings of the fathers, and the inspired productions of the prophets and evangelists; and I can scarcely refrain from closing the eventful narrative with the singular coincidences of prophetic anticipation with historical fact.

"In the days of *which kings*," said Daniel, interpreting the dream that troubled the spirit of the king of Babylon, "shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, that shall never be destroyed."—"I saw," said John, "a woman arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with pearls and precious stones, having in her hand a golden cup, and upon her forehead names of blasphemy; and sitting upon seven mountains, *in that city which reigneth over the kings of the earth.*"

But I forbear the invidious application, since the book of prophecy has been sealed as with seven seals, from the prying researches of prophane curiosity; and I shall conclude with a remark which must be obvious to every reader, that the long duration of the papal hierarchy, so clearly predicted, and accurately described, in the Gospels, the Epistles, and the Revelations, is a proof of the divine authority of *the New* Testament, no less irrefragable than the existence of the Jews is of that of *the Old*, "sifted," as the prophet Amos, had foretold, "among all nations as corn is sifted in a sieve."

The chronology of both these miraculous circumstances in the history of mankind, however they have been enveloped in the mantle of time, may yet be corroborated at Rome by existing monuments of *coeval* antiquity. The basreliefs of the arch of Titus *(the prince that was to destroy the city and the sanctuary)* have preserved the figure of the well known vessels of the Jewish Temple, ever since *the destruction of the Holy City*; and the rude mosaics of the church of Santa Maria Maggiore demonstrate the corruption of Christianity at an age so remote from that of the protestant professions, as to give ample scope for the *twelve hundred and sixty years* of intermediate desolation, foreseen alike by Daniel the prophet, and John the divine.

LETTER XXI.

THE LIFE OF PIUS THE SIXTH.

AFTER ruling with a rod of iron during a period of a thousand years, if we reckon from the donation of Charlemagne; of twelve hundred, if from the privileges granted by Phocas; of fifteen, if we ascend to the conversion of Constantine, the papal chair has been swept from the Vatican by an irruption of modern Goths; and if since the deposition and decease of Pius the sixth, whose portrait occupied the last vacancy in the papal gallery which surmounts the colonnades of St. Paul's with the heads of two hundred and sixty successors of St. Peter, another Pius has been allowed to reassume the name and honours of the papacy, the feeble representative of the ancient popes must submit to hold his doubtful elevation, during the pleasure of a foreign dictator, at the expense of the dismemberment of the ecclesiastical state, which has left to the titular pope little more of power or revenue than falls to the share of the princely bishops of Saltzburg or Mayence. The unfortunate Braschi may be considered as the last of the long drawn dynasty that inherited the temporal as well as the spiritual crown, so absurdly derived from the fisherman of Galilee; and the eventful life of Pius the sixth may be read with additional interest, as that of the last imperial pontiff of the see of Rome.

On the demise of Clement XIII. Francesco Lorenzo Ganganelli had been elected to the papal chair, through the influence of the two courts of Madrid and Versailles. The house of Bourbon had then lately expelled the Jesuits from their dominions, and the abolition of the prescribed fraternity had been made a condition of the election of Clement the fourteenth. In 1773, the new pope accordingly subscribed, with a trembling hand, the famous bull which pronounced the extinction of the brotherhood. Clement hesitated to the last, and finally put his name to the fatal instrument with these memorable words, the keenest reproach that has ever been uttered against the pretended companions of

Jesus: "I know that I am about to sign my own death warrant.—But it does not signify.—The die is cast." The philosophic Ganganelli was accordingly removed by poison before the end of another year.

After the usual intrigues of the sacred college, which perplexed the assembled fathers from September till February, Clement XIV. was succeeded by John Angelo Braschi, who was born at Cesena in 1717. Upon the new pope's assuming the appellation of Pius the sixth, the omen was thought unfavourable, and the people of Rome recollected with superstitious apprehensions, a Latin pentameter, which had been applied in the disastrous days of the sixth Alexander:

Semper sub Sextis perdita Roma fuit.*

Pius the sixth was excessively vain. To the two winds, the modest coat of arms of his ancestors, he added an eagle, *fleurs de lis* and stars. These splendid insignia were afterward ostentatiously affixed, not only to all the monuments that he erected himself, but to all others which he either altered or repaired. A circumstance of puerile gratification, which must have cost the ecclesiastical state some hundred thousands of crowns. The people revenged themselves upon their sovereign in a Latin distich:

Redde aquilam Imperio Francorum lilia regi
Sidera redde polo cætera Braschi tua.†

Pius had once been abbot of Subiaco, which was a sufficient reason for decorating that monastery with a palace, a church, and a library, of princely magnificence. At the expence of 1,600,000 crowns he afterward constructed the sacristy of St. Peter's, that nothing might be wanting to the splendour of the clerical functions in the cathedral of the Roman world. He enriched the museum of the Vatican with innumerable objects of art; he called the enlarged collection by his own name; and upon every piece of sculpture which he had acquired himself, he ordered these words to be engraven in letters of gold:

MUNIFICENTIA PII SEXTI.

* The Sixes are sinister at Rome.

† Yield the eagle to the empire, the lilies to the crown,
The stars to the firmament—the puffs are all thy own.

But the munificence of the prince impoverished the people, and they parodied with infamy the favourite inscription.* His long pontificate was itself a grievance, which neither the members of the sacred college nor the people of Rome could forgive. These had long waited for the chances of another election, and those were impatient for the amusing ceremonies of a papal funeral and a pontifical ordination, which had scarcely ever before been so enhanced by rarity.

Of all the enterprizes of Pius the sixth, the most useful was the attempt to drain the Pontine Marshes, though the expences incurred by it exhausted the papal treasury, and provoked the impatience of the people of Rome. The Via Appia, a road so called from having been constructed by Appius Claudius the censor, three centuries before the Christian æra, led directly across these marshes, whose pestiferous exhalation is supplied by two rivers, which bear to this day the identical names that were given them by the ancient Romans. A hundred and fifty years after the construction of this road, Cornelius Cethegus, the consul, undertook to drain the marshes; but attempted it in vain. Augustus succeeded a hundred years later by cutting along the Appian Way a canal sufficiently deep and wide for the purposes of inland navigation. It was upon this canal that the Poet Horace embarked when he went to Brundusium, on the journey which he has so humorously described in the fifth satire of his first book. But time and nature had long since resumed their rights, when Boniface VIII. Martin V. Leo X. and Sixtus V. renewed the labours of antiquity; and the names of *Rio Martino* and *Fuime Sisto* still direct the eye of observation to the particular operations of the respective pontiffs. The supine successors of these enterprizing prelates suffered their works to go to ruin; and when Pius the sixth succeeded to the papal chair, the Pontine marshes had again become totally impassable. Pius began his operations by clearing away the accumulated rubbish of two thousand years, which discovered again the original pavement of the Appian Way, marked with the narrow traces of the ancient cars. He then raised the surface several feet higher, called it the Via Pia, planned a city in the

* The bread of Rome is made up in little rolls called *pagnotti*, which are sold at a fixed rate, and made larger or less according to the price of flour. During a time of scarcity, a very little pagnotta was put into the hand of Pasquin, and under it appeared the well known inscription:

MUNIFICENTIA PII SEXTI.

midst of the marshes, and dug a broad canal from the causeway to the Mediterranean, to drain the unwholesome bog of its superfluous moisture. But the surface of the marsh was now discovered to be lower than that of the sea; repeated inundations overwhelmed the unfinished works; after the labour of twelve years the Pontine marshes still remained a pestilential morass; and the expensive and successless undertaking became a proverb for money thrown away. *Sono andate alle Paludi Pontine.** The works had been undertaken and paid for by the apostolic chamber (such is the singular style of the papal exchequer) and the immense sums appropriated to them were, as usual, abandoned without restriction to clerical rapacity and official embezzlement.

In the superannuated court of Rome, the place of the favourites and mistresses of other sovereigns was generally filled by the nephews of the popes, a serious evil to the ecclesiastical state, since temporal despots can dismiss their minions at pleasure, whilst family pride insures the constancy of papal favouritism. In former ages the popes nephews had it in their power to enrich themselves, at leisure, by means of the pius tribute which then flowed from every part of Europe into the treasury of their doting uncle. But since their source has gradually dried away, it has been only by oppressing their immediate subjects, that the popes have been able to indulge the extravagance of nepotism. Unfortunately for himself and his flock, Pius the sixth had a sister, whose two sons bore their father's name (Onesti) till assuming that of the exalted successor of the humble fisherman of the lake of Gennesaret, he raised one of them to the purple, and the other to a dukedom. The duke was afterward married (so skilful are the childless popes in creating papal families) to the daughter of that Signora Falconieri, who was said to have been his uncle's mistress in the days of his noviciate.

But none of the imprudencies of Pius the sixth had a more immediate tendency to degrade the papacy than his journey to Vienna in 1782, upon the hopeless errand to dissuade the emperor Joseph from prosecuting his philosophic reforms. Yet was the sovereign pontiff weak enough to be flattered by the adulation of the people, and deceived by the courtesy of the prince. On the road the pious Braschi paid his devotions to our lady of Loretto, embraced

* It is gone to the Pontine marshes.

his own family at Cesena, and received with his accustomed dignity the compliments of count Zambeccari on behalf of his catholic master Charles III. At Imola a similar deputation saluted his holiness from the king of Sardinia; but the devout duke of Parma attended in person, embraced the sacred slipper, and returned in peace. The universal eagerness to behold the head of the church, now bordered upon phrenzy. On the banks of the Po the Venetian Bucentoro, and a multitude of the faithful, impatiently awaited the successor of St. Peter. Acclaiming crowds conducted him in triumph to the Island of Chiozza, where in sight of the glittering turrets of the queen of the seas, the holy father was complimented by a deputation from the doge (a prisoner of state, who can never quit Venice without forfeiting his dignity) attended by such a press of barques and gondolas, that it was scarcely possible to advance. He disembarked at Melgara upon a Turkey carpet, and was received at Mestre by all the nobility of the environs, assembled to crave a blessing as he passed. On entering Austria the pious Germans flocked around the ghostly father with a mixture of curiosity and veneration scarcely to be satisfied without "touching the hem of his garment," Joseph himself and his brother Maximilian came out to meet the pontiff, on his approach to the capital of the empire. The emperor seated the pope in his own carriage; and the affectionate pair entered Vienna together, amidst united acclamations of loyalty and devotion. A month or two passed away in the empty reciprocation of homage and etiquette, and magnificent presents were given and received by the spiritual and temporal pageants of the holy Roman empire. Yet Pius gained nothing by his expensive parade, but the suspension of an oath of allegiance, which had been required of the clergy, and the privilege of prescribing some insignificant monastic regulations. The pontiff returned through Munich and Augsburg, where he obtained without difficulty from the precise professors of the Lutheran confession, that homage as sovereign, which they would have deemed it impious to allow him as pope. When the equivocal potentate re-entered Italy the lucid surface of the Adige reflected the illumination of the palaces on its banks, and Venice had deferred for his entertainment the annual ceremony, equally pompous and absurd, of espousing the Adriatic with a ring and a scourge. But the pride of the imperial pontiff was more nobly gratified, when he waved the apostolic benediction over thousands of the faithful, who prostrated them-

selves at his feet in the amphitheatre of Verona, one of the noblest monuments of antiquity that has survived the ravages of time.

The returning sovereign was received at Rome with the ringing of bells, and firing of canon; but those uncertain indications of public rejoicing were insufficient to drown the complaints of his subjects, who were then suffering under a scarcity of provisions, occasioned by the profusion and mismanagement of their ecclesiastical governors. The shores of the Adriatic produced almost spontaneously corn, wine, and oil, the peculiar productions of the land of promise; but on the coasts of the Mediterranean not a twentieth part of the soil was in a state of cultivation. The government bought up the crops at its own price, forbidding the exportation of corn, by an edict equally impolitic and unjust, for occasional permissions were granted without reserve to enrich particular favourites; whilst the articles of wool and silk were chiefly sent abroad, instead of furnishing employ and emolument by being manufactured at home. Cattle brought to market were rated at a low price, and oil was exclusively monopolized by the popes' nephews. Every thing in short that was produced by the bounty of nature in the ecclesiastical state was brought for sale to Rome, and there the price of it was fixed by the department of *La Grascia*, by which it was afterward retailed to the people at advanced rates. At the head of the department of subsistence was a prefect, who was particularly charged with the victualling of Rome; but the result of the means pursued to furnish the people of Rome with provisions, was a scarcity of meat, bread, and oil; and the several establishments charged with the management of these enervating monopolies were directed with so little address, that the result did not enrich the state, while it impoverished the subject. The ordinary revenues of the ecclesiastical state were estimated at two millions and a half of Roman crowns (little differing in value from the Mexican dollar current in the United States) of which the territorial income might alone have been made to produce 800,000, but it scarcely yielded 450, inattention and rapacity swallowed up the rest.

The supine administration was no less destitute of energy for the protection of property and the repression of crimes, than of intelligence for the encouragement of industry and the management of finance. During the eleven years of Clement XIII. 10,000 murders are said to have been committed in the ecclesiastical state, 4000 of which had been

perpetrated in the capital, for it was there one of the prerogatives of greatness to be surrounded with unpunished assassins. Yet amidst all this relaxation, the Jews of Rome, to the number of 12,000, were obliged to wear upon their heads a badge of infamy; they were forbidden under penalty of the gallies to approach the sacred convent of the Annunciation; and they were bound on pain of death to be within the Ghetto or Jewish quarter (a scanty precinct, little better than the confinement of a dungeon) an hour after sun-set. In a more barbarous age the unfortunate posterity of Abraham had been obliged to run foot-races during the carnival, for the diversion of the Christian populace; and they were still required, to the number of 300 at a time to attend a lecture every Sabbath-day, in which a Dominican friar exhorted them in maledictions, and wooed them to the bosom of the church, with threats of hell and damnation.

Joseph the second was not now the only refractory son of the church. Attempts had been made by the most christian and most catholic kings to abridge the privileges of the papacy, and even the most faithful dynasty of Portugal began to conceive ideas of ecclesiastical reform, which were only postponed by the premature decease of the prince of Brazil, the heir apparent of the realm. The interests of the papal see were no longer supported in the courts of princes, by the intrigues of the jesuits; and the progress of philosophy, having confuted the errors of prejudice, was proceeding to implicate the antiquated claims of prescription. Slumbering at ease in the arms of indulgence, the superior clergy scarcely deemed it necessary to affect the semblances of zeal; immorality was known to prevail in secret under the mark of devotion, and even the dignitaries of the church no longer forbore to ridicule in private, the functions, which they were obliged to perform in public with apparent solemnity. Under all these circumstances of evil omen the apostolic chamber became overburdened with debt.

So long ago as the year 1585 Sixtus V. had borrowed 10,000,000 of crowns, one-half of which he had laid up in the castle of St. Angelo as a reserve for critical emergencies. The public debt had increased under each of his successors, excepting the temperate Ganganelli. In the days of Pius the sixth, the annual expenditure exceeded the receipts by some hundred thousands of crowns. To provide for the excess, the imprudent pontiff had recourse to the

sacrifice of the Legatine provinces of Bologna and Ferrara, the finest paintings, the most beautiful statues of the Museum Pium Clementinum, and a contribution in money of 15,000,000. Public prayers, thanksgiving, and proclamations announced at once the deliverance and the necessities of the state. The contribution must be raised without delay. The obsolete deposit of Sixtus V. was now broken up. The clergy were required to deliver all the vessels of gold and silver with which they could possibly dispense, and the laity were invited to send into the treasury their superfluous plate. On this occasion, prince Doria Pamfile presented a donation that was valued at half a million.

But when intelligence was received at Rome that Bonaparte had been obliged to raise the siege of Mantua, the pope precipitately dispatched a legate to resume possession of Ferrara; French citizens were again insulted in the streets of Rome; and the superannuated Zelada, unable to brook any longer the irregularities he found it impossible to restrain, resigned his office to Cardinal Busca, who was destined to accelerate rather than retard the ruin of the papacy.

A new consistory was now summoned to examine the conditions of peace propounded by the French directory, and rejected them as inadmissible. Preparations were made for war, which heightened the discontent of the people. The coin was depreciated by reducing its nominal value one-fourth. The remaining plate was called for. The farmers were obliged to sell their corn at a reduced price and take *cedole* at par, though the depreciated medium was subject to a discount of fifty per cent. A civic guard was organized, of which the senator Rezzonico was nominated generalissimo, and the princes Aldobrandini, Gabrielli, and Justiniani accepted in the militia the rank of colonels, while the constable Colonna equipped at his own expence a regiment of infantry, and the banker Torlonia a troop of horse. On the 6th of January 1797, were consecrated in St. Peter's church the colours of the several corps which were now ready to take the field. They were embroidered with a cross, in imitation of the *Labarum* of Constantine, and the sacred talisman was accompanied with the well known inscription "In hoc signo vinces." "Go!" cried the fanatical monks, who were commissioned to pronounce the papal benediction, "imitate your ancestors, and conquer the universe."

The year 1796 had terminated with the rapid successes of

the invaders of Italy. Early in 1769, from head quarters at Bologna, the imperious republican declared that the armistice was broken by the pope's neglecting to answer the pacific overtures which had been made to him from Milan. Bonaparte accordingly invaded the ecclesiastical state. He possessed himself without difficulty of La Romagna, the duchy of Urbino, and the marquisate of Ancona, paid a visit of depredation to our lady of Loretto, and wrote to Cardinal Mattei, whom he personally knew, that he would tarry five days at Foligno, to give his master an opportunity of deprecating the vengeance of the republic. His eminence was commissioned to repair to the victor without delay, and returned with new conditions of political penance. The pope was now to pay the republic thirty-one millions, to furnish the army with 1600 horses, to leave Romagna free, and to receive a French garrison at Ancona. Whilst this humiliating negociation pended in uncertainty all was in confusion at Rome. The ghostly sovereign himself was preparing to retire to Naples, and leave the people to their fate.

The portentous interval of uncertainty was thus wasting away in torpid irresolution, when Joseph Bonaparte, brother to the general, arrived from Paris as minister plenipotentiary from the redoubtable republic. The first days of the minister's reception had been spent in pompous entertainments and idle altercations, when a popular commotion took place in the streets, and the insurgents took shelter in the palace of the ambassador, the palazzo Corsini, in the suburb of Transtevere.

It was on the 28th of December 1797, a few days after the preceding event, that the papal troops no longer able to restrain their indignation at the sight of the insurgents, braving them with impunity in the palace of the republic; forcibly violated the privileged asylum to arrest the disturbers of the public peace. The honour of the French ambassador would not permit him to remain a quiet spectator of such an event, whether his principles were implicated in it or not. He appeared at a balcony, but strove in vain to be heard, while general Duphot, a member of his household, in attempting to repel the rioters, fell a victim to their rage. The pope was indisposed. The cardinal secretary was wholly unacquainted with what had happened, and such was the supineness of clerical administration, that it was two hours after the sinister event, before any public notice was taken of the affair, fourteen had expired before official

inquiry was made upon the spot. During that interval the stupor of the cardinal secretary had been aroused by a letter from the ambassador to acquaint him with his determination to quit immediately the inhospitable city, and to demand of him the necessary passports. The brother of Bonaparte was at length in vain solicited to remain at Rome. He departed the next morning for Florence, from whence he transmitted to the directory an irritating narrative of the unpardonable event. The enraged ambassador condescended however to charge himself with a dispatch for the marquis Massimi, the pope's minister at Paris (of a family that claims descent from the Fabii Maximi of antiquity) in which cardinal Doria, the minister who steered with feeble hands the barque of St. Peter, when the shattered hull was ingulphed by the revolutionary whirlpool, declared himself with "the meekness of a primitive apostle," desirous to make any satisfaction that should be demanded for the unfortunate affair, which he could neither foresee nor prevent.

But no reparation from the *weak* could appease the resentment of the strong.—The fable of the wolf and the lamb was to be realized, and the plea of *incapacity* was disallowed by the thirst of rapine. The armies of the republic in the Cisalpine did not wait for orders to take exemplary vengeance on the helplessness of Rome. They marched without delay for the banks of the Tiber, and general Berthier had already taken the command of the forces, collected at Ancona, on the 25th of January. Only retarded by the snows of the Apennine, the general of the republic advanced, without resistance, to the very gates of Rome, preceded by a manifesto, in the usual style of military policy, offering peace to one party, on condition of "assisting to exterminate the other."

Emboldened by these assurances, on the 15th of February 1798, the malcontents assembled in the "Campo Vaccino," the forum which had teemed with Scipios and Cæsars, proclaimed Rome independent of its clerical sovereign, and planted, without opposition, the tree of liberty in the soil of the capital. At noon a deputation of patriots was sent to general Berthier to acquaint him with the revolution which had been so easily effected; and the same evening, preceded by martial music, surrounded by staff officers, and followed by a troop of horse, the republican commander traversed amidst an innumerable multitude the Piazza del Popolo, and by the Strada del Corso, ascended the hill of the capitol,

where he apostrophised the manes of the Cato's, the Brutus's, and the Pompey's, promised to re-edify the altar of Roman freedom, and returned in triumph to his expecting troops.

In the mean time the astonished members of the sacred College assembled, in silence and solitude, in the echoing vestibules, and airy halls, which they had been accustomed to ascend, amidst opening crowds, obsequious to the rustle of imperial robes. In this parting interview, in which Pius bade farewell, "a long farewell to all his greatness," he is said to have retained the majesty of misfortune, whilst the adulatory brotherhood knelt once more before the throne of their aspiration, saluted each other with the kiss of peace; and withdrew to seek their safety in concealment or in flight.

A provisional government was soon established, which subsisted under different modifications till the directory thought proper to abandon their conquest. The remaining cardinals were obliged to quit Rome, and leave their effects behind them at the mercy of the conquerors. Some of the despairing fathers withdrew to Naples, others to Milan, Bologna, Florence, but the greatest number of them took refuge in the Venetian territories; where Chiaramonti was elected, on the decease of Pius the sixth, to re-occupy the abdicated chair. The pope's nephews, the cardinal, and the duke, were stripped of their ill-gotten wealth, without mercy or commiseration; and the pontiff himself was soon informed that the public safety required his absence from the territories of the new republic.

Pius submitted without a murmur to the decree that exiled him from the theatre of pomp and power, of intrigue and apprehension; but he is said to have shed tears in secret over the splendid museum, which it had been the pride of his heart to *denominate* and enrich.

The venerable priest was first conducted to Sienna, where he was lodged in the convent of St. Barbara; but he was soon afterward removed to Florence, that he might be under the eye of the minister of the French republic. The tottering grand duke saluted the falling pontiff with tears of sympathetic apprehension, and assigned for the residence of the holy father a carthusian monastery, in the vicinity of his capital.

In this situation the exiled sovereign is said to have still indulged his peculiar relish for a luxurious table, and even

the *gusto* of his personal vanity, which could yet be gratified with a flattering portrait of his florid age.

But when he was summoned to Paris to swell the triumph of the unchristian directory over the religious establishments of antiquity; and was happily detained by their sudden downfall in the city of Valence, whose crumbling battlements reminded him of his own decay, the mortified prelate renounced all hope of restoration to the seat of spiritual empire, and contented himself in the society of the archbishop of Corinth, and a few devoted attendants, who daily wheeled his armed chair into an open balcony, to receive the homage of the faithful, and scatter a parting benediction over his dispersed flock.

LETTER XXII.

JOURNEY TO NAPLES.

WE quitted Rome about sun-rise, in the caravan of the Procache, a line of stage coaches which runs between Rome and Naples, under the protection of both governments, and is therefore often preferred to a private carriage, for fear of robbers, with whom the frontiers of the ecclesiastical state and the kingdom of Naples are openly infested. We formed a train of six clumsy coaches and a baggage waggon, and several private coaches fell into our rear to take the benefit of protection from the military escort, which is mutually exchanged upon the frontiers.

The charge for this lingering conveyance includes lodging and supper, while on the road, which prevents imposition and spares you the trouble of shifting for yourself, a material accommodation to travellers not acquainted with the languages and usages of the country.

We drove over the deserted plains of the Campania, by the ruins of temples and aqueducts, to the slopes of Frescati, gayly ornamented with the summer retreats of princes and cardinals.

On the road was no throng of business, bespeaking the neighbourhood of a capital. No carts nor waggons were to

be seen loaded with bales of merchandise, or sacks of grain. A peasant driving an ass, with a pannier of herbage, was the only modern object upon the everlasting pavement of the Appian way.

Not far from these is the lake of Albano, supposed to be the crater of an extinct volcano, seven or eight miles in circumference, the outlet of which, called the "Emissario", a tunnel cut through a mountain, one of the most stupendous works of the ancient Romans, is said to have been completed during the siege of Veii, at the instigation of the Delphic Oracle. It is three feet and a half wide, six high, and two miles long; and it still answers the purpose for which it was constructed, four hundred years before the christian æra.

We did not reach Veletri till sometime after night, and were then meanly entertained, it being a meagre day, (a circumstance of which Italian innkeepers always avail themselves) and still worse lodged, though in a large town, but twenty miles from Rome, celebrated for the birth of Augustus, and and the residence of Nerva.

Next morning we entered on the Pontine marshes, the draining of which had baffled the councils of the emperors, of the labours of one of whom (Nerva) we saw a proof, in a Roman milestone, which had been set up again on the new road. It is inscribed with the same numerical letters now in use, I think they were (XXXV.) to mark the thirty-fifth mile from the city of Rome. "Egressum", says Horace, describing the same road.

> Egressum magna me accepit Ariria Româ
> Hospitio modico*.

The travellers fare is still moderate on this journey, and he that sleeps upon the road may yet exclaim with the poet:

> ———Mali culices ranœque palustres
> Avertunt somnos †.

Toward evening we reached Terracina, where, in ancient days on the white rocks of Anxur, there stood a temple erected by the consul Posthumius, upon a design of Vitruvius Pollio, and dedicated to Jupiter. Its lofty pediment

* "Leaving imperial Rome my course I steer
"To poor Ariria and its moderate cheer." FRANCIS.

† "The fenny frogs with croakings hoarse and deep,
"And gnats loud buzzing drive away our sleep." IBID.

was long an object for the vows of distressed mariners, upon the Mediterranean; as is still the dome of our lady of Loretto, upon the Adriatic Gulph.

The vicinity exhibits a luxuriant display of the productions of an Italian climate. As we skirted a bay of the sea, the waves breaking furiously upon the beach, we admired the fine hills, round the foot of which the road gradually winds. Their sloping sides are covered with myrtles, bays, palm-trees and aloes, under which sheep and goats browse deliciously among flowering shrubs.

On entering the Neapolitan dominions, at the Torre de Confini, our passports were demanded by the guard, and we were amused with the foreign air which had been cast upon our names. Beneath a cardinal's hat of the old cut, ornamented with strings and tassels, was "Permit," &c. "Don Guiseppe S——, con sua Sposa, Donna Viola, without let or molestation, quietly to pass," &c. &c.

As we approached Fundi, we were struck with the sight of an orange grove, the first that we had seen in the open fields, glittering with green and gold. Cork trees also abound in this district, and retain their leaves all winter.

Fundi still retains the character given of its inhabitants by Cicero, who was afterwards murdered in this very neighbourhood; and they terrified us as they lined the streets, in idle throngs, with the suspicious concealment of their tattered cloaks and downcast looks.

The savages of the neighbouring coast, were the Lestrigones, or men eaters, described by Homer; who, like the modern furies of the coast of Cornwall, make a prey of shipwrecked mariners.

Mola di Gaeto is a fishing town, beautifully situated at the bottom of a delightful bay; but the neighbourhood swarms with inhabitants, who seem content with indolence, amidst poverty and dirt.

Here we had like to have been detained all day by a heavy fall of rain, which had rendered the Garigliano, the silent Liris of the poets, and the boundary of ancient Latium, a furious torrent.

After dinner, while we were waiting the return of a messenger, who had been sent to see whether it was possible to cross the river, a youth of the party, who had been bred in France, beguiled the tedious moments by thrumming his guitar to the tune of a complimentary "chanson", which he politely addressed to "madame": for in Italy we speak French, and pass without scruple for citizens de la Répub-

lique Fraçaise; though I believe we are generally taken for a sort of "emigré's, or ci-devants.

When we rose from table, a walk was proposed, to Borgo di Gaeta, a fortified town that was taken by Charles V. when he ravaged Italy.

In the citadel of this fortress the skeleton of Bourbon, the constable of France, who deserted the standard of his royal master, and afterward perished in the act of scaling the walls of Rome, was long preserved in an open press, for the amusement of idle curiosity; leaving, as was said of the ferocious Swede,

> ———a name at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral or adorn a tale*.

But we were soon overtaken by our returning messenger, who brought us word that the ferry was practicable; and we willingly relinquished an excursion that would have confined us for the night in the dark and dirty apartments of an Italian inn, to whose disgusting accommodations for nocturnal repose, English travellers frequently prefer dozing the night away in their carriages.

We were surprised to find the dreaded river not wider at its mouth than Rancocas creek, the unnoticed current that pours its tributary stream into the Delaware, ten miles above Philadelphia, and a hundred and thirty from the sea. But we had sufficient cause to be alarmed before we got over the muddy torrent, in a leaky scow, so akwardly managed by descendants of the ancient Romans, or their gallant neighbours the people of Tarentum, that we were in great danger of breaking loose, and driving out to sea.

At St. Agade, or Francolesi, the caravan was roused at midnight to make up for the delay, and we might have travelled till daylight without much apprehension, if the guard had not been doubled to conduct us as far as Capua, a modern town, not far from the ancient city in which the troops of Hannibal debauched themselves with the luxuries of Italy.

This is not more than twenty miles from the capital, and the interval is a continued vineyard, interspersed with fields of grain and orchards of olive trees.

We entered the town toward evening, and after having been sometime delayed at the dogana, we rejected the lodgings to which our vettorino conducted us, under pre-

* Milton.

tence that he could not find the hotel for which we had a card; but we were ourselves refused in turn, at two or three other places, and were at last glad to take shelter for the night in an obscure lodging-house near the port.

LETTER XXIII.

DESCRIPTION OF NAPLES—THE BAY—THE PALACE OF CASERTA.

ABOUT the origin of Naples, in Italian Napoli, I shall say but little, because little is certainly known, though it is fondly ascribed to Hercules; to a wandring Argonaut; to Grecian colonies from Athens and Chalcis.

But the Phœnicians, the circumnavigators of antiquity, called it Parthenope, from its delightful situation; and Augustus gave it the name of Neapolis, which it retains with so little variation in the modern languages of Europe.

The beautiful bay, which is supposed to be the finest in the world, unless rivelled by that of New York, or excelled by that of Constantinople, is indeed a glorious semicircle, ten or fifteen miles diameter, crowned by the domes of Naples, and surmounted with castles and convents, upon the summits of the adjacent hills. White houses and cheerful villages encircle the transparent waves, and at a distance the promontory of Misenum, and the island of Capri, restrain the turbulence of the Mediterranean.

On the right, toward the chain of hills, through which has been scooped the subterraneous passage of Pausillipo; a delightful walk skirts the shores of the bay, in the centre of which has lately been placed the astonishing groupe called the Tauro Farnese, which represents Amphion and Zethus tying their mother to the horns of a wild bull, in order to throw her with it into the sea. It originally stood in the baths of Caracalla, and is mentioned by Pliny in the thirty-sixth book of his Natural History.

Within a vineyard, at the entrance of the grotto, is the reputed tomb of Virgil, a misshapen pile, not unlike an oven. It was formerly however overshadowed with evergreens; but the French (those monopolizers of laurels) are said to have gathered them all.

The passage of Pausilipo, a work of unknown antiquity, is very dark, notwithstanding its great height, and a breadth which will admit of three or four carriages at a time. At the end of a quarter of a mile you pass a little chapel cut into the rock, in which, by the light of a glimmering taper, a reverend hermit collects a scanty pittance from the devout, to support a life of perpetual penance and abstraction. There

> ——— Not to him returns
> Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn;
> But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
> Surrounds him*.

He has the satisfaction, however, of considering himself as the tutelar saint of the place, whose auspices protect the traveller from robbery and murder. The recluse gives his blessing, as farthings drop into his box, and you are soon cheered with a glimpse of returning daylight, which appears at first sight like a brilliant star. The light distends itself as you advance, and you emerge from the gloom of midnight into the splendour of meridian day.

A strait road, through continued vineyards, leads you to the shores of Baia, where the first object that strikes the eye is the town of Puzzuoli, decayed since the age of the apostles, from a great city, in which St. Paul preached on his arrival from Malta. A stupendous mole yet stretches into the foaming ocean, with gigantic strides; and the ruins of an amphitheatre still bespeak its ancient population. Beyond these interesting objects, skirting the bay to the projecting promontory, may be traced the vestiges of ancient villas, the favourite retreats of Pompey and Cicero, withdrawing from the cares of state, to the studies of philosophy; or the infamous resort of Nero or Lucullus, for the gratification of gluttony and licentiousness.

Some of those ruins are now covered by the waves of the bay, and others are converted into stables and wine cellars; but several temples yet remain, partially dilapidated, together with a portal of Cuma (once a noble city, though now totally deserted) and the Piscina Mirabilis, a vaulted reservoir of sufficient capacity to supply the Roman fleets, when they rendezvoused at Misenum.

Not far distant is the cave where the Cumean Sibyl uttered

* Milton.

her oracles, and predicted, says St. Jerome, the birth of Christ. The river Styx, and the Stygian lake of Virgil, the banks of which were his Elysian fields. The vapour baths, the water of which will boil an egg in a few minutes. The Solfaterra, where alum vitriol and sal-ammoniac are extracted from the volcanic substances within the crater of this extinguished volcano. The Grotta del Cane, whose mephitic vapour is fatal to animal life, and will extinguish a lighted torch. The Pisciarelli, a rivulet of boiling water, issuing from the cone of the Solfaterra, strongly impregnated with alum and vitriol, the latter of which preponderates to such a degree as to produce ink when mixed with galls. The crator of another extinguished volcano, four or five miles round, which has been walled in for a royal park, and is well stocked with stags and boars.

Scipio Africanus, when accused of peculation by an act of ingratitude, perhaps characteristic of republican jealousy, (since the temperate Washington has been charged with official profusion) retired to the neighbouring coast, where the poet Ennius amused his voluntary solitude, and Seneca, the heathen moralist, long afterward defended his memory from contemporary injustice.*

On the other side of this beautiful bay, five miles from Naples, is Mount Vesuvius, the celebrated volcano that has alternately vomited fire and smoke, ever since the earliest notices of history or tradition.

At Naples, for the first time in a European capital, I have been unable to procure agreeable lodgings, those opening upon the water being so crowded that I could meet with none vacant to my mind.

Determined however to be within sight of the bay, I once engaged a suit of rooms near the Castello, of which we took possession in the morning, but were before night so heartily tired of the clanking of galley slaves frequently passing by in irons from the castle, and so terrified with the loneliness of our apartment, within call of nothing but the very dregs of the Neapolitan populace, that we gladly paid

* "In ipsa Scipionis villa hæc scribo adoratis manibus ejus et sepulchro. Animum quidem ejus in cœlum exquo erat rediisse persuadeo mihi ob egregiam moderationem pietatemque magis in illo admirabilem cum reliquit patriam quam cum defendit." (I write, with veneration, in that very villa from which, I doubt not, the soul of Scipio returned to his native sky, a hero more to be admired when he relinquished his country, than when he defended it.)

the forfeit of a week's advance, and returned again in the evening to our old lodgings.

Excepting the great hotels upon the Chiaia, of which English travellers are so fond, the delightful borders of the most beautiful bay in the world are only inhabited by fishermen and lazzarone.

The latter may be seen sunning themselves in crowds, under the very windows of the royal palace, where this enchanting promenade begins, and its whole length is infested with beggars that lie basking in the sun, many of whom exhibit their deformities in a manner too offensive to be described. Of some shocking figures I should gladly discharge my wounded memory, but the impression is indelible.

In the middle of a square that fronts the Opera, defenceless, on the very edge of the full drive of hurry and dissipation, I have seen adults lie roaring in the mud, half naked, and whole families of children left sprawling upon a litter of straw, to attract the notice of passengers by their continual cries.

But here as well as elsewhere in European capitals, the rich and great whirl rapidly by in their coaches, and leave the importunities of beggars to be felt and relieved by the humbler classes of society.

I am satisfied that more objects of this description might be picked up in the streets of Naples than could be furnished by all the hospitals in the United States, though eleemosynary institutions are by no means wanting at Naples. But police is here a court sinecure, and the funds of hospitals are managed by pensioned governors.

Caserta, the Neapolitan rival of Versailles, is situated in the Campagna Felice, sixteen miles from the capital, a distance the Prince Royal makes nothing of driving at all hours of day or night, preceded by half a dozen running footmen, the first we have seen, this inhuman appendage of royal or noble ostentation being now every where else exploded. I say the prince, because the king has not yet ventured to return from Sicily, whither he withdrew on the rumour of the arrival of the French.

The palace may indeed be compared to the proud residence of Lewis XIV. in point of size, being an oblong square, seven hundred feet long, and five or six hundred wide. It is divided by intermediate ranges into four courts. In the

centre is an open vestibule, in which his Sicilian majesty alights under cover, at the foot of a stair-case sixty feet by ninety, which lands him by double flights upon the level of the state apartments in an octagonal saloon ninety feet diameter, which is divided by eight marble columns into a circle and surrounding gallery. On one side is the tedious string of anti-chambers, leading by due degrees into halls of audience, presence chambers, and state bed rooms, with cabinets, wardrobes, and waiting rooms, without number; on another the comfortable range of private apartments, adapted to domestic convenience; on a third the splendid chapel, not inferior in size or decoration to that of Versailles.

But Caserta wants the gallery, that was painted by Le Brun, with the victories of Lewis, and the brilliant water-works which distinguish Versailles from all the palaces upon earth.

A superb aqueduct brings a rivulet of the Apennines to supply the reservoirs of Caserta. In the course of nine leagues it pierces through five different spurs of the mountain, and flows at a great height over intermediate vallies.

Caserta is not yet finished, and probably never will be, though it has been in hand for half a century, as the situation is so flat as to be incapable of modern decoration; and his present majesty takes more pleasure in the neighbouring mansion-house of Santa Leuce, where he amuses himself with superintending a manufactory of silks and gauzes.

Returning late from Caserta we drove through the throng of the Strada di Toledo by torch-light, expecting every moment to run over the noisy crowd, which filling the street from side to side opens on the approach of a carriage, and closes up again the moment it has passed with incredible alertness.

At Naples every thing is done in the street. There merchants buy and sell. There tradesmen ply their tools, the blacksmith shoes his horse, and the cobler heel-taps his customer. There loungers ride, or walk, or saunter to kill time, or take the air. There dinners and suppers are cooked and eaten, nay, such tractable animals as swine and bullocks are struck or knocked on the head, in the less frequented streets, where many a lazzarone makes his bed upon the smoothest stone he can find.

It is said there are forty thousand of these idle vagrants that live in the streets without any stationary home, and

three or four times the number, a groat above beggary, crowd the avenues of Naples from morning till night. With them the sovereign good is to do nothing, and they only work as much as is necessary to keep themselves from starving. A sup of Maccaroni, and a handful of roasted chesnuts, will satisfy the cravings of hunger, without resource to experiments; and accordingly a cargo of potatoes was lately thrown overboard in the harbour, the good people of Naples would not take them as a gift.

Upon the road to Portici, and the neighbouring villages, one-horse calashes are kept for hire, by ragged drivers, and so many of these are often seen driving furiously at once, with two, three, four, and even five lazy raggamuffins hanging on at a time, that I have seen whole streets look as if they were flying away with rags.

The air of Naples, between the autumnal rains and the summer-heats, is perhaps the purest upon earth. It is perceptibly invigorating, and may account for, though it cannot excuse, the licentiousness of the Neapolitans, which seems as if it might be imbibed from the surrounding atmosphere, springing with elasticity.

Well might Roger Ascham say, in the homely phraseology of his age, "I take goying thither, and living there, for a yonge gentleman that doth not goe under the kepe and garde of such a manne as both by wisdom can, and by authoritie dare rewle him, to be marvellous dangerous."

The public amusements of Naples are accordingly various and splendid. The Opera house is said to excel even that of Paris, and the musical entertainments at the churches are performed in the grandest style.

Dramatic enthusiasts declare that the theatre of San Carlo would be, when illuminated, the most imposing scene in the world, if the size of the building, and the noise of the spectators, did not prevent both voices and instruments from being distinctly heard. Such is at Naples the rage of dissipation that it is common to receive company in the boxes, to take ices, and other refreshments, and even to sup and to play at cards. The dancers only command the eyes and ears of an Italian audience.

The Opera girls keep their chariots upon the wages of prostitution, and the carnival of Naples makes up in dissoluteness any thing it may want in parade, when compared to those of Rome and Venice.

To see the people indulging themselves in every kind of licentiousness, in which the clergy, and even the monks

of Naples, openly partake, you would not think they were within reach of an open volcano, which could sweep them all in a moment from the face of the earth.

But the populace of Naples possess a tranquillizing faith, unknown to protestant communities. They can delegate their lives and fortunes to the care of San Gennaro, secure in the watchful protection of the saint. He is stationed upon a bridge between the town and the mountain, where he extends his right hand to stay the furious volcano, with a look that seems to threaten it for daring to disturb the good people of Naples, the worthy objects of his peculiar favour.

LETTER XXIV.

VESUVIUS—HERCULANEUM—POMPEII.

VESUVIUS since we have been in its neighbourhood has only rolled out volumes of smoke, sometimes gracefully mounting into the air, sometimes lowering about the crater, according to the state of the atmosphere, and the direction of the wind. There has been no flame since the eruption of 1794,* though the mountain has been often thought to threaten.

A day or two ago we rambled up its sides, as far as the foot of the cone. They exhibit the most singular contrast of barrenness and fertility, according to the course of the torrents of lava, the intervals between which are covered with chesnut-trees and vineyards, from which are made the luscious wines called the Lachryma Christi and Muscadel.

At the top of the ascent, where you are still a mile and a half from the crater, there was before the insurrection a convent of monks, where refreshments could be procured; but it is now deserted, and the weary visitant must content himself with the enchanting prospect which throws the bay of Naples, with its cities and its islands, its hills and its vallies, at once at his feet, bordered with a sparkling semicircle in the open sea, terminating every evening with the indescribable glories of an Italian sky.

We approached the crater, a hill of ashes and pumice stones in the shape of a cone, half a mile in diameter, and

* Our author is here under a slight mistake; he has probably never heard of the eruption which took place in November 1804, at the time Kotzebue was at Naples; and which is so interestingly described in the fourth Volume of this work. Ed.

five hundred feet high, near enough to hear the great pot boil; the continual bubbling of the liquid lava producing a sound that exactly resembles the boiling of a cauldron.

But as this conical hill cannot be ascended without excessive fatigue, from sinking every step half leg deep in ashes, hot enough to scorch a pair of boots; and as we had had an account of the present situation of the mouth of the crater from a French gentleman who had descended into it the day before, we suffered curiosity to press us no further, and amused ourselves with tracing across the subjacent country the various currents of lava with which fertile vallies have been desolated, and flourishing cities overwhelmed.

Toward Midsummer 1794, Vesuvius had ceased to vomit either fire or smoke, a circumstance which generally presages an eruption; and at half past three o'clock on the morning of the 13th of July, the inhabitants of the foot of the mountain were suddenly alarmed with a shock, like that of an earthquake. This terrifying stroke was thrice repeated, and the people immediately fled into their gardens, where they passed the remainder of the night in anxious expectation.

Next morning nothing was to be seen at Naples but penitential processions of men, women, and children, walking barefoot to the cathedral, to implore the protection of San Gennaro.

For the next three days the weather was tempestuous, and the air loaded with vapours, with which, together with clouds of ashes, it was sometimes supernaturally darkened; and during this terrific interval several slighter shocks were felt, attended with rumbling noises, like distant thunder; when about two o'clock on the morning of the 17th there was heard an explosion so loud and long, that it could only be compared to a continual discharge of heavy cannon; and a torrent of flaming lava was seen to burst from the western side of the crater, and pour down the sides of the mountain in various directions.

The principal stream, a mile in width, bent its destructive course toward Torre del Greco, a town of fifteen or twenty thousand people, situated upon the bay, ten miles from Naples, and five from the crater of Vesuvius.

A column of dense smoke now ascended from the orifice, in the shape of a cylinder, out of which darted in every direction immense stones in a state of ignition, producing the

effect of forked lightnings, as they were impelled, with irresistible violence, to a distance of several miles.

The fiery lava swept every thing before it, and in less than three hours overwhelmed Torre del Greco, and tumbled into the sea with a horrible explosion, of which some idea may be formed from the violent effects produced by the contact of water with red-hot iron.

The sea bissed with a noise like that of the sharpest thunder, and the lava, curling itself up, as if sensible to the touch of the adverse element, instantly petrified into undescribable crimps and jags.

The vivid reflection of this fiery torrent illuminated the city of Naples till the dawn of day, and the furious concussion of the jarring elements continued all the next morning, and raised a ragged mole in the bay a quarter of a mile square.

This dreadful explosion had been awfully preceded by a sudden flow of the sea, probably occasioned by the impetuous rush that would naturally follow an abrupt absorption of its waters in the cavities of the mountain, which are supposed to run under the bed of the bay.

Such an accident would have been sufficient to cause the instantaneous ejection of the liquid fire then boiling in the bowels of the volcano, by whose fearful contact the tremendous thunder with which it was accompanied might well have been produced.

The surface of the boiling liquid gradually hardened as it cooled, about the mouth of the orifice, from which it had issued, and soon formed a crust of pumice and lava over the unfathomable pit, through the interstices of which the crater has continued to smoke ever since.

The French gentleman before mentioned, in company with two or three other inquisitive foreigners, actually descended to this false bottom, and examined the smoking crannies of the platform that conceals the boiling gulph, whilst their trembling guides protested against their presumption, and on their kness invoked St. Anthony, the catholic guardian against fire, for the preservation of their adventurous charge.

Our fellow traveller brought away with him a large lump of cristallized salts, that he had himself picked out of the principal orifice, the air of which, fuming from beneath a volcanic rock, was hot enough to singe his hair.

Torre del Greco now exhibits an appearance little less curious than Herculaneum or Pompeii. Many of the houses were soon excavated, and others rebuilt upon the same spot, though the lava continued warm in some places for several years, and his Sicilian majesty had offered the inhabitants as much ground in another place, to induce them to rebuild the town in a less dangerous situation.

The ashes of this or some former eruption are said to have been blown as far as Constantinople, to the great terror of the superstitious Turks; and it is certain that a month before the memorable one I have just described, while Vesuvius was disgorging stones and fire at its ancient vomitory, a dense cloud was seen at Radicofani, coming from the south-east, the direction of Vesuvius (two hundred miles distant) from which there fell a shower of ashes and volcanic stones.

During an eruption which took place in the year 1538, a new hill arose in the vicinity, to the height of 600 feet; and many of the mountains between Rome and Naples are said to discover traces of a similar origin.

The eruption which overwhelmed Herculaneum, and Pompeii, occurred in the 79th year of the Christian æra, and is described by Pliny and other ancient authors.

Since then several other eruptions have taken place, in ages that produced no Historians to preserve their memory, as appears by the various laminæ which have been formed one upon another over the site of Herculaneum.

Pliny, and other ancient authors, speak of this as a great and flourishing city, and the Alexandrian chronicle mentions its having been built sixty years before the siege of Troy. Dion Cassius thus describes its destruction, which happened in the month of August. "An incredible quantity of cinders filled the air, and covered the earth and the sea, suffocating man and beast, the birds in the air, and the fish in the bay. The showers of ashes entirely buried two cities, while their inhabitants were seated in the theatres, and cinders were carried by the wind as far as the coast of Egypt."

Another town arose upon the site of Herculaneum, since called Portici, and now the summer residence of his Sicilian majesty, whose inhabitants had long forgotten the traditionary tale, when a peasant, sinking a well in the year 1713, came across several blocks of marble. These being wanted for the composition of stucco, for a palace then building in the neighbourhood by the prince d'El Bœuf, his high-

ness purchased of the peasant a right to search for more, and in so doing restored to light a statute of Hercules and another of Cleopatra.

This success induced him to produce with ardour, when seven Roman vestals, and forty-eight alabaster columns, were the reward of his labour.

Such acquisitions were viewed by the administration with a jealous eye, and the prince was commanded to desist.

It was not till the year 1736, when Don Carlos became king of Naples, and purchased the newly erected palace, that the subterranean city was discovered, under the royal direction, together with the bed of a river which had once run through it.

A temple of Jupiter was soon cleared out, and the amphitheatre completely excavated.

Great numbers of statues, paintings, and ancient utensils, were now discovered, and carefully deposited in the museum of Portici; yet the number of workmen employed by the crown was gradually reduced, and the excavations have been long since totally discontinued.

The most considerable edifice discovered during this interval was a forum, or rectangular court, two hundred feet long, encompassed with porticos. It was paved with marble, and adorned with paintings.

In the grand entrance, composed of five arcades, were as many equestrian statues, two of which are now preserved in the vestibule of the palace.*

At the opposite end, upon an elevation of three steps, was a statue of Vespasian, between two sitting figures, in curule chairs.

This superb forum was connected with two temples by adjoining colonnades.

The city of Herculaneum has been buried by successive showers of ashes, and floods of lava, to the depth of sixty or eighty feet. Its subterranean excavations can therefore only be seen by the light of flambeaux, which must be held up to the dripping walls to display the fresco paintings, and dedicatory inscriptions, which in musty cavities, for ever

* These are the only equestrian statues which have yet been discovered, in marble. One of them was inscribed;

M. NONIO M. F. BALBO PR. PRO. COS. HERCULANENSES.

(Erected, by the people of Herculaneum, to Marcus, Nonius, Balbus, of Marcus, prætor and proconsul.)

hidden, from the face of day, preserve for modern eyes the obsolete language of ancient Rome.

Pompeii on the contrary, an inland town on the other side of the mountain, having only been covered by a fall of ashes fifteen or twenty feet deep, the removal of which has again exposed the buried streets and houses to the open air, exhibits to the astonished eye the entire skeleton of a departed city, whose solitary passages one ventures to tread with a surprise mixed with horror, like that which is inspired by the idea of an apparition rising from the dead.

In the suburbs of the town are seen the soldiers' quarters, with Roman names and obscene figures scratched upon the walls, two thousand years ago, in the very style of a modern guard-house; the platform and proscenia of two theatres, from which we may presume the Roman legions to have been no less addicted to their public shews, than the French troops now are to their "spectacles;" and an entire plan of a Temple of Isis, with the cœnabulum, in which were found the bones of some fish, the slaughter-house, with the very ring to which the struggling victim was attached, and the channel by which the blood was conveyed away, the corner into which the priests squeezed themselves when they spoke for the oracular statue, and the secret stairs by which they went up into the "Sanctum Sanctorum."

Here were found candelabræ, sacrificial instruments, and human skeletons, probably those of priests, deprecating the vengeance of their gods at the time of the eruption.

In the guard-house, iron stocks were found, with skeletons standing in them, and you are still shewn the impression of a flying foot which had sunk in yielding lava.

From the suburb you cross a vineyard to the town itself, through the principal street of which runs the pavement of the Appian Way.

On descending to the ancient surface, you behold two narrow streets, diverging obliquely from a public fountain.

The pavement, worn into ruts by the wheels of ancient cars, and the footways, raised as they now are in English and American towns once sullied with the litter of continual passengers, now appear bleached by wind and rain.

Neither of these streets is more than fifteen feet in width, and the carriage way is not above ten, yet there was room enough for two of the ancient cars to pass at a time, the tracks of which are but four feet asunder.

You contemplate with serious reflections, rows of houses, now unroofed and silent as the grave, once the cheerful habitations of Roman citizens; and as you pass along by the gaping doors and windows, you perceive the stain of a heated cup on the front slab of a tavern, and the indecent emblem of licentiousness over the entrance of a brothel.

On entering into some of the houses you still read upon their thresholds, in large letters, wrought in black and white mosaic, of which all the floors are constructed, the "salve" that welcomed the guests of antiquity; and perceive upon the walls, by the help of a little water to freshen the colours, the ornamental devices of ancient ingenuity.

The finest specimens, however, are nothing more than small sketches of figures or landscapes, with Arabesque borders, representing for instance, Venus attired by the Graces; Cupid playing on the tibia; a dancing Bacchante; fighting Gladiators; a temple; an altar, with a cock, for a sacrifice to Æsculapius; a Roman villa; fish; game; flowers, &c.

The houses are generally very small, yet some of them are built round a court, which had a fountain in the middle.

The windows were mostly closed with wooden shutters, yet some few of them had glass in them, which was not perfectly transparent, and others were shaded with isinglass split into thin plates.

In one of the houses were found chirurgical instruments, and manuscript rolls; the utensils now used by soap boilers were found in another. In one of the courts was the iron-work of a calash, which must have been exactly like those now used at Naples, though the modern Neapolitans have forgotten the use of footways.

Passing through the main street to the walls of the town you see beyond the houses a court, containing a broad flat stone for the burning of the dead, round which are still seen upon the wall enormous masks of "terra cotta," with mournful countenances.

Here also are several family tombs, one of which is inscribed with the name of its founder, and the laconic inscription,

SIBI ET SUIS.*

* For him and his.

Farther on is a semicircular bench for repose or conversation; and a sentry box for the city guard remains just within the town gate.

Another cleared spot in the neighbourhood exhibits a complete specimen of an ancient villa.

The whole plan of the house, its out-houses, its gardens, and its fish pond may be accurately traced: the kitchen and the bath-house are almost entire, with their boilers and tunnels, yet fit for use, and the cellars still contain earthen jars with wine encrusted to ashes.

From the principal floor of this villa, a terrace projects on each side, under which runs a gallery, and other apartments for summer residence, in one of which was found the skeleton of the master, with the house-key and a purse of gold.

Pompeii appears to have been itself chiefly built and and paved with lava. It was not buried so deep but that the battlements of the houses remained above the surface, and pointed by their crumbling pinnacles to the scene of destruction: yet it was not till the year 1750 that it was thought worth while to search into the ruins, when the parts above described were easily cleared of the loose soil, with which they had been so long concealed, and displayed the shocking spectacle of those who had been buried alive in burning cinders.

Skeletons were found heaped together in the houses and in the streets, and the untasted food of the suffocated inhabitants was still discernible upon their tables.

At the royal palace of Portici, are preserved the innumerable objects of curiosity, which have been drawn from Herculaneum and Pompeii.

They are arranged in long strings of rooms paved with ancient mosaics, ornamented with ancient frescos, and furnished with every article of domestic utility, known to the Romans. In one of them are seen the culinary utensils, which are scarcely exceeded by the inventions of modern refinement.

In another, instruments of husbandry, sufficiently proving by their resemblance to those now in use, that human ingenuity, as well as animal instinct, operates universally similar ends by similar means.

In another are preserved sacrificial and chirurgical in-

struments, among which the lancet "that favourite implement of some modern practitioners," is observed to be wanting; scales and weights, steel-yards, &c. like those now in use; nails, screws, locks, keys, latches, hinges, bolts, &c.

In another, lamps, lachrymatories, Etruscan vases, and caledaria, with heaters, which are said to have first suggested the idea of tea urns.

In another, eatables, retaining their original shape, such as corn, flour, bread, a pie in its pan, peas, beans, nuts, almonds, grapes, figs, dates, wine, oil, fish and eggs; lace, linen, nets, helmets and coats of mail, swords and shields.

The scrolls of papyras, containing ancient manuscripts, of which there are near a thousand, are preserved with particular care. They have been consolidated by heat and moisture into hard rolls.

A few of them, however, have been unfolded by a tedious process; but instead of the lost books of Livy or Polybius, they preserve nothing but uninteresting treatises upon music, rhetoric, and theology; and only two of these manuscripts, undoubtedly the most ancient now extant, have been thought worth publishing to the world.

The scrolls are in a state of calcination, as if just drawn out of an oven; but their being written on one side only, admits of gluing the leaves to a thin pellicle, upon which they are gradually unrolled.

Among the statues found here there is nothing very extraordinary in point of art, and some of them are too indecent and immoral to be publicly exposed.

In the gardens of the palace of Portici, there are swings and wooden horses fixed upon round-abouts, such as delight the populace at English fairs. They are here erected for the particular amusement of the Court; and on holidays the people flock from Naples in crowds, to see the grown gentlemen divert themselves with this masculine amusement.

We were yesterday at the Palazzo degli Studi Publici, an immense edifice, in which are preserved the antique statues inherited from the house of Farnese, many of which are exquisitly fine.

There is the famous Hercules, of equivocal merit; the Flora, of indisputable elegance; a head of Homer, of the most venerable sublimity; and a falling Gladiator, whose

attitude is so impressed with fainting weakness, that you approach the pedestal with caution, for fear the statue should actually fall.

We have not seen the three doric temples of Pæstum, the ancient Possidonia, which have lately risen into notice from the midst of Calabrian thickets; nor the Phrygian caps and Grecian veils of the peasants, who preserve, in the little island of Procida, all the peculiarities of a Grecian colony; neither have we visited a tenth part of the churches and convents of this catholic city.

Yet, to-morrow we return to Rome, by the same tardy conveyance, which experience has taught us to prefer in Italy to any other.

LETTER XXV.

RETURN TO ROME.—CANOVA.—VOLPATO.—EXCURSION TO TIVOLI.

LITTLE occurred worth mentioning between Naples and Rome. Our only companion in the coach was an Italian lady, who spoke no language but her mother-tongue, and we found ourselves, for the first time, reduced to a ridiculous dilemma, of hearing without understanding, and speaking without being understood.

The lady, however, though a married woman, on the wrong side of forty, soon found a cisisbeo in one of the other coaches, who was always at the door to hand her out and in.

At night he was her valet de chambre, in the morning her hair dresser; in short that amphibious animal, indispensible to the helplessness of an Italian fine lady; and to his obsequious attentions I willingly resigned her.

At the wretched inns upon the respective frontiers, travellers are incommoded by the unfriendliness of the neighbouring states, neither of whose inhabitants will receive the current coin of the other beyond the boundary line, which separates the good catholics of the kingdom of Naples from those of the patrimony of St. Peter.

After leaving the noisy crowd of Naples, it seemed like going into the country, to return to the monastic quietude

Rome, and we were happy to find our old lodgings still vacant, and our affectionate landlord and his wife ready to receive us again with open arms.

We went with them the next day to the work-shop of Canova, curious to behold the only statuary that modern times can venture to compare with Phidias and Praxiteles, or the unknown artist of the Venus de Medicis, and the Appollo Belvidere.

This incomparable sculptor, is a little man, middle aged, a native of Venice, with intelligent features, singularly mild and unassuming.

We found him giving the last strokes to a figure of Hebe, alighting on a cloud, and pouring nectar with all the lightness of an aerial attendant at an Olympian banquet.

He shewed us a Perseus, which he had just finished, of exquisite proportions, and a plaister cast of his celebrated groupe of Venus and Adonis, universally allowed to be little if at all inferior to the perfect models of antiquity, which now grace the gallery of Paris.

I asked him if he could make me a bust of Washington, from a drawing or a print, but he declines confining himself to real life, preferring his liberty to range at large in the regions of ideal beauty.

In the afternoon I went to see Volpato, the best engraver at Rome since the death of Piranesi, the local genius that seems to have been formed among the monuments of antiquity, to give them, before they crumbled into dust, circulation and perpetuity.

Volpato is superannuated, but he could yet be pleased with the compliment of an American visitor. His principal performances are from the histories of Raphael and the landscapes of Claude; but his graver has ever been best adapted to inanimate nature, and he was now employed upon a fine composition of Gaspar Poussin, I think from the Pamfili collection in the Palazzo Doria.

I strolled to the Tivoli the day before yesterday, on foot, and alone, to be perfectly at liberty to contemplate the beauties of the Sibyl's temple (as it is denominated by common fame) and the unbounded ruins of the villa of Adrian, that lie just without this wretched town, the houses of which are little better than Indian wigwams, piled one upon another, in streets narrow and badly paved, up hill and down.

Tivoli is situated on an eminence bordering the

Campagná di Roma, the ancient Latium, at the distance of fifteen or eighteen miles from Rome. It was built five hundred years before the days of Romulus, yet it must have remained inconsiderable in those of Augustus, since Horace says of it.

> Parvum parva decent. Mihi jam non regia Roma
> Sed vacuum Tibur placet.*

The Consular road which still leads to it, was once bordered with magnificent sepulchres, of which shapeless ruins yet remain.

About twelve miles from Rome there is a volcanic lake, from which bituminous and sulphureous vapours, constantly exhale, and render the vicinity unhinhabitable to man or beast. Material substances condense in its petrifying waters, and floating islands are often formed upon the surface, of compacted reeds and bulrushes.

Two miles farther, you cross the Anio, or Teverone, by the Lucanian bridge, so called from a victory which the followers of Romulus there gained over the ancient Lucanians.

This bridge was repaired by Tiberius Plautius, perhaps the same that accompanied the Emperor Claudius on his expedition into Britain. Close by it is the noble tomb of his family, and a round tower, nearly resembling that of Cecilia Metella, already described, which together with the bridge of a single arch, forms one of those picturesque objects, which furnish ample materials for the imitatve arts in the neighbourhood of Rome.

At a distance on the right you behold the wide spread ruins of the villa Adriana, entwined with thickets and overshadowed by branching pines, the product of a sandy soil. But the road leads you to Tivoli, and you ascend a tedious hill without noticing the fallen remains of the villa of Mæcenas, celebrated by all the poets of the Augustan age; or that of the cardinal d'Este, son of the duke of Ferrara, another illustrious patron of the muses, whose name is handed down with the works of Ariosto.

Between these you pass up the hill of Tivoli, and inquire your way, through blind passages and dirty lanes, to the wretched inn that boasts the possession of the celebrated temple of the Tiburtine Sibyl.

* Small things become the small, Great Rome adieu,
Now, with delight, I vacant Tibur view.

The temple of Vesta, commonly called the Sibyl's temple, from the cave of Sibylla Tiburtina, which still exists not far from it, under the disguise of a church, was once a hollow cone, a shape symbolical of the universe, twenty feet diameter, and as many high, terminating in a dome, and surrounded with eighteen fluted columns, of the Corinthian order, that formed a circular colonnade around the secret cell, in which the holy fire was kept alive by spotless virgins, devoted like the nuns of modern superstition to perpetual virginity.

The inner side of this venerable edifice has been torn away by ruffian violence, for time and nature respected the well proportioned mass. The dome has fallen in, and seven or eight prostrate columns have been removed for the domestic purposes of a neighbourhood, which has no veneration for the legacies of antiquity.

But the outer semicircle of the cone, with its concomitant columns, connected with it by single slabs of marble, which forms at once the frieze of the entablature, hung with festoons of flowers, attached to the horns of sacrificial heifers, and the flat ceiling of the portico, richly wrought in figured compartments, remain for the admiration of successive ages, as one of the most beautiful specimens of the majestic graces of Grecian architecture.

Upon the overhanging brow of a ledge of rocks, worn into caverns by an incessant cataract, whether viewed from the eager proximity of close examination, or the half concealing distance of picturesque effect, perched upon the summit of a perpendicular precipice, foaming with the spray of a furious cascade, the beauteous ruins soar above the yawning gulph, like the hall of Satan, rising by poetic incantation, over the fathomless abyss.

The three grades of Grecian architecture, the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian, for the Tuscan and the Composite are Roman modulations of those sublime and chaste originals, had received the fixed proportions of unchangeable perfection soon after the earliest dates of profane history; yet in comparison with the elegance of a Grecian temple, the pyramids of Memphis, and the pagodas of Pekin, must rank alike among the tasteless efforts of Barbarian strength.*

* I say nothing of the temple of Belus, supposed the tower of Babel, or of the walls of Babylon, which notwithstanding the authority of the Greek historians, the earliest of whom wrote his incredible description after the doubtful masses had fallen to the earth, could hardly have been so long, so

In civil architecture a successful imitation of the Grecian orders has been alike the highest boast of Rome, when she was mistress of the world, and of the polished empires of modern Europe, which are now tottering upon the pinnacle of civilization.

Among the cavities which have been worn under the foundations of the temple, by the continual rush of water, is the grotto of Neptune, a string of caverns in whose deep recesses the various effects of light and shade, sound and stillness, are infinitely contrasted.

They are said to have been the frequent resort of Claude Lorrain, Salvator Rosa, Gaspar Poussin, Vernet, and other favourites of nature; the Thomsons and the Gray's of painting.

The cave of the Syrens, is a profound abyss, into which I descended with difficulty, and traced the foaming torrent through twining brakes, and dripping caverns, to its last headlong shoot.

The rocks of Tivoli, bordering the Anio, are evidently formed by a progressive deposition from the waters which descend immediately from the calcareous mountains of the Apennines.

In an angle of one of the cavities, that had been accidentally broken away, I was shewn the channels which had been impressed by the spokes, the hub, and the fellies of a cart wheel, that must have been left upon the petrifying surface till it was involved in the growing crust.

On your way to the prostrate remains of the temples and the theatres, the palaces and the barracks, of the villa of Adrian, your are conducted by the Cicerone of the place, to the grand arcade of the palace of Mæcenas, a vault now partly subterraneous, fifty feet wide, and two hundred long, open on one side, by a range of arches. At the far end of this concavity, the mill-race that has turned the wheels of the iron and copper-works, near Tivoli, breaks into the grand arcade, and rushing violently over the broken

broad, or so high as they are represented in ancient history, since they were erected, little more than a hundred years after the Flood by Nimrod, or Belus, and his daughter-in-law Semiramis. On the banks of the Tigris, says one, on those of the Euphrates, says another, while both gravely describe them as encompassing an oblong square sixty miles in circumference, fortified with 1500 towers, 200 feet high. Be that as it might, Xerxes demolished the remains of the tower of Babel in a fit of imperial madness, on his return from his expedition into Greece; and when the Persian dynasty supplanted the Assyrian, Cyrus and his successors depopulated Babylon, by removing the seat of the empire to Shushan, Persepolis, or Ecbatana.

masses, which lie heaped upon the pavement, bursts out again on the side next the river, and falls perpendicularly several hundred feet in showers of spray.

This sight will not detain you long, but the endless departments of the villa of Adrian, spreading over a circuit of several miles, might amuse a curious observer, for days or even weeks.

On entering the great gateway, the first thing that strikes the eye is the ground plan of a theatre. In it may be still traced the stage, the orchestra, the actors' apartments, and the seats of the spectators.

There are also within the walls, remains of two other theatres, of a Naumachia, for the exibition of sea-fights; a Hippodrome, a gymnasium, and public and private baths.

In the centre was the imperial palace. It was two stories high, and it is still surrounded with the cento celle, or hundred chambers of the body guards. They opened upon a sunken area; were attained by bridges, which could be withdrawn at pleasure, and had no communication with each other, to prevent insurrectionary combinations.

Behind the palace were variously distributed, the library, the schools for technical studies; and the hall of the stoics, appropriated to philosophical disquisitions.

Around them, in various stages of decay, may still be traced temples of Apollo—of Diana—of Serapis, an imaginary deity, borrowed from the Egyptians, by the still more superstitious Romans.

In some apartments of the library, beautiful frescos and ornaments of stucco yet remain; and among these crumbling ruins have been found innumerable statues, vases, candelabra, and other objects of imperial luxury, which had escaped the dilapidations of succeeding emperors, and the more destructive occupancy of the Goths and Vandals, large bodies of whom were often quartered in the ready barrack of its endless apartments.

In the vicinity of this unparalleled villa, may still be traced the neighbouring seats of Regulus, of Cassius, of Quintilius Varus.

Ten miles above Tivoli, was the farm of Horatius Flaccus, so often hinted at in the Epistles of the first of satiric poets. It is now one of the demesnes belonging to the princes of the family of Paul V.; a line that has been more enriched by the nepotism of their predecessor, than any other of the papal houses.

The casinos of the cardinal Duca, count Falconieri, the

duke de Bracciano, and three or four more, belonging to the prince Borghese, adorn the beautiful slopes of Frescati. But it will not be worth while to go three miles out of my way to see them, as Italian villas, laid out in the English taste, are puerile to those of England; and palaces in the formal style, are totally eclipsed by the statues, the vases, the fountains, and the trellises of Versailles, and Fontainebleau.

I saw the sun go down upon the crumbling walls of the villa of Adrian; and, at ten o'clock at night, as I sit in a large room, scantily furnished, and hung round with the scrawls of wandering travellers, I hear the roar of the Anio, and my windows rattle with the rising blast, that whistles through the shattered columns of the temple of Vesta.

It reminds me that I am alone; five thousand miles from my own fire-side.

The thought is serious; it stops my rambling pen.

Farewell.

LETTER XXVI.

OBSEQUIES OF PIUS VI.—FOLLIES OF THE CARNIVAL.

THE time was now come when the wish of our landlord, who marked with pleasure my attention to the ceremonies of the church, could be innocently gratified with an opportunity to shew his guests the splendid functions of a papal funeral.

The body of Pius VI. had been craved of the hero of Marengo, and granted by that obedient son of the church, at the request of his spiritual father.

The funeral convoy had been long delayed, by the officious zeal of the towns within the patrimony of St. Peter. They had vied with each other in celebrating, over and over again, the soothing ceremonies of which the venerated body had been deprived at its actual inhumation.

It was not till within four days of the unholy period of the carnival, that the hearse and its attendants arrived in the vicinity of Rome, where a little chapel had been fitted up for its reception, without the Porta del Popolo. There it was lodged for the night, and continual masses were

said over it, by officiating priests, who relieved each other in turn.

It was visited in the evening incognito, by those cardinals who owed to the defunct their elevation to the sacred college, and it would have been surrounded by all the populace of Rome, if the gate had not been kept shut, and nobody permitted to pass without the consent of the captain of the guard.

This permission I obtained, among others, and on drawing the curtain of the chapel, I beheld upon the floor a scarlet pall, surmounted by the triple crown.

Next day all the clergy of Rome, except the living pope, and the members of the sacred college, assembled in the three churches of the square within the Porta del Popolo.

At the appointed hour, the various orders of monks and canons, in their respective habits, set out in procession for St. Peter's, holding in their hands lighted tapers, and chanting with united voices a funeral dirge.

The body followed, under an ample pall of cloth of gold, on which was placed the papal crown, supported by all the nobility of the Roman State. The cardinals that had been created by the deceased pope followed on horseback, in mourning cloaks, as the children of the spiritual Father. The papal troops brought up the rear, with their arms clubbed, and their drums muffled, beating the dead march.

After having seen the procession from our windows in the Corso, I hastily crossed the empty streets to the Ponte Sesto, and approaching the cathedral by the suburb of Transtevere, had a picturesque view from the opposite quay, of the scarlet pall, slowly crossing the bridge of St. Angelo, under the fire of minute guns from the castle, and the solemn tolling of the great bell of St. Peter's.

On its arrival within the portico of the church, the folding doors were thrown open, and the reigning pope, in episcopal vestments, attended by the sacred college, advanced from a side chapel to receive the reliques of his predecessor.

A solemn intonation from the papal band, accompanied the body to the upper end of the nave, where it was lodged for the night in the chapel of the choir.

Next morning the coffin, covered with cloth of gold, and surmounted by the tiara, having been placed upon a funeral pile, thirty feet square, and as many high, was illuminated with a thousand lights; and at ten o'clock the catholic ceremonies, for the repose of the dead, were as jealously repeated

by the new pope and cardinals, as if the deceased had recently departed for the world of spirits.

Thus the body lay in state three days, the same ceremonies being once repeated by the cardinals of his own creation, and once by the canons of St. Peter's.

It was then privately inhumed in the wall of the South aisle, opposite to the bronze cenotaph of Innocent VIII. where a superb monument is to be erected to his memory, as a mark of the gratitude of the choir, for the erection of the vestry.

The body of the unfortunate Pius was scarcely quiet in its new depository before the populace of Rome danced over his grave to the licentious measures of the carnival, when five or six weeks are given up, in catholic countries, to the public exercise of every kind of foolery, and theatrical exhibitions are permitted at Rome, though forbidden all the rest of the year.

On the evenings of the last eight days there is a horse-race in the Corso, which an antiquarian might venerate as a relique of the ancient games of the Circus or the Hippodrome. A dozen horses are then let loose among the people to make their way to the capital, without riders, spurred on by the flutter of tinsel points, the firing of cannon, and the shouts of the populace, several of whom are generally overturned by them at every course.*

Before this tumultuous scene takes place, the nobility of Rome parade the Corso in their coaches, and amuse themselves as much as the meanest vulgar, with contemptible exhibitions of coachmen in petticoats, huzzar footmen, and macaronies of the old school, strutting about in full bottomed wigs, and bowing with the profoundest reverence to such acquaintances as they affect to distinguish in the crowd, by peering at them through a hoop.

But all these jokes grew stale with repetition, while a sturdy beggar excited continual merriment, by vociferating in a masculine voice, though tricked out in the rags and tatters of a female vagabond, the well known rigmarole of habitual beggary. "Dying with hunger, a sick husband,

* The Strada del Corso measures near a mile in length, and it is usually run in 2 minutes and 20 seconds, making about 37 feet to a second. Englishmen remark with conscious superiority, that at Newmarket the course of 4 English miles has been completed in less than 7 minutes, which is upwards of 50 feet to a second.—But let me not be thought to sanction this barbarous abuse of the noblest of those animals, which voluntarily attach themselves to the service of man.

its head, in the style of effigies, so often seen in France and England upon Gothic tombstones.

The walls of the church were hung with black and gold, and the Pope's band appeared in the organ loft, to begin a slow and solemn incantation as soon as the Pontiff should be seated.

After the funeral hymn, the Pope arose and sprinkled with holy water the border of the scarlet bed, encircling the body several times, with a sweeping train of priests and prelates.

Their eminences withdrew from this humbling memento, of what themselves must one day come to, deafened with cries of "clear the way! clear the way! for my Lord Cardinal!" and it was with difficulty they could reach their coaches across the inextricable confusion of trampling horses and rattling wheels, dogged by an impatient mob, which had waited for hours in the adjacent streets.

The rudeness of the Italian populace is, on these occasions, barbarously gross. I have had my coat singed with the pot of coals, without which a Roman slattern never goes from home in winter; and I have been pushed aside by a cardinal's footman, with as much insolence as if he was making way for his master: but when the Pope's guards have been opening a passage through the crowd by main force, I have been sometimes apprehensive of being squeezed to death, in a place where it would be felony, without benefit of clergy, to strike a blow.

At the Easter holidays, observed alike by the Jews, as the feast of the Passover, and by christians, as the anniversary of the awful sacrifice of the Son of God, which was prefigured by that of the Paschal Lamb, funeral ceremonies are performed upon the Holy Eve, in the Capella Sistina, under the solemn chaunt of the papal band, which, on this occasion, pours forth, in penetrating strains, the trembling "Miserere."

The Capella Paulina is at the same time dimly lighted up for a mournful exhibition of the holy sepulchre; and an illuminated cross is suspended in the air beneath the dome of St. Peter's, when the symbolic refulgence creates sublime effects of light and shade, glittering upon the gilded ceiling, running into obscurity in the recesses of the chapels, dying away in the hemisphere of the dome, and fading by degrees on the sides of the nave, and in weaker and weaker reflections of diagonal radiation.

All this we shall miss by leaving Rome a month too soon;

and two months later, on the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, we might see the illumination of the Colonnade, the Façade, and the Dome, blazing with innumerable lights, and behold the Girandola of St. Angelo, an explosion of five thousand rockets, that fills the atmosphere with sparkling corruscations.

Before I quit the Papal metropolis, I must crave forgiveness of my Protestant brethren, for speaking of the sovereign Pontiff in the established style of etiquette. The *holiness* of an unholy Pope indicates no more in the courtly nomenclature of Europe, than the *grace* of an ungracious duke, or the *serenity* of a passionate prince. Do we not read within the covers of our own Bibles of, "that *sanctified* person, the *most high* and mighty prince, James, *by the grace of God?*" &c.; and even in America, under the authority of no general council, under the prescription of no established church, is not the adulatory phraseology repeated throughout innumerable editions? I hope, however, it will not be long before American editors will venture to omit the whole apocryphal book of the epistle dedicatory.

My Catholic readers, especially in America, will demand, and deserve, a more serious apology, for the freedom with which I have exhibited the real or supposed errors of the Church of Rome. I well know that the Roman Catholics in the United States are justly considered as good citizens, and pious Christians, particularly at Philadelphia, where the name of Harding, their late venerable pastor, is often coupled, in philanthropic recollections, with that of his revered contemporary Benezet. If many of them have been heretofore unacquainted with ecclesiastical history, and many more have qualified in America their religious, as well as their political, creed, I beg them to remember, that the revival of historic truths, however unwelcome, is not wilful defamation. The same darkness involved church and state, religion and philosophy, during the long interval between the decline of the Roman empire and the revival of letters; and the Catholics of the nineteenth century are no more responsible for the inventions of the ninth, than are the modern Presbyterians for the intolerance of their forefathers.

LETTER XXVII.

JOURNEY FROM ROME TO LYONS—PASSAGE OF MOUNT CENIS.

Lyons, 15th April, 1802.

WE left Rome, with regret, the 19th of March, with a Vettorino, who was to take us to Florence for eight sequins (a Roman coin worth about two dollars), though he had first asked as many Louis d'ors, according to the laudable custom of his country.

We had for company a German rider, or travelling agent for a manufacturing house, who could speak, for ought I know, all the languages of Europe; yet whether he expressed himself in English, French, or German, his pronunciation and phraseology was always that of his mother-tongue.

He remarked himself, that it was a physical impossibility for a German to pass for any thing else, though by the way an American is an Englishman at London, and with a French tongue in his head, may readily pass for a Frenchman in Italy, and an Italian in France.

I have known a Frenchman who would have been taken for an Englishman in London; and I once met with an English rider, in Switzerland, who might have passed himself for a Frenchman at Paris, or a German at Vienna.

When we arrived upon the frontiers our fellow-traveller used to divert himself and us, by rattling over his name, Johann Rudolph Schalch, to the inquiring sentinels; when the astonished interrogator, after two or three ineffectual repetitions, generally handed the redoubtable German pen ink and paper, to be his own amanuensis.

He was full six feet high, his physiognomy was German, and with his cocked-hat and pistols, he passed, no doubt, among the chicken-hearted Italians, for a disbanded officer, that *might have served under General Suwarrow, or Field-marshal Wurmsur:* but no man is a hero to his valet-

de-chambre; our Vettorino soon discovered that the doughty German was as easily frightened as any body in his *voiture*, and the fellow frequently diverted himself and us, with covert but intelligible references, to the well known indications of timidity upon a road infamous for assassinations.

Our hero had been to Palermo, to see the King of the Two Sicilies, upon some business relating to his manufactures.

He described to us, in opprobrious terms, the worthless vices of the populace of Sicily, and the slatternly inactivity, even of ladies of the *ton*, in a country that swarms with vermin.

Sicilian wheat has been famous from the earliest ages of civilization, and both in size and flavour, the grapes, the figs, the pomegranates, the oranges, and the pine-apples of Sicily, are all that we imagine of the island of Calypso, in the fables of Fenelon, or that the youth of America so often realize, to their cost, amid the verdant insalubrity of the western Archipelago.

A letter of introduction from Prince Charles, the philosophic Archduke of the Austrian family, had procured his countryman the honour of a personal interview with his royal brother-in-law; but his Neapolitan Majesty, when he had sufficiently conned over the brief, *graciously signified that he did not understand such business*, and without farther notice, referred his petitioner to General Acton, an English gentleman who had long spared the sovereign of the Two Sicilies the fatiguing cares of administration.

Until we reached Sienna, the full blow of spring upon the groves and hedges promised us a favourable passage across the Appennines; but a heavy snow had fallen a few days before, between Sienna and Florence. It had however melted away before we reached the capital of Tuscany, converted into Etruria by the metamorphosists of France.

Arriving at Florence before dark, I ran down to the Arno as soon as we alighted, recollecting that it opened to the west, and was amply rewarded with the sight of a glowing sky. A brilliant orange melting into a pea-green, of the most vivid transparency, was richly irradiated from behind a ridge of mountains, upon the distant horizon, empurpled with the fairy tinge of an Italian atmosphere.

Here we reposed several days, revisited the interesting objects we had already admired, and enquired for those we had missed seeing before.

The town was unusually gay with the festival of San Gio-

vanni; and the Northern Hero, who was still a bachelor, had like to have lost his heart at last among the straw hats and blue ribbands of the peasants' daughters.

We set out again with a new Vettorino, better acquainted with the Appennines, over which we were now to toil; and we gladly reached before night the hospitable Caravansera, that occupies the central level—bleak and barren as a Siberian desert.

Snow lay fathoms deep in the gullies, and the melting of that which had till then covered the road, had just yielded to a religious fraternity the melancholy satisfaction of interring in holy ground the unfortunate travellers, who had lost their way during the winter, and perished under drifting snows.

One of the dead bodies was carried along as we approached the inn, or rather stable, where, as in many other places, even in the plains of Italy, horses are accommodated on the first floor, and their riders on the second.

We willingly arose the next morning, before day-break, to descend from the ragged back-bone of the Appennines; and as we traversed a barren heath we beheld, at a distance, a volcanic flame, which pierces through a bed of sand.

Soon afterwards we entered the first town of the Bolognese, now part of the Cisalpine Republic, and were sufficiently fretted by the particularity, rather than the insolence of the novices at the Custom-house, who knew not what to make of the trunk full of nick-nacks I had brought away from Rome. They would have taken me for a pedlar of small wares, on his way to the next fair, if our German fellow-traveller had not *assured them that I was an American gentleman travelling for his amusement.*

This examination passed us on to Bologna, where I was obliged to make a regular entry of my prints and marbles, and to pay down the duty upon actual consumption, before I could be permitted to take them across the country.

At the frontier Dogana however, the money was to be restored to me, upon a certificate; but the signature of authority would certainly have stood me in no stead, if a Republican Officer, for whom we had then exchanged the German rider—boiling with professional and constitutional impatience, had not peremptorily insisted on the suspicious clerk's complying with the requisition of his constituent at Bologna.

The next town was in the Duchy of Parma, and I here

prepared myself for another attack, but we were suffered to pass on to the capital, and there a trifling douceur secured us from insult and inconvenience.

The next morning as we quitted the place we met a penitential procession of the Host. It was carried by a priest, under an umbrella, and followed by a multitude of people, decently dressed, and chanting devout hymns, with a degree of zeal warm enough to kindle religious fervour in any bosom not chilled with professed unbelief.

At Placentia we quitted the Milan road, to reach Turin by a nearer route.

The rugged chain of the Alps, white with everlasting snow, is visible from the plains of Marengo, though not less than fifty miles distant; and in the shining barrier of this natural amphitheatre the eye can trace at once the descent of Hannibal—of Buonaparte—and of Suwarrow, from the distant peaks of Mount Viso—St. Bernard—and St. Gothard, whenever their aspiring summits are not concealed by clouds.

Twenty or thirty miles travelling brings you to Turin, a small but regular city, which was supposed to have been surrounded with impregnable fotifications, until the irresistable Corsican proved their insufficiency.

The abdicated Court occupied itself solely with an established routine of military exercises, and devotional ceremonies. The most remarkable object therefore to be seen at Turin, is the stupendous chain of the Alps, still twenty or thirty miles distant, though apparently so near that it might be supposed to terminate the outlets of some of the linear streets.

The romantic perspective of one of them exhibits the icy crags of Mount Viso, from whose majestic summit of ten thousand feet Hannibal encouraged his fainting troops with a sight of the plains of Lombardy—descended to Pinarolum, like a roaring torrent, or a falling avalanche—and defeated the Roman legions under the consul Scipio, who met the destroyer on the banks of the Ticinus.

This incursion of the Carthaginians—one of the most astonishing circumstances of ancient history, is not eclipsed even by the recent passage of St. Bernard—a presumptive impossibility, till it was achieved by the impetuous French*.

* In the midst of winter, 200 years before Christ, Hannibal, though but twenty-six years of age, at the beginning of the second Punic War, set sail from Septa, the modern Ceuta, in Africa, with 50,000 foot, 9000 horse, and forty elephants, and landed at Torifa, one of the Pillars of Hercules, now

Turin now swarms with French troops, as a 105th department of the indefinite Republic—*one and indivisible*. The dismantled ramparts are crowded with priests and friars, who have no where been displaced by the politic subjugator of the South; and every tenth person you meet in the streets, incre-

called the rock of Gibraltar. From thence he passed through Spain to the camp of Spartorias, where he was joined by 50,000 foot and 9000 horse. Marching from Carthago Nova, now Carthagena, with a army of 88,000 foot, 12,000 horse, and forty elephants, he entered Gaul, passed the Rhone near Avenio, now Avignon, transporting his elephants upon floats of timber, covered with earth, and ascended the Alps at Mount Viso. He reached the summit in nine days, with incredible difficulty, being strenuously opposed by the Gauls, who had posted themselves upon the heights, and with horrid outcries tumbled rocks and stones upon the heads of the invaders, already fainting with fatigue. It was now autumn, and snow had begun to fall, which greatly impeded the march, the difficulties of which increased at every step, for when they began to descend upon ice and snow, the beasts of burthen frequently slipped down, and swept away all before them. At length they came to a precipice a thousand feet deep, which would have proved an insurmountable bar to their farther progress, if Hannibal had not opened a circuitous passage for his troops, and thus surmounted the supendous barrier of Italy. Scipio, after having in vain attempted to stem the descending torrent, retreated to Sempronius, who had hastened to his assistance from the fleet in the Mediterranean; and made a second stand behind the Trebia, a river which falls into the Po above Placentia. Here victory again declared for the invader, though crossing the river in rain and snow he lost all his elephants except one. The conqueror wintered at Placentia, but attempting to cross the Appennines too early in the spring, he was forced by cold and hunger to return; yet the indefatigable Carthaginian again discomfited Sempronius, who had by this time returned from Rome with fresh troops. Hannibal now again climbed the Appennines, and wading with equal difficulty through a deep morass, mounted, himself, upon the only elephant *which* had survived the winter, he attacked and routed Flaminius, the new consul, encamped upon the lake of Thrasymenus. The field of battle is a swampy plain, in the middle of which is a bridge, still called Ponte Sanginetto, from the effusion of blood spilt there two thousand years ago. Seven miles from hence, toward Rome, is the village of Ossaia, so called from the human bones which are found in its vicinity; and in the neighbouring cathedral of Cortona, is preserved an ancient Sarcophagus, embossed with the battle of the Lapithes against the Centaurs, which is supposed to have been the tomb of the unfortunate Consul, who perished with 15,000 Romans on the fatal day. The senate now created a dictator, to save the republic from the danger with which it was threatened; but Hannibal having reached Apulia by a circuitous route, baffled the prudent Fabius, and with 40,000 foot and 10,000 horse, the remains of the hundred thousand with which two years before he had set out from Spain, the victorious Carthaginian again conquered at Cannæ the dispirited Romans, when, if Polybius may be credited, 80,000 combatants remained upon the field, perhaps the greatest number of human beings that ever perished in a single battle. Hannibal instead of pursuing the fugitives to the astonished capital, quartered his troops for the winter in the city of Capua, vainly expecting a reinforcement from Carthage, to enable him to attack Rome in the spring, with some probability of success. Stung with disappointment and regret, as soon as the season permitted, the conqueror marched his little army, almost annihilated by repeated victories, to the gates of Rome; from whence he withdrew after the fruitless bravado, and was soon recalled to Carthage, where Scipio Africanus, who had himself fled before Hannibal in the plains of Lombardy, afterwards revenged the Romans upon the ravager of Italy.

dible as it may appear, is lame, bandy-legged, or otherwise distorted with goitrous excrescences, or defective limbs.

I engaged a French voiturin to take us over Mount Cenis to Lyons, and we seemed again among old acquaintances; when on getting into the voiture, we were saluted by two French gentlemen, who were returning like ourselves from Italy, and who yielded us the back seat with characteristic politeness.

One of them however alarmed us with horrid tales of robbery and murder; indeed so frequently did one accompany the other in France and Italy, at one period of the revolution, that the word assassination has ever since been used as synonimous with robbery.

He had himself been fired at in a voiture, when travelling before day-light upon this very road. His companion fell dead at the first onset, and he only escaped himself by falling upon the bottom of the carriage, and being dragged out for dead.

About noon we passed the Convent of St. Michael, perched upon the very pinnacle of a stupendous rock; in whose antiquated recesses we were told two or three superannuated benedictines were still permitted to celebrate harmless masses, for the restoration of their catholic sovereign.

Many of the neighbouring heights are romantically tipped with dismantled fortresses, and near Zacconicro we rode under the proud castle of St. George.

At Susa, the ancient Segesium, famous in modern history for a bloody battle called the Pas de Suze, we took additional horses to drag us up the foot of the Alps, and after mounting for an hour, we entered a winding valley, along which ran the road for several miles.

By this time it grew dark, and the novelty of our situation, received additional interest from the evening anthems, that rose as we passed through little villages, in devout aspirations from their humble choirs.

The moonlight now began to reflect from the rocks, and an hour after night we reached Novalezza, a wretched village, inhabited by guides and porters, at the foot of Mount Cenis.

Here I again ran the gauntlet with the officers of the Customs, while supper was preparing in one room, and the voiturin was chattering with half the people of the place in another.

The wind blew so violently that it was impossible to kindle

a fire in our chamber, for the whirling eddy which rushed from the mountain.

Next morning we set forward, wretchedly mounted upon mules and asses, each having a conductor on foot.

We knew we were to pass through a temporary winter, and were already threatened by a piercing wind, we had therefore muffled ourselves with all the clothes in our wardrobe, and every one's hat was tied on with a handkerchief.

Accordingly when we had ascended for an hour by a zig-zag path, the wind began to blow with almost irresistible violence, and the conductors would fain have persuaded *a certain unpersuadeable personage* to sit astride, for fear she should be blown off of the saddle. To those who know her, I need not add that she kept her position, and was probably the first woman that ever ascended Mount Cenis upon a side-saddle.

We now approached an aerial village, the squalid inhabitants of which were sadly disfigured with wens and goitres, and soon entered upon the snows, which cover the remainder of the ascent eleven months in the year, a fit resort of bears and wolves that often follow the mules of solitary passengers to feed upon their dung. They are sometimes seen at a distance hunting the small white hares that inhabit these dreary regions.

A mile or two on, there is a covered passage, through which alone it is possible to pass when the snow is drifted, and a mile or two more of difficult and often dangerous ascent, lands you upon the crown level, a kind of valley between rugged summits, nine miles over.

In the middle of this plain is the Post-house, sanctified with a wooden cross. Here we refreshed ourselves with fish and eggs, there being a lake in the plain which produces excellent trout.

Near it is a little hospital served by two priests, who charitably reside in this dreary situation, to administer relief to those who meet with accidents upon the mountain.

The day was fine, a glorious sun now rendered us insensible of cold, and we rode on in good spirits to the brow of the descent, where some peasants waited to conduct us down the steep declivity in sledges.

One of them sat at our feet to guide, or to retard, the rapid conveyance, and another stood behind like a plough-boy, to direct the descent.

The apparatus was terrifying, as it was to convey us down

a gulph frowning with firs, to which we could see no bottom; but we trusted ourselves once more to unavoidable dangers, and in five minutes we jumped out at Lanslebourg, a short league from the aery summit from which we had literally flown.

In the steepest part of the descent we were confined by necessity to a zig-zag direction, in turning the angles of which we narrowly escaped launching over the precipice: and on reaching the foot of the mountain, where the snow suddenly failed, it required the utmost exertion to save us from being thrown headlong upon stumps and stones.

New vexations awaited us *à la Douane de la République*, the officers of which were too surly for a bribe, and they not only tumbled over my ill-fated paraphernalia, but obliged me to pay two Louis d'ors, the full import duty, though I gave them proofs sufficient that they were not meant for sale, and proved myself no Frenchman, by submitting to the imposition with a very ill grace.

We were now however in France, and had nothing farther to dread from official insolence or rapacity, as I intended to ship the troublesome cargo from some French port: well knowing the truth of what the Republicans told me, *that if I carried them to England, I should be treated ten times worse.*

We now descended by winding vallies, between chaotic rocks, ascending and descending on the very edge of fearful precipices, darkened by spiral evergreens, every now and then rattling over the pavement of a town, till at last the mountains began to sink—the vallies grew wider and wider—and on the second evening we reached Chamberi, the romantic capital of the ancient Duchy of Savoy.

Every thing in it and about it wears an old fashioned air, and fancy might easily convert the Ducal Palace into an enchanted castle—haunted by the ghosts of murdered chieftains.

The antiquated residence has been totally deserted ever since the family acceded to the happier territory of Piedmont; and its vacant courts and lonely towers had already fallen to decay, when Savoy was involved in the vortex of the Revolution.

Next morning we set out again by day-break, impatient to get from under overhanging mountains, and by ten o'clock we reached the rude and naked rocks called Les Echelles, or the Ladders, because formerly the perpendicular

precipice could only be scaled by the help of rope ladders, ascending walls of rock, and leading through frightful crannies and winding crevices.

But the traveller may now descend at his ease on horseback, or in a carriage, by a road called La Grotte, which was cut through the solid rock, by Charles Emanuel, in 1670.

Not far from this astonishing passage, was situated the romantic abbey called the Grande Chartreuse, where, at the bottom of a sequestered glen, superstition had long displayed the Cross of St. Bruno, planted on a spiral rock.

In this extensive convent there were separate apartments allotted for pilgrims and travellers from all the nations of Christendom, and in the library was kept an Album, which had been filled with the effusions of genius, and the offerings of gratitude, in all the languages of Europe.

But the self-denying Carthusians have been driven from their cells; and the convent and the album no longer exist, but in the visions of poesy, and the romances of description.

The country now began to open into fields and plains, and at the close of another day, we alighted, like people glad to get home again, at our former lodgings, in the Place Bellecour.

Lyons, the Lugdunum of the ancient Romans, was built by them in a fertile and extensive valley, at the *confluence* of two navigable rivers, the Saone, springing from the interior of France, and the Rhone, which flows with accelerated swiftness from the mountains of Switzerland.

United they form one of the principal rivers of the European continent, which runs from Lyons, one hundred and fifty miles due south, as the north river of America descends from Albany. The former, however, is to this day only occupied by flat-bottomed batteaux, or ill constructed barques, little better than the temporary flotillas which convey lumber from the back woods of Pennsylvania. The latter is already crowded with sharp wherries and tight shallops of the neatest construction in the world.

The modern Lyons is a town of one hundred thousand souls, so closely wedged in between the two rivers, that the narrow streets are scarcely pervious to the mid-day sun, between houses piled up seven or eight stories high, yet some of them unexpectedly open upon the ample area of the Place Belle-cour, once the most ornamented promenade in

a country, remarkable for the finest public squares upon earth.*

The Place Belle-cour had long excited the envy of the capital, and when the loyalty of Lyons incurred revolutionary vengeance, the interior row of elegant edifices which surrounded this magnificent quadrangle, was sacrificed to the demon of destruction.

Their remains still cover each end of the area with hills of ruin, notwithstanding the world has been pompously advertised that the Hero of France had again laid the corner stone of this proud square on his return from Marengo.

But the centre is still large enough for the rotatory evolutions of whole squadrons of horse, with which every decadi it is actually enlivened; and on one side of it is an umbrageous promenade, which is constantly crowded from noon till night with walkers and talkers, who furnish each other with the usual amusements of restless or communicative leisure. *Occupé* (says Boileau) *a ne rien faire.*†

LETTER XXVIII.

JOURNEY TO PARIS.—CONSULAR REVIEW, &c.

Paris, May 25th, 1802.

AT Lyons, my dear B—— had a severe attack of bilious fever, which detained us there a month. We had large and convenient apartments at the Hotel du Midi, and were quite at home as to domestic arrangements.

On holidays I frequently went to an old Gothic church in the neighbourhood, where the catholic worship had been lately restored, and was there often edified by the zeal of the poor, who flocked in crowds again to unite in songs of prayer and praise.

* When his Imperial Majesty Joseph II. visited his afterwards unfortunate sister, Maria Antoinetta of Austria, then Queen of France, entering on his way to Paris, the august amphitheatre formed by art and nature around the Place de Perou, he drew back astonished, and could not forbear whispering to his German attendants, "Quel dommage que cet Place soit a Montpelier." [What a pity such a Square as this should be at Montpelier.]

† Busy a doing nothing.

The personal neatness of the French formed a pleasing contrast to the slovenliness of the people, so disgusting in the churches of Italy, but the souls of the habitual choristers were discordantly attuned. They frequently smiled at one another in their novel metamorphosis, and their white robes, emblematic of spotless purity, were often sullied with repeated use.

On the 10th of May we again set out for Paris, now taking the road through the Bourbonnois, as we had already traversed the vine-covered hills of Burgundy.

Nothing remarkable occurred during the journey, which consisted of the usual ups and downs, pains and pleasures, fatigue and repose, across a territory diversified as usual with neglect and cultivation, country and town.

Romantic ideas were rekindled by the antiquated walls of the Gothic castle with its appendant chapel, shaded with coeval elms, in which, in the days of chivalry, had resided the Chevalier Bayard, the pink of knighthood; and the walls of the neighbouring inn were hung with family portraits from the dilapidated chateau.

The towns we now passed through began to resemble those of England, enough to remind us of English contiguity, and every thing wore the face of returning to objects we had been used to contemplate with personal affection or national partiality.

As we passed through the forest of Fontainebleau by the light of a brilliant moon, our baggage jolted off without notice, as we rattled over the pavement; and when we stopped on discovering the disaster, to gather up our trunks again, as they lay scattered about the road, some ill-looking fellows passed by in a cabriolet, who abused us for thieves, and would probably have shared the pretended booty, if they had thought themselves strong enough to have taken it from us by force.

Next day we approached the good city of Paris by the banks of the Seine, which are here beautifully ornamented with cheerful villages, and proud noblemen's seats, the remains of anti-revolutionary grandeur. Among them we were shewn the delightful retreat from which the unhappy Foulon was dragged to the fermenting capital, his mouth stuffed with straw, to expiate, *a la lanterne*, the unpardonable outrage he had uttered, or was said to have uttered, against the majesty of the many-headed monster.

The wretched father must have met upon the road with sensations undescribable, the head of his son-in-law, hoisted

on a pole, round which the cannibals of Paris were dancing *ça ira* with savage yells.

But the storm is now blown over; the approaches of the metropolis of France are no longer strewedwith fallen trunks and mangled limbs, the banks of the Seine again smile with the rays of a temperate sun, and display once more the grateful appearances of peace and plenty.

Our old lodgings on the Boulevards were not to be had, and as we only meant to look about us and away, I took a suite of rooms upon the square of the Carousel, being the only tolerable apartments I could there find vacant, for the sake of fronting the Consular Palace, through the hall of which we might pass at will into the gardens of the Thuilleries, connecting across the Place de la Revolution with the Elysian Fields, and the adjacent country toward the Bois de Boulogne and the hills of St. Cloud, so that here in the heart of a crowded capital you may enjoy the air and the openness of a rural retirement.

Only three doors from us, however, begins the narrow rue Nicain, where but a few days before we arrived, a keg of powder had been blown up in a cart, which purposely obstructed the passage at the moment when the First Consul was going in his coach towards the Opera. The carriage however brushed by, and left the adjacent houses to suffer the destruction in which it was intended to have been involved.

Bonaparte betrayed no signs of discomposure on the occasion, and spent the same evening at the Opera Comique, which he was so near passing upon *that undiscovered bourne, from whence no traveller returns.*

The Courts of the Thuilleries now again exhibit all the parade of royalty over the grave of the unfortunate Louis. Once or twice a week they ring with the coaches of the Heads of Departments, Ministers from foreign courts, and strangers of rank, who crowd the consular levee, ambitious of beholding the first man in Europe. Once or twice a month, its walls reverberate with the drums and trumpets of eight or ten thousand regular troops, which are constantly stationed in the vicinity of Paris.

On these occasions the palace swarms with impatient spectators, who are then only admitted by tickets difficult to be procured, except, as formerly, by the favour of a kept mistress, or a valet-de-chambre; and the Place de Carousel teems with the good people of Paris, whilst the First Consul, mounted on a milk-white charger, in a cocked hat and

green coat, the uniform of his body guards, attended by his staff officers in blue and gold, their horses superbly caparisoned, gallops along the ranks—divides them to right and left—or stops their rapid evolutions to distinguish a fellow-soldier of the army of the Alps, the Appennines, or the Pyrenees—of the Rhine, or of the Nile, by presenting him with a sword of honour, which creates the wearer for life, the rampart of his person, or the instrument of his will.

A few days since this hopeful Son of the Church *Catholique Apostolique et Romaine*, absolved by the Genius of Victory from every sin, was received by the Constitutional Clergy at the great door of Notre Dame; and conducted to a throne opposite to that of the Bishop or Archbishop of Paris, for I do not recollect whether it has been judged consistent with the policy of state to re-create the metropolitan order of priesthood, though I know that the obligation of celibacy has not been thought materially to controvert the equal privileges of the *Citoyens de la République Française*. Here the Commander-in-chief assisted at high mass, and heard with devout attention a political sermon pronounced by the ci-devant Archbishop of Aix—the same meek and accommodating prelate who twenty years before had congratulated Louis XVI. upon his accession to the throne of his ancestors.

Instead of dining constantly at home we frequently take a morning walk along the Seine, through the range of gardens before described, and dine at a *traiteur's* in the Elysian Fields, where any thing we order is served up in five minutes. After dinner we stroll into the country, or, as we are grave or gay, we amuse ourselves for an hour or two in the picture gallery, or contemplate with humbling sensations, the monuments preserved from revolutionary fury in the Cloisters of the Augustines.

Sometimes we perambulate the circling Boulevards, to the Jardin des Plantes; sometimes we engage a chariot to drive to Vincennes, or St. Denis; and sometimes we take boat to St. Cloud.

When we were here before, a silver key would open the palace; but it is now fitting up for the residence of the new sovereign, for whose state the pavilion of Malmaison has become too confined.

The next step forwards will take the First Consul to Versailles, as the retrograde motions of the Revolution brought his royal predecessor from Versailles to St. Cloud, and from St. Cloud to the prisons of the Temple.

We miss some agreeable companions with whom we before visited these interesting scenes; and to-morrow, satisfied with Paris, we set out in a post-chariot for the Straits of Dover.

LETTER XXIX.

JOURNEY FROM PARIS TO LONDON, ACROSS THE STRAITS OF DOVER.

London, June 10, 1802.

THE fellow that brought the chaise from the Remise, tied our trunk between the fore-wheels in such a manner that it soon shook itself loose, yet he conscientiously charged me two crowns for the rope, and when I appealed to the landlord against the bare-faced imposition, *he was quite ignorant of the value*, according to the laudable custom of the old countries, where no by-stander will ever interfere on an appeal against extortion.

We now rattled for the last time through the streets of Paris, without any occasion to regret the disinterested friends we were leaving behind us, and rolled through the gate of St. Denis, the superb memorial of the pride or the prowess of Louis le Grand, without ever wishing to behold a similar trophy erected in the streets of Philadelphia. For a word in the ear of my American reader—the gates of the modern capitals of Europe, no longer defended by their walls, are huge masses of brick or stone, which serve no purpose whatever, unless the unnecessary one of blocking up the crowded highway; and if either St. Denis or Temple-bar were at the entrance of Market-street, they would certainly be removed as troublesome incumbrances.

After climbing up the tedious suburb of Montmartre, and clearing the Barriére, we galloped with the headlong speed of a French postillion along the level pavement that leads directly to St. Denis, between a double row of lofty elms, which have happily withstood the whirlwind of the Revolution.

The approach of St. Denis is peculiarly interesting from the Gothic spires of the Benedictine Abbey in the long drawn

aisle of whose gloomy chapel, from age to age, and from generation to generation,

> Under the high embowed roof,
> With storied arches massy proof*,

reposed the Capets and the Bourbons of a thousand years, until its marble sanctuaries were profaned with revolutionary sacrilege, by incarnate furies, violating the asylum of the grave.

The town itself is mean and unpromising, its dark and dirty streets being always crowded with the meanest cabriolets and fiacres of Paris; for at St. Denis, even before the Revolution, nothing was princely but the mass priests that prayed their repenting princes out of the pangs of purgatory, of whose pains and penalties the Bourbons were, in general, piously apprehensive, and prudently deprecatory.

We reached Chantilly time enough for an evening walk among the frowning ruins of the castle, whose premature dilapidation, under the unsparing hand of a mercenary purchaser, will not suffer one stone upon another to survive its last princely possessor—now an exiled wanderer, without a home.

But a bridge, once defended by cannon, still vaults over the fossé, and exhibits to the returning emigrant, an equestrian statue of a Condé or a Montmorenci, vainly brandishing the abdicated truncheon of a Maréschal of *France*; and the moated tower is not yet prostrated, in which the royal Louises were wont to lodge, if they visited their princely cousin on their way to Compeigne, when the Grand Monarques rolled along in state coaches, through admiring crowds, preceded by running footmen; followed by led horses; and surrounded with body guards.

Half way between Paris and Calais we passed through Amiens, the capital of Picardy, become famous since we first saw it, by the tardy Treaty which has given peace to the world, after a war that had depopulated, dismembered, or revolutionized the fairest realms in Europe; overturned the richest colonies of Asia, Africa, and America, and involved within its whelming vortex the remotest nations of the globe.

We arrived in the dusk of the evening, and I spent the glimmering twilight in solitary contemplation around the

* Milton.

venerable cathedral, which is one of the finest Gothic structures in the world.

As you approach this imposing edifice, the long rows of flying buttresses, grey with the moss of ages, and solemn with the consecrated emblems of Christian sanctity, impress the spectator with awe and terror; and at the west end, the foot of the prostrate cross, the fretted battlements, and aery pinnacles, terminating at unequal heights, produce an effect of mystical illusion, unknown to the regularity of Grecian ordonnance; while in the centre a broad arcade, contracting within the thickness of the walls, to the just dimensions of a Gothic door-way, exhibits, instead of clustered pillarets, a host of Saints and Angels aspiring to the glorified Redeemer.

This door is never opened but at the celebration of high mass. We must go round to that of the south transept to enter the hallowed pile. There a little wicket opens at once upon the ribbed arcade, whose conic height and wire-drawn length, abruptly terminate in the deep refulgence of a circular window, forty feet diameter, glowing with all the colours of the rainbow, which penetrate in radiant spangles the entortillated perforations of Gothic filligree.

Between Amiens and Abbeville we met a number of English post-chaises, and two or three coaches and four, driving gaily to Paris under the protection of Lord Whitworth, the British Ambassador, who had been welcomed to France with joyful acclamations; and all the beggars of the department were now collected upon the Calais road, to salute the Mi Lor's with, "Madame et Monsieur, l'effet de votre bonté, je vous en prie: nous mourrons de faim, &c. &c. *"

The nobility and gentry of *the sea-girt isle*, happy to get again upon the Continent, from which they had been so long excluded, took the bowing crowd at their word, for the honour of Old England, and generally threw out an *ecû*, or a *piéce de cinq francs*, as they drove away from the post-house.

The circumstance was unfavourable for us, who were besieged with equal importunity, though we were going the contrary way, and had been long enough in France to know that nobody was starving.

As we entered into Abbeville, a large manufacturing

* Gentlemen and Ladies, a little charity, if you please: we are dying with hunger.

place, the postillion's bidet fell down, and the boy proved to demonstration the utility of jack-boots, of which I should otherwise have left France without having been convinced, by drawing his leg unhurt from under the horse's side.

He was mounted again in a twinkling, and at the post-house door he left us a prey to the beggars, male and female, that collected from all quarters on hearing a chaise drive up.

Here I unluckily affronted the whole irascible tribe, by pettishly advising one of them, with a child in her arms, to go home and mind her business; and we only escaped being mobbed through the streets of this hospitable town, by hurrying the postillion and driving off full gallop.

The Barriére brought us up, and as another herd of raggamuffins surrounded us here also, and teazed us all the while we were making change, I asked the toll-gatherer if there were no means of preventing such a troublesome imposition upon strangers. "Non, Monsieur," was the answer. On which I assured him they would find the way to stop it in England. "Je le crois bien*," replied he; for a Frenchman is always ready to allow that things may be better managed in England.

At the next village I asked a well-dressed man that stood by, whether the people of the place were all beggars; and on his replying in the negative, I advised him, for the credit of the town, to disperse the imposing rabble, among whom there was not a single one that could plead old age or decrepitude.

Montreuil is situated upon a commanding eminence, and strongly fortified, though it was taken by the Duke of Marlborough, when he ravaged the Low Countries.

Midway between the modern sea-ports of Boulogne and Calais, was situated the Iccius Portus, from whence Julius Cæsar embarked for Britain.

Calais having been taken from the French by Edward III. against whom it had been gallantly defended, as we learn from the story of Eustache de St. Pierre, which has been celebrated by poets and painters, remained in the hands of the English two hundred years, when the Duke of Guise retook it by stratagem in 1558, the last year of Queen Mary.

Here we drove to the Hotel d'Angleterre, celebrated by Sterne, under the name of its then proprietor, Dessein.

* I make no doubt of it.

It is probably the most spacious and convenient inn upon the Continent, containing within itself, a billiard-room, a coffee-house, a theatre, &c. &c.

Next morning we cleared ourselves out at the custom-house, and took our passage for Dover, in a French packet-boat, the English watermen not being permitted to take passengers from Calais.

There were a great many people on board, and when the officers of the customs came to search for money, more than ten Louis d'ors being prohibited under pain of forfeiture, they complimented us by taking our word for it, though they searched their own country-people with suspicious rigour.

The wind blew fresh from the north-east, and in half an hour's time we were all sea-sick. The cabin floor, wet with the spray of the sea, was covered over with groaning patients, and the cabin-boys were fully employed in handing their basons from one puling youth to another.

Three or four hours, however, brought us to an anchor off Dover-sands, and a boat was soon alongside from the town, for it would be contrary to all the rules of imposition for the skipper to land his own passengers.

The boatmen were at first so extortionate, that we peremptorily refused their demand, a guinea a-piece for the English passengers. The foreigners, sick as they were, must by no means be landed without a permit from the custom-house.

The fellows hovered round us for an hour, to prevent others from coming off to us, and finally offered to put us ashore for a crown a-piece. This was joyfully agreed to.

I told them *we were foreigners*, as we got into the boat; but they said, *they'd risque that, if we'd a mind to pass for English*.

In less than five minutes they run us upon the beach, and we had scarcely got through the breakers, before we were surrounded by a dozen waiters from the principal inns, eagerly thrusting their cards into our hands, and soliciting our custom for their respective houses.

I gave the name of the one for which I had a card, to get rid of their importunities, and one of the fellows, with undaunted assurance, offered to lead us thither directly; but the rogue took us to another, without our knowing it, and actually pocketed a fee for inveigling us to his own house.

It was the sign of the Ship, where however we were well enough lodged, and could amuse ourselves from our

windows with the continual drive at the door of an English inn; and the eager motions of the passengers in the street, all of whom appeared to be intent upon some urgent business.

Every body looked snug and bold; and the firm step, haughty air, and tight dress, of the women, struck us with the force of novelty, after having been two years upon the Continent.

My B—— was quite exhausted by the fatigues we had undergone since we quitted Rome; but some affairs calling me immediately to London, I left her the next evening, taking a seat for the metropolis in the mail-coach.

We set out at seven o'clock, starting to a minute. The guard behind made the town ring again, with the harsh sound of his horn, and we drove rapidly along the gravel turnpike, the gates of which flew open as we approached, four stout horses making light of the snug carriage to which they were tightly harnessed.

Until it became quite dark, I amused myself with admiring the sheltered cottages, and trim enclosures, by which we passed; and when the lamps were lighted before, I leaned back and went to sleep in my corner, till I was suddenly roused by the blowing of the horn, as we rattled over the rough pavement of the city of Canterbury.

Here we stopped at the King's Head, the Fountain, or the Red Lion; whichever it was, there we supped at midnight, and the whole hour we were there, the neighbourhood rang with stage-coaches, coming and going in every direction, as if the whole country was up in arms.

By day-light we had driven sixty miles, and I waked up to see the varied landscape from Shooter's-hill, the smoking metropolis at a distance; and listen to the smart clack of the bar-maids and hostlers, who occasionally refreshed the coachman or his horses.

The girls cried, "good morning t'ye," with a sprightliness to which I had been long unaccustomed, and the boys would sometimes set us off again, with a "drive on, coachy," in tones that bespoke the hurry of an English road.

We soon entered the suburbs of the largest city in the world, though it may not be the most populous; drove through the winding streets of Southwark, rumbled over London-bridge, and dropping the mail at the Post-office, went on to the Angel at St. Clement's.

I settled my business that morning, found myself alone, without the companion of my travels, among a million of

people, who were all too much immersed in their own affairs, to trouble their heads about me, and set out again the same evening for Dover, which I reached in time to breakfast with her next morning.

A day or two afterward I took a post-chaise to whirl for the third time over the same ground. We dined at Canterbury upon a neck of mutton, a gooseberry pudding, and a bottle of porter, for we could neither of us yet dispense with soup, on a raw day, or relish English wines, after drinking the pure juice of the grape in France and Italy; and were charged for this sparing meal eleven shillings and sixpence sterling: a sum for which four persons might have feasted in France upon all the delicacies in season.

After dinner we walked to the Cathedral, in which is some fine painted glass. Upon one of the monuments we were shown the tattered armour of Edward the Black Prince, who was here interred, from which, our conductor informed us, when the soldiers went off upon the expedition to the coast of Brittany, many of them took away a shred, as a pledge of conquest.

Light state-coaches, trim post-chaises, and elegant chariots, now frequently enlivened the road; and we stopped, for the night, at a neat inn at Rochester, where it was cold enough to demand a fire, though we had needed none since we left Rome, and it was now the beginning of June.

Next morning we set out, in a drizzling rain, to lose ourselves, once more, in the labyrinth of London.

LETTER XXX.

GENERAL SKETCHES OF THE SOUTH OF EUROPE.

London, August 1802.

HAVING now made what is called the lesser tour of Europe, I take up my pen to sketch off a general view of the different nations, which are so strikingly contrasted to each other in a space not greater than that of the United States, and only separated by a current of water, or a ridge of mountains, sometimes by lines of demarcation altogether imperceptible; yet the neighbouring inhabitants of frontier provinces, often inimical, and always unfriendly, are fenced

against each other by the walls and ramparts of fortified towns, in which the mass of the people remains on both sides wilfully ignorant of the arts, the language, and the religion of their neighbours.

Travellers, for business or amusement, cannot visit neighbouring states without passports, even in time of peace; nor can they carry with them a change of apparel, without being searched at every frontier, as defrauders of the revenue: a system which has been every where so much overstrained to support official profusion, as to create innumerable smugglers.

The coin of one state will not pass in another, without a discount; no alien is any where allowed to hold lands, or exercise a handicraft among his jealous neighbours; and national enmity is fomented into personal hatred, as the surest means of opposing rivalry and preventing innovation.

The beneficial operations of commerce are invariably shackled by privileges and exclusions, instead of being left, like the rain of Heaven, to find their own level. Nothing is uncontrolled: oppressive regulations curb every exertion, and the resources of European governments have been wielded and to be governed to death.

But under the feudal system, which prevailed in Europe till the twelfth century, the rights of mankind, natural as well as civil, were universally engrossed by Nobles and Ecclesiastics, although the privileged orders scarcely any where formed a hundredth part of the community.

The poverty of the people enters into the policy of oppressive governments, and the innumerable multitudes that simple European fleets and armies could never be raised for the horrid purpose of spilling one another's blood, if the population of towns, and peasantry of the country, were not upon the point of starving.

But even the pressure of domestic misery, is not always sufficient to secure the armed supplies. France has now recourse to military requisitions, and British press-gangs have long set at nought the boasted liberty of the subject. At the beginning of the present war, the Parliament of England voted 100,000 men for the service of the Navy alone; while insurrectionary France repelled at the same time the Austrians on one side, and the English Royalists on the other, there was a levy en masse of 1,000,000 men were at once in arms upon the frontiers of the new republic.

Under the old government the French were as much shackled with exclusive privileges and inclusive restrictions as any of their neighbours, and the spire of every village equally bespoke a religious profession established by law; but since the expulsion of the clergy, you see in broad letters upon the walls of churches, the abbreviated creed of the *regne de la terreur*, as the tyranny of Robespierre is now expressively denominated:

LE PEUPLE FRANCOIS RECONNOIT L'ETRE SUPREME, ET L'IMMORTALITE DE L'AME*.

After the abolition of the laws, public inscriptions were also found useful upon civil edifices. It was common, when I passed through the country, to see written upon walls and out-houses,

Citoyens! respectez les Proprietés Nationaux,† or

Citoyens respectez les Proprietés d'autrui. Elles sont le fruit de ses travaux et le recompense de son industrie‡.

Upon the gates of towns and the fronts of palaces had long been read with terror the Revolutionary motto:

LIBERTE! EGALITE! FRATERNITE! OU LA MORT§!

The last word of the climax had been effaced before our arrival, by the authority of the five dictators, or of the three consuls: and while we were at Paris, an obnoxious label, indicating the identical balcony of the Louvre from which Charles IX. had fired upon his protestant subjects, on the bloody eve of St. Bartholomew, disappeared in the night, and was never replaced.

But the equivocal or delusive exclamation of

Paix au Peuple! Guerre au Gouvernement Anglois‖!

still remained, as it had been long scrawled on the walls of

* The French Nation acknowledges the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul.

† Citizens respect the national property.

‡ Citizens respect the property of others. It is the fruit of their labours and the reward of their industry.

§ Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death!

‖ Peace to the People! War to the Government of England.

theatres and guard-houses; for the French invariably profess the utmost consideration for their brave enemies the English, and vent all their rage upon Pitt, with a prolonged *Diable!*

The impositions of government since the Revolutionary effervescence has subsided, are now again as patiently suffered as ever they were under the ancien régime.

A Frenchman never says a word about politics. His unfailing topics are the opera and the theatre—the last battle or the next review. Every town of any size in France boasts its *spectacle*, but it takes all the population of the South, including Lyons, and Bourdeaux, Nismes, Toulon, and Marseilles, to support a single provincial newspaper. Even the Paris journals are squeezed into a single half sheet, and only perused to amuse a lounge in the alleys of the Palais Royal, or the mall of the Thuilleries, or to kill time at the traiteur's while coffee is preparing, or dinner serving up.

Under the Princes of the House of Bourbon, the oppressed people frequently revenged themselves upon their supine or vicious Monarchs, when rioting in all the omnipotence of Versailles, with lampoons of the most cutting irony, some of which, though well known, I cannot forbear repeating, as proofs that hollow blasts against religion and royalty preceded the earthquake of the Revolution.

When Louis XIV forbade the repetition of the pretended miracles that were wrought at the tomb of a certain abbé in Paris, somebody wrote upon the wall of the church-yard,

> De par le Roi! Défense a Dieu
> De faire miracle en ce lieu*.

And the equestrian statue of his successor, in the beautiful square that once bore his name, was inscribed, like another tomb-stone, with a provisional epitaph:

> Ci git notre Roi, comme il est à Versailles,
> Sans foi, sans loi, et sans entrailles†.

The statue itself, a noble production of the chisel of Bouchardon, was placed upon an elevated pedestal, supported

* By Royal mandate, G—d's forbid
To heal the sick or raise the dead.

† Behold our royal master in monumental stone,
As lawless, faithless, brainless, as when upon the throne.

by the cardinal virtues, and the adulatory arrangement gave occasion to the cutting gibe,

Bouchardon est un animal,
Et son ouvrage fait pitiē,
Il monte le Vice à cheval,
Et laisse les Vertus à piéd*,

Upon this very spot, the statue having been overthrown, and broken to pieces, the thirtieth sovereign of a dynasty, which had reigned in France a thousand years, lost his head upon a public scaffold, under the affectionate exclamation of his trembling confessor:

Son of St. Louis, ascend to Heaven!

In Italy, at the boundary of every district, especially in the kingdom of Naples, you behold the apparatus of the crucifixion, completely furnished with the reed, the spear and the sponge; and your eyes are continually saluted with little images of the Virgin, or coarse paintings representing to the life, monks and friars in the act of delivering out of the flames of purgatory the holy souls of the faithful. [Le animé santé del purgatorio.]

Upon the fronts of churches and the frontispieces of altars, a protestant eye is there often offended with the incongruous dedication of

DEO ET DIVO ANTONIO, OR FRANCESCO†;

and beholds with aversion the adoration of the Virgin Mary, under the heathen deification of

REGINA CŒLI‡,

or the antichristian attribute of

DEIPARA IN CŒLUM ASSUMPTA§.

* O fie, Bouchardon,
What a pitiful brute,
To set Vice on horseback,
And Virtue on foot.

† To God and St. Anthony, or St. Francis.

‡ Queen of Heaven.

§ Mother of God, taken up into Heaven.

One may trace the character of the principal nations of Europe in the appellations of their ships of war.

For instance, when we read in the newspapers, of

The Ocean,
The Goliah,
The Terrible, or } first rates,
The Invincible,

The Vulture sloop, or

The Spitfire bomb ketch, we perceive the furious spirit of the Mistress of the Deep.

The threatening and bombastic vanity of the French, is equally indicated by their

Sans Pareils,
Temeraires, and their
Vengeances;

While the supine devotion of the Spaniards, and the snug œconomy of the Dutch, are characterised by the weight of metal of

Il San Josef, or
La Madre de todos los Santos,
[The Mother of all the Saints.]

And the shallow draft of the broad sixty fours, and spreading Indiamen, which sail from the flat coast of Holland under the homely denomination of

De Vryheid,
De Brodershap, or
De Vrouw een Zulke.
[Good Wife such-a-one.]

The British Navy, which now rides paramount upon the roaring deep, though Spain once fitted out an armada that was judged *invincible*, and Holland long afterward disputed with the Queen of the Ocean the empire of the seas, has been imperceptibly created by the trade of the nation, while that of the French is occasionally puffed up by the spirit of the people.

One is the hardy offspring of individual activity. The other is the puny heir of national pride. One is commanded by practical theorists, the other by theoretical practitioners.

But French and English philosophers and speculatists stand upon equal ground. They discovered at the same moment the principle of the telegraph to regulate the motions of their hostile fleets. By this compendious operation a few minutes is sufficient to convey from London to Portsmouth, or from Paris to Brest, the will of the First Consul, or the directions of the Admiralty.

The sign-posts of inns, and other public exhibitions, are equally characteristic of national biasses.

In England it is the King's Head, or that of the Admiral who gained the last sea-fight—a Black Bull—or a Red Lion; and the rooms are hung with some naval victory, or the racers that have won plates at Newmarket.

In a French town you shall be advertised at the Chapeau d'or, formerly perhaps La Couronne Royale, " Ici on loge à pièd et à cheval*;" and within you may inform yourself at leisure of the next *spectacle*, or the last review.

In Catholic countries you may dine at an Albergo Reale, upon the fare of a muleteer, and lodge in a chamber hung with as many crucifixes and Madonnas as would furnish the cell of a monk.

Many of the foregoing circumstances may appear at first sight incredibly absurd, but most national peculiarities are the result of causes and necessities which pass unobserved, while their effects are obvious to censure or approbation.

Thus the flat bottoms and blunt prows of Dutch merchantmen have been formed upon the sands of their coast, and if the naval genius of Britain has originated from her insular situation, and innumerable sea ports, the undaunted spirit of France may be as probably deduced from the enjoyment of a cheerful climate invigorating the animal spirits, without requiring laborious exertion.

Perhaps the superstitious devotion of the South of Europe, alike prevalent under the ancient and modern empire of Rome, may be also referred to the influence of a relaxing atmosphere, which disposes the body to sensual indulgences, and the mind to indolent contemplations.

But it is a more palpable fact, that Grecian sculpture sprung out of the quarries of Paros in a genial atmosphere, and that British ingenuity owes its origin to the necessities of an uncomfortable climate, supplied by mines of coal and iron.

It can hardly be doubted that Egypt owed its astronomical ideas to an unclouded sky, and conceived the design of its massy structures among rocks of granite; as Rome planned its extensive edifices amidst mountains of free stone, while the still barbarous gable ends of Germany and Holland bespeak the meanness of their native materials; and under an unfostering sun, all the wealth of England is never likely to rival the pride of her nearest neighbour, in the arts of sculpture and architecture.

* Entertainment for Man and Horse.

A certain Great Personage, who patronises the Royal Academy of London, is said to have early declared his opinion, that England was too cold a country for sculpture; and the absurdity of shivering through marble halls and open porticos, in a climate which requires comfortable accommodations three fourths of the year, has been so universally observed, that every modern improver builds his house by the rules of convenience, and only distributes his grounds by those of taste.

In England, where the day approaches twilight darkness one half of the year, while commerce furnishes plenty of train oil, every town of any size is well lighted at night, and the streets of London, nay the public roads for five miles round the metropolis, shine every evening with innumerable lamps; while in the happier climates of the South, Paris itself is but scantily hung with reverberators suspended by ropes over the middle of the streets; and Rome and Naples would be left in total darkness, if it were not for the flambeaux of footmen, and the glimmering lamps that twinkle before Madonnas.

In England the various arts of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, have been improved to a degree of perfection, of which little idea can be formed by any thing to be seen elsewhere, though the French cultivate their vines with a great deal of skill, and their manufactures of china, tapestry and plate glass are perhaps unequalled: but *their* social gaiety is ill adapted to the tedious and solitary operations of commerce and colonisation. Witness the little progress that was made in Canada, while the British colonies were rising into an independent empire; and the instability of their possessions in both the Indies, which have invariably sunk under the ascendancy of Britain.

Immense wealth has been the consequence of patient and persevering industry. Improvements of every kind have kept equal pace in England, the gravel turnpikes rattle with the chariots of the nobility and gentry, the post-chaises of genteel travellers, and mail-coaches driven in a style of elegance unknown elsewhere; while the paved roads of France exhibit nothing like riding for pleasure but two-wheeled post-chaises, clumsy stage-coaches, swagging heavily along with a calash before, and a baggage waggon behind, and flying machines for conveying the mail, which resemble an ammunition cart, or the hearse of an hospital. Alike in the cabriolet and in the voiture, the harness is tied

together with ropes, and the passengers stream thro ugh the country in their night-caps.

Only at Paris is it thought necessary to appear with decency, and even there, whatever was the case before the Revolution, you now see nothing like the trim equipages of Pall-mall or Hyde-park.

There the coachman, an elderly domestic, appears with all the gravity of decorum in a bob wig and laced hat, and the footmen, of whom more than two are rarely crowded on at a time, as is often done upon the Continent, are the tallest and handsomest fellows you see, in rich liveries—their hats fiercely cocked, and their feet on tip-toe, with canes or umbrellas in their hands.

On an excursion into the country the chariot and four flies rapidly along the highway, with a snug postillion upon each pair, in a jockey cap, a tight jacket, and leather breeches, booted and spurred—a couple of ont-riders galloping after.

At Paris, for want of this attention to propriety, the coachman often looks more like a gentleman than his master, and the maccaroni footman might pass for a beau of the ton.

But upon the public roads, the garçons of the post-houses, an establishment which has been suffered to retain its anti-revolutionary privileges, are to the full as inattentive to the duties of their station as our American domestics. The hostler never troubles himself to open the door of your chaise, or to put up the step for you, and the postillion will receive his *bonne-main*, though half as much again as is given in England, without ever saying he thanks you, much less stirring his hat.—Nay his discontented rapacity often urges him to ask for, *quelque chose pour boire** into the bargain.

In France the Consular reviews, diplomatic entertainments, and anniversary rejoicings, amuse the public, and absorb the wealth of individuals or the state, in conjunction with balls and operas, kept mistresses, and games of chance.

In England, public dinners, routs, and masquerades, are often the occasion of incredible expence. Thousands are frequently pledged upon the event of a horse-race, and whole estates are sometimes risqued and thrown away upon a cast of the die.

In Italy, the church itself is a fashionable place of amuse-

* Something to drink.

ment, since the ceremonies of the choir pervert it into an opera, to which nothing is wanting but the ballet—Well might the Indian Chief who was taken to church at Philadelphia, and found his native veneration for the Deity disturbed by the customary rotation of the protestant service—well might he have said, if he had wandered as far from his native woods as the plains of Italy, and beheld the perpetual repetition of the mass: "These people teaze the good spirit too much."

The only extravagances of princes and cardinals is the building and furnishing of palaces, for churches are no longer erected even in Italy, and the follies of the carnival are too childish to be costly. The poor are every where seen basking in the sunshine, or reclining in the shade, willingly relinquishing all the comforts and conveniences which might be procured by industry, for idleness and ease.

Thieves and beggars are accordingly the pest of Italy, and Italian jails are themselves a nuisance. They frequently open upon the most frequented streets by large grated windows, through which the miserable wretches confined within may be both seen and heard, to the great annoyance of passengers. For European jails are not like those of the county towns in America, often inhabited by nobody but the jailer; and the barbarous custom of whipping criminals through the streets of a populous city, abolished in Philadelphia even before the reformation of the penal laws, is still practised under the priestly government of Rome, with all its savage accompaniments, so debasing to humanity.

The petty states of Italy now generally settle their differences without appealing to the sword, but a protestant is astonished to find so little cordiality between neighbouring nations, professing filial obedience to the same Spiritual Father. Their unity is by no means cemented by their devotion. It is a truth, which no pains are taken to conceal, that the Piedmontese hate the Genoese—the Genoese hate the Tuscans—the Tuscans hate the Venetians—the Venetians hate the Romans—the Romans hate the Neapolitans—and so round. Yet no Sectarian Innovators there disturb the tranquillity of established functionaries by superior fervor; all confide alike in the intercession of saints, and equally rely upon purgatorial purification. They worship the same objects of adoration, and the same orders of monks and nuns are every where supported for the convenience of vicarious mortification.

Yet the friars of catholic countries are neither so numerous

nor so rich as protestant travellers usually represent them. Many of them labour for their own support—live upon little—sleep on straw—and rise at midnight to perform their orisons; and if in Italy eighty or ninety thousand monks lead a life of comparative inutility, we should not forget that two or three hundred thousand soldiers are not better employed in Prussia, in brushing their uniforms, and shouldering their firelocks.

In Holland and Switzerland the people are all immersed in business, or secluded in retirement; you there see no parade of equipage—no throngs of idleness.

A Hollander or a Swiss, with more condescension than an Englishman, and less obsequiousness than a Frenchman, is irksomely attentive, and fatiguingly polite.

In Dutch and Swiss towns, the antiquated gentry strutting in blue and powder, contrive to be troublesome even to strangers of any appearance, by formal salutes. Among themselves it was a farce to see two solemn prigs greet each other with due decorum. By the time the arm was raised to the head, and the hat firmly grasped in the right hand, the social beings had generally passed each other without saying a word, and the respective hats often scraped the ground at a distance of twenty yards from the place of meeting.

Yet in the church these scrupulous professors of the reformed faith, like the Protestants of France, often sit with their hats on, because their ancestors refused to uncover themselves before the mass, or the mass priest.

At Amsterdam the old cloaths-man [of London] croaking like an American bull frog, and the puppet show-man and his wife [of Paris] are converted into Psalm-singers, who perambulate the most populous streets, with edifying ditties.

There industry is the order of the day, and even mastiff dogs are made to work like horses, to earn their living. Upon the level roads of Holland, paved with clinkers, I have seen a baker, his wife, and child, all riding at once in a bread cart, drawn by a dog.

In England, tradesmen and shopkeepers are sufficiently imposing; but the moment you set your foot on the Continent of Europe, it behoves you to be upon your guard against every body with whom you have any thing to do. All European mercenaries cheat if they can, and an unfledged foreigner is fair game, to be decoyed by every spaniel.

against each other by the walls and ramparts of fortified towns, in which the mass of the people remains on both sides wilfully ignorant of the arts, the language, and the religion of their neighbours.

Travellers, for business or amusement, cannot visit neighbouring states without passports, even in time of peace; nor can they carry with them a change of apparel, without being searched at every frontier, as defrauders of the revenue; a system which has been every where so much overstrained to support official profusion, as to create innumerable smugglers.

The coin of one state will not pass in another, without a discount; no alien is any where allowed to hold lands, or exercise a handicraft among his jealous neighbours; and national enmity is fomented into personal hatred, as the surest means of opposing rivalry and preventing innovation.

The beneficial operations of commerce are invariably shackled by privileges and exclusions, instead of being left, like the rain of Heaven, to find their own level. Nothing is uncontrolled; oppressive regulations curb every exertion, and the subjects of European governments have been wittily said to be *governed* to death.

But under the feudal system, which prevailed in Europe till the twelfth century, the rights of mankind, natural as well as civil, were universally engrossed by Nobles and Ecclesiastics, although the privileged orders scarcely any where formed a hundredth part of the community.

The poverty of the people enters into the policy of oppressive governments, and the innumerable multitudes that supply European fleets and armies could never be raised for the horrid purpose of spilling one another's blood, if the populace of towns, and peasantry of the country, were not upon the point of starving.

But even the pressure of domestic misery, is not always sufficient to secure the national supplies. France has now recourse to military requisitions, and British press-gangs have long set at nought the boasted liberty of the subject. At the beginning of the present war, the Parliament of England voted 100,000 men for the service of the Navy alone; and when insurrectionary France repelled at the same time the Prussians and the Austrians on one side, and the English and the Royalists on the other, there was a levy *en masse*, and 1,300,000 men were at once in arms upon the long extended frontiers of the new republic.

Under the old government the French were as much shackled with exclusive privileges and inclusive restrictions as any of their neighbours, and the spire of every village equally bespoke a religious profession established by law; but since the expulsion of the clergy, you see in broad letters upon the walls of churches, the abbreviated creed of the *regne de la terreur*, as the tyranny of Robespierre is now expressively denominated:

LE PEUPLE FRANCOIS RECONNOIT L'ETRE SUPREME, ET L'IMMORTALITE DE L'AME*.

After the abolition of the laws, public inscriptions were also found useful upon civil edifices. It was common, when I passed through the country, to see written upon walls and out-houses,

Citoyens! respectez les Proprietés Nationaux,† or

Citoyens respectez les Proprietés d'autrui. Elles sont le fruit de ses travaux et le recompense de son industrie‡.

Upon the gates of towns and the fronts of palaces had long been read with terror the Revolutionary motto:

LIBERTE! EGALITE! FRATERNITE! OU LA MORT§!

The last word of the climax had been effaced before our arrival, by the authority of the five dictators, or of the three consuls: and while we were at Paris, an obnoxious label, indicating the identical balcony of the Louvre from which Charles IX. had fired upon his protestant subjects, on the bloody eve of St. Bartholomew, disappeared in the night, and was never replaced.

But the equivocal or delusive exclamation of

Paix au Peuple! Guerre au Gouvernement Anglois‖!

still remained, as it had been long scrawled on the walls of

* The French Nation acknowledges the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul.

† Citizens respect the national property.

‡ Citizens respect the property of others. It is the fruit of their labour and the reward of their industry.

§ Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death!

‖ Peace to the People! War to the Government of England.

but reject them as queens, by a law whose origin is as old as the Monarchy, and its effects as recent as the Revolution.

Englishmen in low life rarely quarrel without fighting (perhaps because they cannot find words to express their rage), but the volubility of a Frenchman permits him to vent his passion in words; in France, accordingly, people will abuse one another by the hour, and separate without coming to blows, whilst in England, pugilists often strip without saying a word, and one or the other is sometimes carried off for dead. Yet an Englishman delivers his purse the moment a highwayman demands it; while a Frenchman travels armed, and often loses his life in defending his money.

An Englishman is proud, a Frenchman vain; one lives splendidly in the country, the other in town; one is most at ease when alone, the other is never easy but in company; one is barely civil, the other superfluously polite; one would serve you without professing the least attachment, the other would declare himself wholly at your service, without the smallest intention to be use of to you.

In a word, the English temper is the most respectable, though the French renders itself the most amiable. Choose an Englishman for a friend—a Frenchman for an acquaintance.

In speaking, an Englishman puts the adjective before the substantive; a Frenchman the substantive before the adjective. In England two negatives make an affirmative; in France they are indispensable to a dissent.

The English tongue has three genders, which are distributed according to the masculine, feminine, and neutral divisions in Nature; but the French personifies stocks and stones, and distinguishes sexes, even in the neutrality of the mineral and vegetable creation. Thus the majesty of a king is a creature of the feminine gender, and the pincushion of a queen is a more masculine object than the beard of her royal consort.

Thus as the pronoun possessive agrees with its substantive in gender as well as number and case, without regard to the noun personal to which it belongs, the style of the old court, for instance, would have run in plain English, *her Majesty Louis XVI.*, or *the Queen has lost his pincushion.*

But we ourselves sometimes contravene the peculiar consistency of our language, by personifying a ship in the feminine gender, though, as a gallant Indiaman, it should

bear, for instance, the masculine appellation of *the Henry Dundas*, or *the William Penn;* or as a man of war, it should hoist its flag under the imposing title of *Royal George*, or *President Washington.*

In reading, an Englishman lowers his voice at the end of every sentence; a Frenchman as uniformly raises it. In conversation the one is often at a loss, the other never.

In England, the use of the singular number in direct address has long been exploded, except in prayer to the Almighty. In France it is the language of contempt to those you despise, and of familiarity with those you love; but alike in the church and in the conventicle, it would be thought an unpardonable freedom to *tutoyer le bon Dieu**.

There is little difference between the Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and, in short, all the languages of the South of Europe, out of the Turkish empire, as they are mostly derived from the Latin. Accordingly a Latin scholar is at little pains to acquire them all, and the provincial dialects spoken by the peasantry of Granada, Valencia, Catalonia, Languedoc, Provence, Lombardy, Tuscany, Latium, and Calabria, in conjunction with the stupendous remains of antique edifices, indicate to the eye and to the ear that they have all once been fiefs of the same mighty empire.

The languages of the North of Europe may be traced with equal certainty to the ancient German or Teutonic; and English, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian, are all more or less intelligible to one that understands German; at the same time that the cairns and barrows of remote antiquity, and the Gothic spires of the middle ages, intimate the common origin of Germany, England, and the North of France.

In the days of Cæsar, these now polished climes were inhabited by savages but little removed from the Indians of America, though they had discovered or acquired the use of iron, and had accordingly begun the gradual process of civilization.

Naked warriors struck their shields in the halls of Odin, or danced all night around a burning oak; and savage hunters poured out their drinking horns in druidical circles, or consecrated groves, before they drank them off, brim-full, in the imaginary presence of Woden or Tuisco, Friga or Thor, the savage idols whose names may be so readily traced

* Thee and Thou, the Almighty.

from our Saxon ancestors in the vulgar nomenclature of the days of the week, though it is now twelve hundred years since the Dagons of the North have fallen upon their thresholds before the ark of Christianity.

France is a beautiful country, in a happy climate, swarming with people, and teeming with the fruits of the earth. It is notwithstanding interspersed with long chains of mountains, one of which, called the Cevennes, crosses it from east to west, and forms a marked division between the north and the south.

The climate on one side of these mountains is compared by the officers who were in America during the revolutionary war, to that of our middle States, producing every kind of grain, and abounding in apples, peaches, and grapes; while on the other, fig-trees, vine-yards, and olive orchards, bespeak that mild and even temperature which renders the South of France the frequent resort of wealthy invalids, retreating in winter from the fogs of England, and in summer from the pestilential heats of Italy.

The chain of the Cevennes separates alike the climate, the productions, the manners, the vulgar dialect, and even the style of building, in the two grand divisions of the same civil or military monarchy, now almost as populous and powerful as the gigantic empire of which it was once a distant and barbarous province.

The fair domain extends from the British Channel to the Mediterranean sea, and it is bounded on either side by the splendid and immoveable barriers of the Alps and Pyrennees.

England is a hilly country, of a clayey soil, interspersed with sand and loam, diversified by art and nature, with the gayest cultivation, and the most gloomy barrenness.

The innumerable country-seats of the gentry, and the splendid mansion-houses, or antiquated castles of the nobility, embosomed in majestic woods, and overlooking extensive lawns, animated with sheep or deer, and ornamented with terminating objects—a temple or an obelisk—a statue or a vase, screened from familiar view by knots of shrubbery, connected by a winding walk, or a meandering stream, are indescribably beautiful and picturesque. Village spires peep from every coppice, and frowning ruins, fringed with ivy and grey with moss, preserve to an enlightened age the characteristic outlines of monastic superstition, or baronial ferocity.

Even the towns and villages, several of which may generally be seen at once in so open a country, are much more

ornamental as distant objects than the scattered houses of our American towns, however the latter may boast of broad streets and intermediate gardens. They are also romantically crowned with Gothic pinnacles, an interesting addition which our American scenery must ever want.

But these pleasing objects are sadly contrasted by the heaths and the forests, the wolds and the fens, which are more or less infested by robbers, and frequently display a dismal exhibition of civilized barbarity, in the mutilated figures of highwaymen hanging in chains.

If you stop at one of the rural seats toward the close of day, a surly mastiff will meet you at the gate; you will find the doors locked and bolted, and the shutters barred; and when you retire for the night, you will be terrified by the sinister apparatus of an alarum bell at every window.

Lone houses, as single habitations are here expressively called, are furnished with a great bell on the roof, by which the neighbours may be called up in case of an attack; and the neighbouring cottagers are advertised, that the first man who reaches the spot when the bell rings shall be amply rewarded.

In London, where robberies often take place in open day, the doors of dwelling-houses are kept locked, and those of shops are frequently chained to the door-post, to prevent a sudden surprise or retreat.

How unlike the tranquil confidence of American housekeepers, which leaves our doors in Philadelphia all day a-jar, and in the country, all night upon the latch.

In Scotland, the Lowlands resemble those of England, though they have still less sunshine, and the hardy Scots must therefore often gather their oats, a grain which thrives in the most northern latitudes, in frost and snow. The Highlands are bleak and barren, like the *brown heaths* of Ossian, weltering in perpetual mists.

Wales is less mountainous and better cultivated, affording an endless variety of healthy excursion and romantic scenery, for the wealthy valetudinarians of the metropolis.

Holland is a level plain which has been literally gained from the sea by human industry, and the adventurous acquisition is only preserved from encroachment by the continual care of its industrious inhabitants.

The uniform coast exhibits a continued mound of earth, by which the sea is banked out, and the interior of the country is universally intersected by ditches and canals,

along which run the roads, at a height of eight or ten feet above the adjacent fields.

It is generally laid down in grass, and covered with large herds of cattle, which are here black, the favourite colour of the inhabitants, as in England they are mostly red, and in France and Italy as generally white.

Flanders is the most fertile country in Europe, not so flat as Holland nor so hilly as France. It is under universal cultivation, and yields two crops in the year, being capable of raising hemp, tobacco, and every other plant which can thrive in so northerly a climate. But the unhappy peasants are so generally drafted for the army, that you seldom see any but women or children in the fields.

Switzerland displays the most striking contrasts imaginable. Fertile vallies surrounded by stupendous mountains covered with snow, and clustered villages glittering with tin spires, are seen at the foot of shining glaciers, or perpendicular rocks, from which neighbouring torrents precipitate themselves in showers of spray.

Italy, excepting the Cisalpine Republic, a broad valley between the Alps and the Appennines, running from the mountains of Savoy to the Lagunes of Venice, is a rugged country, over-run by the great chain of the Appennines, and its various spurs, which branch out in every direction, and cut up the whole surface into contracted spots of possible, but neglected cultivation, rarely more than twenty miles square, though the Vale of Arno is fifty miles in length, and the hills of Calabria, at the foot of Italy, are extremely fertile, and abound with apples as well as oranges, grapes, and figs.

Throughout Europe the people are collected in towns and villages, which are often inconveniently situated upon the sides of hills, where they were first formed, under the protection of some castle or strong-hold, in days when *the hand* of every potent Baron *was against every man*, and *every man's hand against him*.

In consequence of this circumstance, to which the poor have become attached by long habit, the idea of a lone house like our situations in America, where people live upon the lands they farm, would be irksome to them, and even terrifying; and the peasantry upon the Continent of Europe prefer the inconvenience of travelling two or three miles to their work, from day to day.

In England, as well as in the South of Europe, winter is rather constituted by wet than cold.

The drizzling fogs of England commence in September, and continue with little intermission till May or June.

In France and Italy the rains set in in November, and end in January, after which the air preserves the most delightful temperature imaginable, until the summer heats take place.

In Switzerland snow begins to fall in October, and remains on the ground till May, but the summers are delightfully cool and salubrious, especially upon the mountains.

To embrace all the advantages of European climates, the spring should be spent in Italy, the summer in England, or in Switzerland, the autumn in Flanders, and the winter in the South of France.

LETTER XXXI.

THE VOYAGE HOME.

New-York, September 29th, 1802.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I EMBRACE the first moment of leisure to let you know of our safe arrival here, after a pleasant passage of twenty-seven days from the Scilly Islands to the high lands of Navesink, in the ship Thames, Captain Wood, an American vessel of four hundred tons, returning home in ballast, for want of freight.

On our arrival in England, we spent ten days of repose at Higham-lodge, the hospitable mansion, on the borders of Epping-forest, where so many Americans have been affectionately fostered by their worthy countryman; being again kindly received, after an absence of two years, by the respectable family of the D—lw—ns.

We then took lodgings in town, to provide for ourselves, and relieved the fatigues of preparation by occasional excursions in the environs of London, so delightfully diversified with tranquil villages and smiling retreats.

When we first saw Captain Wood, his mild tone and diffident manners impressed us with some apprehensions for our personal safety among the boisterous Sons of Ocean,

but they were quite superfluous, as you shall hear, when there was occasion to exert his authority. He fixed his price at the first word (forty guineas), and provided for us afterwards with a liberality that bordered on profusion.

We went on board at Gravesend the 17th of August, nine cabin, and eleven steerage, passengers; but a head wind prevented our making much way.

We passed the Nore about noon the day following, and it took us two days more to weather the North Foreland, and get into the Downs. Here we lay at anchor three days, off Sandown Castle, with twenty or thirty sail of merchantmen, waiting for a wind. Boats came alongside us every day from Deal, with kegs of rum, &c. and our condescending Captain suffered the sailors to buy what they chose, on account of their wages, threatening at the same time to take it from them, if they got drunk with it.

Tired of waiting for a change of wind we made sail at last with a south-wester, and that very night all our sailors were so intoxicated as to be unfit for service.

Next morning the Captain took away what was left of the rum, and the sailors revenged themselves upon every thing that came in their way. One of them stove in the head of his own keg, and another took the first opportunity to dispute the orders of the mate, a Frenchman born, "D——l take me," says he, "if I'll be ordered by a Frenchman." This produced a scuffle, and the mate being the weakest man, ran down into the cabin and whispered the Captain. He jumped instantly upon deck, knocked the fellow down, and laid him in irons, though several of his comrades took his part, and swore *they would not work a stroke 'till he was let out again.*

They accordingly spent the remainder of the day on the forecastle, dancing and singing, in token of defiance.

The Captain kept his temper, and suffered them to vent their rage as they pleased, all the afternoon. Toward evening one of them came on the quarter-deck, and demanded the freedom of his comrade. "He's my countryman," said he, "and d—n me if I don't stand by him." The Captain calmly replied: "If he don't beg the mate's pardon I'll carry him in irons to New-York;" and the fellow went away swearing, *He might work the ship himself then, for they would not.*

Upon this open declaration of mutiny, we began to dread the most disagreeable consequences; but were unexpectedly relieved from the threatening dilemma, by the offender's

submission, who was by this time quite tired of his irksome confinement.

When the irons were knocked off, he humorously cried, "Huzza for liberty!" and walked up to the Captain to acknowledge his fault, with all the freedom of a true Jack Tar. Upon which the whole crew returned to their duty, without manifesting another sign of dissatisfaction during the voyage.

After beating about the Channel several days, between the chalky cliffs of France and England, which have all the appearance of having been disjoined by some convulsion of Nature, we were glad to come to again at the Isle of Wight, one of those secure harbours for ships of burthen, that will ever ensure to Britain the command of *the Channel*, which she proudly calls her own, to *the Straits of Dover*, though France disputes the claim, from her shallow inlets, and now and then scours *La Manche*, with fleets fitted out in her Mediterranean or Atlantic ports, to assert her equal right to the *Pas de Calais*.

Here we lay two or three days more off Spithead, in sight of *the Wooden Walls of Old England*, stretched out like floating castles, their dark and lofty sides presenting a terrific front of two or three tier of cannon.

We made sail again on the 28th, with a light breeze, not yet fair enough to lay our course down the Channel; and on the 31st we were called on deck, as we were going to breakfast, to take our leave of British ground, the light-house on the Scilly Isles being just discernible through the mist, on our starboard quarter, distant about a league.

By ten o'clock a large frigate hove in sight, standing directly for us from the south-west. She spoke us, and learned with pleasure our bearing and distance from the Scillys, as she was bound for London—long out from the West Indies.

Other vessels were seen afterwards during several days, steering across the trackless ocean, directly for the British Channel, like so many living creatures, aiming in concert at the same object, by instinctive impulse.

I often in calm weather seated myself in the netting of the bowsprit to see our ship plough her course from day to day upon the boundless deep, which must have remained an impassable barrier between Europe and America, if it had not been for the fortuitous or providential discovery of the magnetic needle, but a little before Columbus was inspired with the bold idea of exploring the ocean in search of another world.

The surface of the sea furnishes a palpable demonstration of the rotundity of the globe. From the deck of a ship you plainly perceive yourself to be upon the swell of a ball, gradually rounding off on all sides, at the distance of no more than two or three miles. Beyond this circle the masts and sails of approaching vessels may be seen as if rising out of the water, more or less, according to their distance.

A sail must be a hundred feet high to be seen from the deck three leagues off; but from the topmast head it would be discoverable a league farther, and accordingly, in time of war, a sailor is always stationed aloft to look out a-head.

High lands are discerned from sea at a distance proportioned to their height. The glistening summits of the white hills in Canada are sometimes discovered when seventy miles off, and in a brighter atmosphere the top of Mount Etna may be clearly perceived from the island of Malta, a distance of a hundred and twenty miles.

Small as is the visible horizon at sea, the standard of philosophic observation equally reduces the apparent height of the roaring billows, which are supposed never to rise more than nine feet above the level of the ocean, that is to say, eighteen from the trough of the sea, though they swell into mountains, and sink into vallies, when viewed through the magnifying medium of personal danger.

Even the roaring winds are never let loose with unbounded fury; they blow but their stated periods of twelve, *twenty*-four, thirty-six, or forty-eight hours, and never exceed thirty miles an hour in velocity, so that a tight ship has nothing to fear but a lee-shore.

A prime sailer rarely goes more than twelve miles an hour, and has never been known to exceed fifteen; yet American vessels have sailed from Boston or New-York, with a brisk north-wester, and kept the wind to the European coast.

A well-rigged vessel may lay her course within five points of the wind; and a good ship may be so trimmed for sailing as to keep her direction for hours together, without any body at the helm.

At sea, a believer in the active superintendance of a gracious Providence, observes with complacence how the winds vary to suit every course, and perceives the aptitude of the trite adage,

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

When our worthy predecessors, of different religious per-

suasions, first ventured to cross the Atlantic, to avoid the persecutions to which they were alternately subjected under the intolerant spirit of predominating churches, they studied safety more than expedition; they neither sought nor avoided the various influence of the gulph stream; they took in sail, by way of precaution, at the apprehension of a storm; and they always lay-to at night.

Thus three or four months were often spent on a passage which is now made in as many weeks; and no longer ago than the middle of the last century, a single Londoner sailed out of the port of Philadelphia, to procure the unrivalled manufactures of Britain, and returned again once a year.

Since the Revolution, I need not add, our East Indiamen sail half round the globe, and return within the year, freighted with the luxuries of the East; and innumerable whalers explore the Arctic and Antarctic Circles, in search of the monsters of the deep.

May the posterity of those Christian Worthies who planted the wilds of America for the liberty of worshipping God according to their consciences, preserve, amidst unexampled prosperity, the civil and religious privileges thus purchased by their ancestors!

When we had been out four days, we were spoke by a brig from Newfoundland. After giving her the necessary information, our Captain wished her safe in, adding, as he laid by his trumpet, "with a good north-easter." The wind actually sprang up from that quarter during the night, and in five days wafted us nine hundred miles, notwithstanding we carried away the first night our main-top-mast and main-top-gallant-mast, with all the sails set, by a roll of the vessel meeting a sudden flaw of wind.

As it happened in the dusk of the evening, nothing could be done but make fast for the night; yet in three days' time we were completely refitted, the late mutineers, being some of the best hands on board, exerting themselves to the utmost. They would cling to the ropes like cats, and kicking off their shoes, run themselves up or down a single line.

The wind now shifted to the south, but we were content to keep in high northern latitudes, to avoid the contrary current of the gulph stream; and on the twelfth day from the Scillys, we perceived the sea to lose its deep blue, as it always does upon soundings. As soon as it assumed a greenish cast we hove the lead, but found no bottom.

The next day however we brought ground at five-and-thirty fathom, on the banks of Newfoundland, and the

wind dying away we lay to, threw out our fishing lines, and soon had fifty cod-fish, and two halibut, slapping their tails upon the deck.

It was a beautiful sight to see the fish drawn up through the transparent waves. Some of them were cooked for supper, and eaten with as good a relish as if they had been better dressed, as it usually happens with provisions at a half-way house.

During this pleasant run we had often seen shoals of porpoises racing alongside, jumping from wave to wave, and diving under our bows for booty, as they do round a shark, mistaking the ship for some voracious monster in pursuit of prey.

When this happened in the night they would shine like silver, while the phosphoric substances always floating in salt water, spangled with gold, the darkly undulating masses foaming with the rush of the vessel.

At other times whales of the grampus kind were seen spouting upon the surface of the water, and diving with a heavy motion, erecting their forked tails as they went slowly down.

The wind continuing south-west we were soon surrounded with fogs, with which these Banks are generally covered, and for a week or ten days afterward, we had nothing to do but learn sea phrases, and wish for a fair wind.

Nothing is said on ship-board as it is said on shore. A fresh-water sailor soon finds he has a language to learn not taught at grammar-schools, and is surprised to find himself ignorant of his own mother-tongue.

In short, at sea, if you do not learn to distinguish starboard from larboard, you might as well not know your right hand from your left; and a land-lubber that does not balance himself at sea, as a sailor does on shore, will soon *fetch way with a lee lurch*, and may be glad to bring up against a stauncheon or a stay-brace. But the most careless fellow on board quickly learns to *mind the weather hand;* and if he be not a very dull scholar, he soon distinguishes, amid the roar of winds and waves, and the rattle of sails, cordage, and tackling, the more or less favourable sounds of, "square the yards!" or, "hawl taught the lee-braces!" He dreads an approaching storm, when *all is to be made snug, and the topsails double-reefed.* But his courage returns when he hears, "all hands aloft! Shake the reefs out of the topsails fore and aft, and loose topgallant-sails!" which is soon answered from the yards, with "let go the reef-tackles!"—

"Aye, aye!" replies Jack from below—casts off, and cries, "all gone!"

Some phrases however are too complicated to be learned at the first lesson. Such for instance as, "loose the foretop-gallant-backstay!" or, "hawl taught the maintop-bow-line!"

Others are simple enough, though outlandish, as if you should ask the man at helm what o'clock it is, you might be answered, "it's running six, Sir;" or if you listened to him that heaves the lead while in shoal water, you might hear him sing out, "and a quarter seven!"

The colloquial phraseology of a sailor differs no less from the vernacular tongue, and its profane drollery often provokes a laugh from the gravest disapprobation. "D—n it, Jack!" says one, when the Captain was ashore, "now I'll be boatswain, and you shall be boatswain's mate: when I cry pull, do you hawl."

A true sailor will never go to sea while he has any money left, and if he has not had a chance of spending the last farthing when he ships himself for a voyage, he'll throw it away, that it may'nt burn a hole through his pocket. But it oftener happens that Jack has spent all before the ship is ready to sail, in which case he'll borrow what he wants of some prudent messmate, to be repaid with twice as much when he gets his wages. Characteristic improvidence, not perhaps to be regretted, if commerce is beneficial to society, as few would be likely to follow the seas, after the first ebullition of curiosity and adventure, without being sharply pressed by the spur of necessity.

Men of all nations mix together on the ocean; but the English language is the common medium of communication, being almost as universal at sea as the French is on land.

On the 26th, though immersed in a thick fog, the Captain thought us near enough to Cape Sable, the southernmost extremity of Nova Scotia, to see the land; but the wind continuing south-west, we were obliged to go on in uncertainty for the Bay of Massachusetts.

Next morning the sun crossed the line, the day wore a lowering aspect, and we dreaded the approaching night, imbayed as we were between the shoals of Nantucket and the rocks of New Hampshire.

But the wind happily veered about in the night, and by next morning we had weathered the dangerous reef of sand that stretches from the east end of Nantucket, ten miles out

to sea, and terminates in sunken rocks, on which many a good ship has been lost.

This day we saw several vessels sailing gaily out of the different ports on Long Island Sound; and about midnight we heard the Captain called on deck to see the light-house. He immediately threw the lead, but finding thirty fathom water, concluded it must be a light on board some other vessel, as the soundings are sufficiently regular all along the American coast to indicate the distance of a day's sail from land. Day-light however gradually displayed to our longing eyes the flat shores of Long Island, and coasting them along, by eight o'clock we could discern the high lands of Navesink, on the easternmost point of New Jersey.

A pilot soon came aboard from one of those two-masted cutters peculiar to this port, which are said to be some of the swiftest sea-boats in the world.

He informed us all was well at New-York; but that the yellow fever had been again introduced into Philadelphia from the wretched colony of St. Domingo. It seems the absurd theory is not yet exploded, which supposes whole crews, infected with a pestilential fever, less likely to communicate their disease, than putrid vegetables to create it!

The pilot worked us into the bay with some difficulty, for want of wind, and we cast anchor that night in sight of the light-house, on Sandy Hook.

Next morning we passed the Narrows, and reached the Lazaretto by seven o'clock, where we were visited by the Health-officer, and detained twenty-four hours, in consequence of a misunderstanding between him and the Captain.

On the 29th we got again under sail, but were soon becalmed. We reconciled ourselves however to this second disappointment, as we were now in sight of the town, and could amuse ourselves with reconnoitring the beautiful bay.

It here presents to the eye an expanse of seven or eight miles over, bordered with woods, diversified with islands, and crowned with the slender spires of New York, rising from its neat brick buildings, interspersed with trees, and scattered over a point of land half a mile wide, which is bordered on each side with a thick grove of masts.

On the left hand of this lively scene the North river opens majestically, two miles in width, between mountains covered with wood to their very summits; while the East river, though an arm of the sea, opening another comma-

nication between the bay and the ocean, here winds to the right, along its cultivated shores, in a modest channel of no more than three or four furlongs.

Some friends however suspecting our detention, came down for us in a periague, and toward evening we set foot again on American ground—glad to leave behind us the brilliant systems of European refinement, rich as they are in the monuments of ancient grandeur, and the inventions of modern art.

LETTER XXXII.

AMERICAN MANNERS, AND OBSERVATIONS UPON TRAVELLING.

Springfield, [New Jersey] Oct. 2nd, 1802.

WE arrived here yesterday, in good health and spirits, and although we have had the pleasure of finding most of our relations here to welcome our return, I cannot forbear sketching off the strong impressions of contrast, at first sight of my own country after so long an absence.

The flat shores of Long Island, and the high lands of Navesink, covered with evergreens, looked to us at a distance, as if they had got on a winter coat of sheltering woods; and as we approached the coast, the farm-houses scattered along shore, without a town or even a village in sight, had an air of comfortable mediocrity, equally remote from the cottages and the palaces of Europe.

Large orchards of apples and peaches, interspersed with the luxuriant growth of Indian corn, marked the influence of a genial climate; while immense fallows, carelessly railed in, bespoke the ease and independence of unfettered cultivation.

Every American heart on board swelled at the grateful sight; and when we landed at the wharfs, I could scarcely refrain from embracing my native soil.

New-York, however, looked to us like a genteel village, or the half-country half-town retreats of the wealthy citizens of London, the houses comparatively low, and of unequal

height, being interspersed with vacant lots, and the streets often lined with trees, under which occasional passengers seemed to saunter along, equally exempted from the hurry of competition, and the obstruction of carts and coaches, of which now and then one passed quietly along—the carmen sitting lazily upon their loads.

A saucy young Londoner of the party, observed, *that the old folks wanted their hats brushed, and their shoes cleaned; and that the young fellows ought to have thrown away their half-boots seven years ago—and as for the shops, he declared they were as dirty as pig-sties.*

We however, looking at the fair side of the picture, admired the mild and unassuming air of every body we met, and were gratified by the respectful attention with which we were considered as strangers, both high and low giving us the wall in the streets, and occasionally holding the gates open for us in the public walks, where we were charmed with the mild countenances and unaffected deportment of the young ladies.

But nothing struck us more forcibly than the friendly looks and gentle manners of the custom-house officers, from the tide-waiter to the collector of the port, not one of whom displayed the power of imposition to extort a fee for not exerting it.

Some trifling objects intended for presents were allowed to pass *without being seized as a perquisite of office*, and personal commodities being duty free, we paid 18*d*. for a permit to land immediately the very articles which had been detained a week in London, at the public stores, turned upside down by the searchers, and with difficulty got out of their harpy clutches, after paying in lighterage, porterage, searcher's fees, duty, Custom-house dues, and broker's commission, in the whole, something more than five guineas.

It was, notwithstanding, some time before I could pass through a croud, without guarding against pick-pockets; and whenever a person meanly dressed gave me the way, I put my hand into my pocket to feel if I had any pence for beggars.

The sight of Negroes was at first a little surprising; and the blunt manners of domestics amazed us greatly, after having been served cap in hand through England.

Every body looked pale and thin after a hot summer, and people of all ranks had an air of rustic simplicity, being mostly clothed in light drabs.

Our friends welcomed us with such large fires, that we

could hardly bear their rooms, feeling ourselves no way chilly in this dry climate, with the air of October; and we were obliged to reduce our voices a note or two, finding our European tones a pitch above the common key.

The fruit-stalls in the streets were loaded with apples, peaches, pears, &c. at two or three for a penny.

The fish-market of New-York is probably one of the finest in the world, whether for cheapness, excellence, or variety. The fish are brought alive from the adjacent boats, and the rarest are sold as low as five or six cents a pound. A gentleman with whom we dined one day, told us he had once gone on purpose to count up the number of sorts, and that he had made up twenty-seven different kinds, beside shell-fish, then in the market.

Poultry and wild-fowl are also cheap and excellent. Half a dollar, or at most three quarters, will buy a pair of ducks or dunghill fowls, and something more a goose or a turkey. But butcher's meat is inferior to the English, both the climate and soil of England being peculiarly favourable to grazing. Justly may an Englishman boast the mutton, the veal, and the beef of Old England.

The streets in the old parts of New-York are nearly as crooked as those of European cities; but the new parts are run out in straight lines. That called the Broad Way, runs direct from the country, and winds gently round toward the water, till it widens into a beautiful square, opening over the public walks to an extensive view of the bay.

One day we rode five miles into the country, to dine with a gentleman at his seat on the East river. The table was, as usual, loaded with varieties of meat, fish, and fowl, garnished with at least half a dozen kinds of vegetables, and replaced by all the fruits in season. His house is a large framed building, painted white, in the same compact style with many others in the neighbourhood, which have been run up since the city has been so frequently visited with the yellow fever. They are generally erected upon square lots of ground, regularly divided into useful enclosures, and surrounded with trees planted for fruit or shade, with little or no attention to ornament, though it would be so easy to cultivate the natural beauties of a country abounding with wood and water.

Another day we went with one of the managers to see the prison, or penitentiary, lately erected upon the principle of substituting useful labour to corporal punishment, for the prevention of crimes. A sublime idea, uninspired by the

patriotism of Solon or Lycurgus, though naturally flowing from the benevolence of a christian law-giver.

It is to Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, that the civilized world owes the first example of a criminal code from which the punishment of death was excluded; and though after a struggle of thirty years the philanthropic attempt was superseded by the sanguinary institutions of the Parent State, it is still to his brethren in religious profession at Philadelphia, that we owe the happy experiment of solitary confinement, instead of public execution—of reformation, instead of punishment*.

The New-York Penitentiary is a large stone edifice, with extensive courts, adapted to the various purposes of convenience and security. Here the criminals are employed as regularly as in a manufactory, and provided for as comfortably as in an alms-house, at an expence incredibly small, under the intelligent economy of a committee of managers, who act upon principle.

We were told the cost of three good meals a day scarcely exceeded a sixteenth of a dollar per head. This expence is deducted from their earnings, and the surplus is laid by to enable them to begin an honest course of life, at the expiration of their term of labour; which they frequently do, under the acquired habits of industry and sobriety, in the exercise of which their spirits have never been broken by cruelty, nor hardened by disgrace. A few days confinement on bread and water, in a solitary cell, is all the correction that has ever been found necessary, to reduce the most refractory to obedience†.

As soon as it was possible to break away from the hospitality of the place, we set out for Springfield, in the packet-boat for Amboy, preferring the water line of stages as being most direct.

* I say nothing of the pretended abolition of capital punishments, by the Empress Elizabeth—It would have been more to her honour to have abolished the knout—that savage relique of Russian barbarism. But (I blush for the boast of civilized humanity) the torture was used in France until the reign of Louis XVI. and it is whispered that the inhuman usage has been revived in the most polished nation in Europe.

† The criminal lists of this institution furnish instructive lessons upon the corruption of great towns, the importation of foreign vices, and the depression of Negro slavery. The number of offenders, compared with the number of people in country places and in the capital, is as one to twenty; the proportion of these who are native Americans to those who were born in foreign countries, is but as four to seven, though the natives of the State, compared to foreign settlers, can hardly be less than fifty to one; and although Negroes, in or out of slavery, make but a thirtieth part of the population of the State, they form one-third of the whole number of convicts.

It was against my own inclination, for I had pleased myself with the idea of riding through the delightful villages of Newark, Elizabeth-town, Rahway, &c.; but I did not regret it afterward, as it afforded peculiar opportunities of observing the original simplicity of American manners, in a part of the country less affected than usual by the continual accession of foreigners.

We went on board early, and were much amused with the friendly civility of our fellow-passengers, as they arrived, one after the other. One of them, after bowing to us respectfully, but without moving his hat, called for some new pamphlets he had sent a-board the night before. They were brought to him, after some time, sadly rumpled; but instead of swearing at the boy, he mildly exclaimed, "In the name of sense, how came they so?" The boy himself, I afterward remarked, only cried "Dang it!" when any thing went amiss; and the master of the vessel never spoke a sharp word, during a passage tedious enough to have made a Thames waterman disgorge all the imprecations of Billingsgate.

We waited a whole hour for some of the passengers, and when actually under weigh, lay-to a long while for one that hove in sight after we were off. The tide accordingly left us by the time we reached the Narrows, and we had full leisure, before it served again, to go ashore and amuse ourselves.

At a private house in the neighbourhood, accustomed to such calls, we were entertained with bread and cheese, and peaches and milk, well sugared, at one-eighth of a dollar a-piece; and returning on board in a neighbour's boat, without having previously ascertained what the charge would be, we were told, when we asked *what was to pay*, "You're very welcome," instead of the European *What you please, Sir;* which always means two or three times as much as a thing is worth.

Two Frenchmen, lately arrived, complained to us, *what a dull place this was. The theatre had never been opened once since they arrived; and as to music and dancing, they believed there was no such thing in the country. They thought the people of New-York must be all melancholy; for they were always at work, and not a soul was to be seen in the streets of a Sunday during church time. In short, they were dying with* ennui, *for want of amusement; and had resolved, if it was no better at Philadelphia, they would go home again by the first opportunity.*

We assured them they would find it duller still in the metropolis, as the Philadelphians were noted for minding nothing but their own business; and agreed, that they could not do better than go back to France, which was (in spite of revolutions) the gayest country upon earth.

When we arrived at the stage-house next morning, there was a roaring fire in the chimney; but the landlord never stirred from his bar-room to bid us welcome; and the waiter, who was the eldest son of the family, answered our questions in such a low voice, that it was with difficulty we learned whether we could have any thing to eat in the house or not: but concluding to stay to breakfast, we were soon served with excellent coffee and bread and butter, boiled eggs, and two or three dishes of cold meat, the charge for all which was only three-eighths of a dollar; and when we left the house, nobody cried "Pray remember the waiter!"

The stage coach was a light covered waggon, hung with curtains instead of glasses; less genteel, to be sure, than an English coach: but nobody rode *on the roof, or in the basket*, and the horses were not galled with the weight.

The road lay several miles through a beautiful wood, where we admired the straightness of the trees, and the smoothness of their trunks, till we reached a village called Spotswood, consisting of a tavern, a shop, and a school-house, with half-a-dozen more framed houses, with yards and gardens between them.

The country, after this, was sprinkled with farms; and two more villages occurred, at intervals of ten or fifteen miles, in the same style with the former, with the addition of a church without a steeple.

Not a single beggar came out to solicit charity, as we stopped to change horses; and the people were every where decently clad, and remarkably tall and slender, with a striking air of ease and independence*.

* There had been a slight frost a few days before, and the groves were now arrayed in their autumnal uniform, the broad masses of fading green being every where richly embroidered with red and yellow. The main body, consisting chiefly of the ten or twelve branches of the family of oaks, still retained a dingy green for the ground of the living picture, coloured by the matchless hand of Nature. Here a gum, a sassafras, or a weakling oak, formed an unbroken mass of red;—there a locust, a walnut, or a hickory, flared upon the eye with every tint of yellow; while the lofty poplar presented a chequered curtain of alternate hues. Here and there sheltered hickories, with yellow edges, reminded us of a citron grove loaded with golden fruit; and variegated maples tinged at once the different branches of the same tree with yellow, green, and red, in a manner which would be deemed inexcusably fantastic from the brush of an inferior colourist. Now and then a sturdy oak still clad in summer green,

At Crosswicks we quitted the stage, which went no farther our way, and lodged there that night at a neat inn, as quiet and comfortable as a private house. Here I observed, at the bar, a printed list of the rates allowed by law for public entertainment, which it seems is a general regulation in the State of New Jersey.

Next morning we hired a carriage of the landlord, and drove ten miles across natural meadows, extensive orchards, and fields of Indian corn, in separate enclosures, interspersed with clumps of wood, and enlivened by substantial farm-houses, whose barn-yards swarmed with dunghill-fowls, and turned out large flocks of geese and turkies.

In one of these peaceful dwellings we embraced our expecting friends, and may wait without impatience until wholesome frosts shall again purify the air of Philadelphia, and permit our return to an abode of happy mediocrity, endeared by absence, and enhanced by comparison.

Before I take my leave, perhaps my opinion may be expected, of the utility of Foreign Travel to the Youth of America.

It is not unfavourable for young men of character or capacity, under certain restrictions.

In the old countries, few young persons travel for observation, who cannot afford the expensive safe-guard of a governor, or travelling companion, previously acquainted with the languages and the manners of the countries they visit.

As long as American fortunes will hardly bear this accompaniment, I think our young men should not be trusted abroad under the age of five and twenty, when their habits and principles may bear the shock of the specious systems, and enervating indulgences of European refinement—possibly increase their attachment to American simplicity, and republican virtue.

At that age, if it is ever worth while for them to see other countries, at least they will not be ignorant of their own,

partially concealed a vine of purple, which clinging round its trunk, and dropping from its topmost branches, gave an idea of a giant of the forest, bleeding at every pore. Some tints were mixed, as if on purpose to exhibit a combination of colours; while the sycamore shewed the effect of a yellowish green, the linden displayed the more brilliant mixture of a reddish yellow, and innumerable evergreens contrasted their lively verdure with the fading hues of the ash, the chesnut, and other perennial plants of the majestic shrubbery of Nature.

and they themselves, if not their fellow citizens, may profit, more or less, by the opportunity of comparison.

At the distance of three thousand miles from his native shores, a true son of Columbia will feel a patriotic affection for every branch of the union, from New Hampshire to Georgia. If he went away with the local or the rival prejudices of a Philadelphian or a New-Yorker, of a Bostonian or a Baltimorean, he will come back a citizen of the United States.

If he was once so attached to either of the leading parties, into which European politics have unhappily divided his country, as to have believed that one of them was always right, and the other always wrong, he will be likely to see through the impartial medium of distance, that the most right was sometimes wrong, and the most wrong was sometimes right.

Leaving his prejudices behind him, he will return home, no longer apprehensive of serious injury to the State from fellow citizens, of either party, who alike administer its government, under the check of election, and the pledge of responsibility, though he may lament that a change in the presidency must displace the servants of the public through every grade of administration, and that the test of eligibility, with the people themselves, is not so much those old fashioned qualifications, plain sense and inflexible integrity, as the eloquence of a barrister, or the obstinacy of a partisan.

For my own part, at that amalgamating distance, I I could see but one spot in my beloved country—it is a dark one—but time and principle are wearing it out—I trust in God the advocates for European despotism will not much longer be allowed to say, "Nothing is hereditary but *slavery* in the American Republic!" Slavery

It is undoubtedly useful to break off, now and then, from the habitual routine of business, or domestic life, which may be followed from youth to old age without materially increasing the original stock of information; but this is an advantage which may be procured without crossing the Atlantic, within the ample boundary of the United States.

A young New Englander, for instance, may cast off the leading-strings of Alma Mater, on an excursion to the Middle States, so rapidly progressing since the Revolution, in the arts of cultivation, and the ornaments of improvement.—An eleve of the Southern States may quit the debasing vicinity of Negro quarters, with still greater advantage, to contemplate the industry and morality of the hardy sons of the North.—A pupil of the Academies of Philadelphia,

New-York, or Baltimore, or a graduate of the Eastern colleges, may scour the Western wilds, and return with health and spirits to begin the career of life.

But the isolated situation in which an intelligent individual may generalize his ideas, and lose the Philadelphian, or the New-Yorker, in the citizen of the United States—that commanding elevation from which he may compare the habits of different countries, appreciate their governments and laws, and weigh the various advantages of situation, and the different operations of ingenuity, can only be attained by a temporary expatriation from his natal soil; during which he becomes a citizen of the world, and gives himself the rare opportunity of contemplating the systems of national policy, in their effect upon human happiness; or if his constitution is rather patriotic than philosophical, of confirming or correcting, the habits of that native land, for which the wisdom of Providence has universally implanted a partiality which mocks at preference, and scorns comparison.

Those who visit foreign countries, however, should by all means carry with them a cheerful and friendly disposition, as well as plenty of money, to enable them to support, without irritation, the fatigue of inconvenience and the expence of imposition.

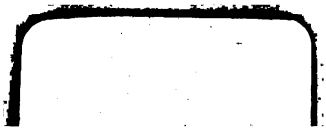
They will then view with admiration the various advantages of soil and climate—of laws and manners, and when they return home, with a rational preference for their country, because it best befits their own habits of life, instead of gratifying national malignity by an unfair comparison of their own advantages with the disadvantages of other people, they will be rather disposed to justify, and adore, the impartial distribution of providential benevolence, to which they have every where been witnesses.

But, alas, for human nature! corruption and refinement keep equal pace, and an American parent would with difficulty consent to indulge his son's inclination to see the world, if he knew how insidiously his Darling Hope might contaminate the purity of his republicanism, amid the dazzling splendour of British aristocracy, his christianity among the deistical philosophers of France, and his morals in the seducing air of Italy.

The agents of manufacturing houses now spare our merchants the trouble of going to England to settle a correspondence; and the Revolution has taught us, that law can be studied without having chambers in the inns of court—

Physic and surgery, without repairing to the Professors of Edinburgh, or Montpellier—and even Divinity without foreign ordination.

It is impossible to travel through strange countries, without a degree of danger, fatigue, and imposition, which those that have incurred, can hardly recommend to the experience of their friends, who, thanks to the invention of printing, and the garrulity of modern tourists, may purchase information at a cheaper rate, and amuse themselves with the peculiarities of every quarter of the globe, without stirring a foot from the paternal roof, or the chimney corner.

END OF TRAVELS THROUGH SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

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